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E. T. Morgan

1883



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THE
ETONIAN.

FOURTH EDITION.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET;
AND CHARLES KNIGHT, PALL-MALL EAST.

1824.

G. L. D.

LONDON

PRINTED BY S. AND R. BENTLEY, DORSET STREET.

ROYAL
ALBION
YACHT

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THE ETONIAN.

Nº. V.

THE KING OF CLUBS.

THE Club having met, and all the preliminaries being disposed of, MR. COURTENAY proceeded, as usual, to describe to us the reception of our last Number. But upon this point, in order to avoid the charge of puffing, which has been brought against us, I was desired to hold my tongue. I had a great mind, out of pure spite, to write down, that Nº IV. was a failure, and that our writers were falling off, and our repute decreasing. But every one would know that these things are false.

Mr. Courtenay concluded amidst loud applause, which rather increased than diminished when MR. OAKLEY rose to reply. After the usual number of items from the Hon. Member, and the usual quantum of endeavours on the part of the President to procure silence, Mr. Oakley began —

MR. OAKLEY'S CENSURE OF Nº I.

“ Sir,—You have told us that our work is still successful ; our writers still improving ; our readers still indulgent. To each, and to all of these assertions, I answer, ‘ No ! no ! no ! ’ —(*Laughter.*)—I maintain that our work is growing dull, our writers growing idle, and our readers growing severe. I am

not one of those who bring forward charges without evidence to support them.—(*Hear, from Sir F. Wentworth.*)—I am prepared to argue in behalf of all these accusations.

“First, Sir, I affirm the work is growing dull. I will not address myself to your own judgments, because prejudice and absurdity—(*loud cries of order, in the midst of which Mr. Sterling rose, and appealed forcibly to the Chair,*)—but I hold in my hand a great many letters, bearing testimony to the fact. First here is one from a Collegian, who has found ‘a marvellous stupid paper on the Asyndeton!’ Next, here is one signed ‘Lucilla,’ complaining of the number of pages we devote to Ladies, and Love, and Nonsense. Next, here is one from ‘Levitas,’ who begs me to inform Mr. Sterling, that no one wishes, or expects, to read Sermons from the pen of a schoolboy. Next, here is an epistle from ‘Joseph Trebatius,’ who wishes to know how it concerns ‘The Etonian,’ whether the Critics clapperclaw Wordsworth, or Wordsworth clapperclaws the Critics. Next comes an admonition from a Winchester friend, who is sure we shall never bear a good name in the world, as long as we continue to murder his Founder’s. Next, here are a few lines of censure from ‘Leonora,’ who is thunderstruck at our ignorance of court etiquette,—‘What! the Ladies dressed in leno, and kissing his Majesty’s hand! Mon Dieu!’ Next, here are the opinions of ‘Isaac Mucklethrift,’ who deposes that the work is twice as long as it ought to be. Finally, here is, *in propria persona*, ‘Michael Oakley,’ who is convinced—(*here the voice of the Hon. Gentleman was thoroughly drowned.*)

“Next, Sir, I affirm that our writers are growing idle. There is Mr. Lozell fast asleep—(*‘true’ from Mr. Lozell.*)—Mr. Le Blanc, to my certain knowledge, took all his irons out of the fire, the moment his ‘Essay on the Bituminous Quality of Coals’ went into it.—Martin Sterling, I am credibly informed, made a resolution to give up writing, when his ‘Address to the Whigs’ was burnt by mistake with the bundle of old *Couriers*.—Sir F. Wentworth has been in dudgeon, ever since Golightly stole his ‘Ode to the Queen,’ from the President’s box, and sent it to the *Old Times*; and Golightly himself, the gay, the witty, the satirical, the amusing—(*hear,*

from Mr. Golightly,)—has not spoken a word, or written a line, since Miss Harrison converted his song into thread-papers.

"Next, Sir, our readers, I said, are growing severe. I shall very shortly be able to demonstrate this, by—(*here the Hon. Gentleman was stopped for some time by disapprobation.*)—I shall first support my assertion by reading to you a letter from a Gentleman, who"—(*Order, order.*)

Mr. Oakley produced a long letter which he endeavoured to read. The disapprobation continuing, Mr. Oakley returned the letter to the inside-pocket of his brown great-coat. The Secretary caught a glimpse of the signature, which began with "Metius," but whether the next word were "Tarpa," signifying accuracy, or "Talpa," signifying blindness, Mr. Secretary was unable to ascertain. Mr. Sterling then rose, and said, that the Members of the Club had heard themselves calumniated, without offering any interruption, but that they really could not sit still to listen to abuse of their friends. Mr. Oakley accordingly sat down.

Mr. COURTENAY then rose to reply:—

"I do not intend, Gentlemen, to trespass on your time, by going through all the arguments which the Hon. Gentleman has brought forward; because the censures which he quotes light upon trivial blemishes, and have no reference to the general merits of the work."—(*Mr. Oakley here vociferated in great wrath, "Perhaps the President will tell me that my head has no reference to my shoulders."*)—"The Collegian, who writes about the Asyndeton, has, I hope, more regard for the quality of Essays, than he has for the quantity of Syllables. I can only say, that I hope he is not an Etonian. Lucilla's strictures we must allow to be just, if she will concede that Ladies, and Love, and Nonsense, are synonymous. Leonora's remarks have really astonished me. Can she suppose that his Majesty of Clubs, sitting on his own throne (an arm-chair of five feet high), wielding his own sceptre (a goose-quill covered with the concretion of the last month's ink), and surrounded by his own guards (writers, readers, compositors, and devils), is bound or influenced by the regulations of the court of any Heathen or Christian

Prince or Potentate? Indeed it is in contemplation, that upon the next grand ceremony the court-dress is to be a quire of wire-wove; and 'The Etonian,' Vol. I. is to be laid on the footstool, that the visitors may salute, not his Majesty's hand, but the works of it.—(*Hear, hear.*)

"Mr. Oakley," continued the President, "imagines that our writers are growing idle. He will therefore be equally glad with myself to hear that we have a new candidate for admission into the King of Clubs; upon whom we may repose some part of our burthens.—(*Hear, hear, hear.*)

"I have to apologize to you, Gentlemen, and to the other supporters of 'The Etonian' for the postponement of several articles which were intended for insertion, but which a miscalculation in the printing compelled me to omit. Among them are 'An Essay on the Writings of James Montgomery;' 'Tancred and Sigismunda;' and 'The Serenade.'

"I have now only to inform you that the first Volume of 'The Etonian' will be completed with the Fifth Number; and that an Index and Title will be prepared for the accommodation of those who wish to have their copies bound."—(*Hear, hear.*)

VIOLATION OF RESOLUTION X.

Mr. STERLING, after moving that Resolution X. be read, suggested to the President that "Girolamo and Sylvestra," inserted in N° IV., came within the restriction there laid upon all Translations.

Sir F. WENTWORTH inquired whether Mr. S. were not intended for the Church?

Mr. STERLING replied in the affirmative.

Sir F. WENTWORTH recommended to the Honourable Gentleman not to be the first to object to Translations.

Mr. STERLING said, that being a Churchman, and also a Member of the Club, he had no more objection to Translations than he had to Bishops; but he thought there was a proper time and place for both. He did not like to see "The Etonian" professing one thing and doing another.

Sir F. WENTWORTH disliked inconsistency as much as his

Hon. Friend; he wished all persons in all *places* did the same.—(*Order.*)

Mr. COURTENAY observed, that the Resolution just read was intended to guard our schoolfellows against schoolboy versions of the Classics; the originals of which were every day in their hands. He had not scrupled to break through its provisions in behalf of an Article which would have, with the majority of their readers, all the graces of an Original.

Mr. COURTENAY proceeded to read to the Club several

ARTICLES IN PREPARATION.

Tancred and Sigismunda (*a Tale from the Italian.*)

The Serenade.

Burton on Interest.

• On a Regular Week.

Reflections on Spring, by Martin Sterling; and a variety of others, which we have not time to notice, but most of which shall make their appearance in due course of time.

Mr. COURTENAY then rose to read to us the often-promised, long-expected, and never-to-be-too-much-admired Greek Version of "Judy O'Flannikin." It was received with long applause: and the commendations bestowed upon its Author would have made any one blush but an Hibernian. The "silver crown" given by Victory to Phelim, as related in O'Connor's introductory letter, gave rise to considerable discussion. No one seemed to understand correctly the meaning of it.

The Hon. G. MONTGOMERY conceived it to mean the wreath of Fame; and whereas the said wreath is generally of laurel, he thought the making it "silver" was nothing more than a Hibernicism; or, in the Vulgate, a Bull.

Mr. LE BLANC thought that the "crown" was synonymous with the "wife," upon the authority of the expression, "A virtuous wife is a 'crown' to her husband." He was immediately called to order by Mr. Sterling.

Mr. BURTON said he had always understood, and he felt pretty confident, that a "crown" signified the consolidation of five shillings.—(*Laughter.*)

The Hon. G. MONTGOMERY then proposed that C. Bellamy be admitted a Member of the Club; and that as the Hon. Gentleman had a great aversion to hard drinking, the Inauguration Ceremony might be dispensed with.

Mr. STERLING said, in this case he would venture to propose the worthy enemy of the punch-bowl, Matthew Swinburne.

Before I proceed, I must, as usual, give you

THE CHARACTERS OF THE CANDIDATES.

Those of our readers who have perused "The Miseries of the Christmas Holidays" are by no means prejudiced in favour of MATTHEW SWINBURNE. Indeed we ought not to be surprised to find that the author of that article has been identified with the hero of his tale, since the title of "Childe Harold," in spite of his Lordship's solemn protest on the subject, is now almost synonymous with the name of Byron; and the good Ettrick Shepherd himself has become consubstantiated with that gay Gallant of the Lowlands, his own ideal creation, Geordie Cochrane. I must, however, enter *my* appeal against this prevailing humour of the reading public, the injustice of which was never more easy of demonstration than in the present case. Poor Swinburne, since the appearance of that contribution of his, has been universally set down for a *Sawney*; but I trust, when the matter has been duly investigated, he will be found no more to merit this character, in the full force and acceptance of the term, than Tom Moore has to be considered a "Veiled Prophet," or Mr. Coleridge "The Ancient Mariner."

It is true that this youth was born and bred amid the bleakest wilds of the West Country; far from the hum and bustle of that great Babel, the Metropolis. Even in the heyday of their years his parents had never entered into the gaieties of fashionable life; their income being but just independent, prudence, as well as inclination, prevented them from embarking within the circle of dissipation and splendor; and, by way of consolation for their own exclusion, they found amusement in observing, and carefully treasuring up, in the accurate journal of their memories, the various wrecks

of fortune and character which are continually taking place within the fatal vortex. They had been but lately settled at the living, of which the Rev. Mr. Swinburne still discharges the pastoral duties, amid the love, esteem, and respect, of every individual member of his flock, when little Matthew made his entrance on the stage of life; and if it only generally turned out that the merits of the youth were equivalent to the care and attention paid to the education of the child, much was to be expected of this nurseling; for never were there parents who devoted themselves more solicitously to the welfare and improvement of their first-born than at the parsonage-house of Wendover. It has been necessary to refer thus far back in the domestic history of this Candidate for our Club, to enable us to account more easily for that peculiar bias of disposition which we shall presently have occasion to notice as the characteristic trait of this individual. While the young ideas were learning to shoot, the most alarming notions of the world's treachery and cruelty were inculcated into Matthew's mind with serious earnestness; and, when we consider the constitutional timidity with which he seems to have been born, we cannot wonder that his natural good-humour became a prey to occasional fits of despondency and suspicion—fits which promised fair to settle into a confirmed habit. He was constantly forbidden to pluck at the rose of pleasure, however it might wear the appearance of innocence, for fear of the thorn which *might* lurk beneath the flower:—good advice, certainly, in the main; but, unless tempered with moderation, it is justly exposed to the censure of damping the bold aspirations of youthful spirits, which ought rather to be encouraged as indicative of our immortal nature, and picking holes in that corslet of proof which was given us for defensive armour in our struggles with life—Hope.

“ To each his sufferings : all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan ;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah ! why should they know their fate,
Since Sorrow never comes too late,
And Happiness too quickly flies ?”

It was not till a late period that the parents ventured to trust the morals of their son among the snares and temptations of a miniature world. We shall have no difficulty in picturing to ourselves this stranger in the land on his first arrival at Eton. Every thing round him wears the air of novelty, and is viewed with mistrust and apprehension. Does he receive a kind offer of enlisting him as a playmate in the amusements of his equals? it is refused as the treacherous lure of seduction. The ideas which he has formed of the seniors make them out to be a set of bullies and reprobates; and he fears to associate with those of his own age and station, as if they were *all* liars and thieves indiscriminately. Time, however, gradually wore off a great portion of this suspicious temper; but yet not till he had experienced many bitter hours of annoyance. His uncommunicative disposition and want of confidence, which his schoolfellows construed into a haughty superciliousness, was naturally enough answered by a corresponding feeling of dislike towards him; and hence, as might be foreseen, was the source of many disagreeable animosities between Swinburne and those who took it into their heads to consider him as an outlaw from society. The eccentricity of his habits oftentimes gave a handle for the ill-natured strictures of his persecutors. He was not unfrequently discovered at his writing-desk, delineating, with all due attention to Homer and Mr. Pope, the Grecian encampment before Troy, and assigning the naval stations of Ajax and Achilles, with accurate reference to the situation of the promontories of Sigeum and Rhæteum; while his equals were, perhaps, as busily engaged in marking out their football goals, or the popping crease, on the cleanest and most level piece of turf in the Lower College Club-ground. At that period of his school-time it might be as truly said of Mat, as of the Arabian Patriarch, "His hand was against every man, and every man's hand was against him." In the meanwhile, however, his studies were advancing with rapidity. Not confining himself exclusively to the Classics, he proceeded with laudable perseverance in the cultivation of English Literature, which he had begun under the auspices of parental instruction. Though I highly esti-



mate the knowledge which many members of our Club have acquired in particular branches ; as, for instance, Le Blanc in philosophy, Montgomery in poetry, and Sterling in divinity, with many others I could mention, I do not think there is one who so fairly merits the title of the Eton Encyclopedist as Matthew Swinburne. With regard to general learning, such as falls within the usual sphere of a schoolboy's attainment, without including that species of literature which I would call the modern accomplishments of the belles lettres, Swinburne is the best alchymist I know in analyzing the matter of his reading, separating the dross from the ore, and storing up in the cells of a retentive memory whatever is best calculated to be brought to bear on future occasions of composition, both in verse and prose. In scholastic acquisitions he holds far ahead of his neighbours ; as a confirmation of which I need only instance the nickname by which he is generally known,—“The Walking Lexicon.” There is one singularity which I cannot refrain from noting down as characteristic of the man. We common mortals, when a copy of theme or verses is required of us, usually sit down to our task, and compose our treatise or rhapsody as the lines multiply beneath our pen or pencil. Not so with Matthew. The work of literary creation is secretly carried on by him within the chambers of his brain, totally independent of outward circumstances. He may be at meals, walking in the country, nay, I may add, in conversation with his friends. The subject for the exercise is safely lodged in the crucible of his mind, and acts upon his thoughts, which flow towards it and arrange themselves in due order, just as the clinker, in the manufacture of artificial spar, attracts to itself the particles of alum ; * and it is not till the whole is completed that he commits his composition to paper. Of course, while this process is going on, the concerns of the outward man are forgotten, and, in consequence of the absence of the directing principle, whose attention is so entirely monopolized within, the

* For this erudite simile I am indebted to my friend Le Blanc.—R. H.

head, pregnant with such mighty matter, is in danger of fracture from any wall or door-post that may chance to interfere with its movements. Though even now by no means a gregarious animal, Mat is much more social than formerly. In company he is remarkable for his reserve, but it is of a totally different nature from that which I have described as a principal feature in the character of Le Blanc. The latter gentleman is really absent of mind—completely absorbed in the visionary contemplation of his metaphysical fancies; while Swinburne is strictly present in every sense of the word: he says little, but that little is solid, and we know the old proverb,—“Shallow waters are noisiest.” Watch him! Does the conversation take a sensible and interesting turn? Matthew is all ear; he is duly weighing the arguments on both sides of the question. Has it degenerated into prurient small-talk or fashionable nonsense? A close observer may notice the contemptuous, sardonic sneer which is creeping over Mat’s lips,—a precursor, as the lightning of the thunderbolt, so this of some truculent sarcasm or remark. Thus you see his style of wit is a perfect contrast to the piquante and flashy brilliancy of Golightly’s. Fred’s satirical *stoccate* are foiled in their effect by previous expectation, and oftentimes prove innocuous; for we may avoid them, as we do the rattlesnake, in consequence of the warning we receive; but Mat is the boa-constrictor, whose attack upon his unfortunate victims is sudden, certain, and complete. There is moreover much dry humour (more peculiarly belonging to a Yorkshireman,) about him, which causes abundant entertainment to those who have the pleasure of his acquaintance. I would not have you think that his satires are the effusions of ill-nature or spleen. If it so happens that he does “carry a heart-stain away on his blade,” depend upon it he has only been acting on the defensive, and the temerity of his adversary deserved the punishment he has brought upon himself. Though he has not the slightest tinge of pedantry, he is a scholar after our *Instructor’s* own heart. Does a dark passage or obsolete expression occur in the lesson? Mat is ready with the separate verdicts of Toup, Brunck, Valknaer, Elmsley, and Porson, on the subject, as well as the different

readings *in omnibus codicibus et quibusdam aliis*. In addition to all this, he writes a beautiful Greek text, and is astonishingly correct with the accents; and be well assured, that whenever the public are favoured with a fresh enlarged edition of the "*Musæ Etonenses*," the name of Swinburne will be conspicuous in the roll of fame, in the repository of the classic wealth of Eton.

The Hon. CHARLES BELLAMY has a form and pressure of character, decidedly different from any other which has already issued from our mould of description, and yet one which is not unfrequently met with at public schools. He was the youngest of a large family, and brought up at home under the management and surveillance of elder sisters, whose pet and slave he had the honour to be. These circumstances were calculated to influence, in no small degree, his future habits and disposition; and they have produced, it must be confessed, a strong shade of effeminacy in his composition. The Misses Bellamy were true "blues," and little Charlie had many opportunities of "making himself useful," in fetching the last new novel from the library, carrying the reticule, crayon case, or camp-stool, or holding the umbrella, to keep off the intrusive rays of Phœbus from the snow-white neck of sister Harriet or Sophia, while employed in sketching the animated landscape around them. In reward for these services, he was early initiated into botany, astronomy, mineralogy, and mathematics, as far as the groundwork of each was concerned. But even this was of considerable benefit, as the raising of a future superstructure was thus rendered comparatively easy. His reason for stopping short at that time was a good one. His fair preceptresses had gone no farther themselves. With true female fickleness and love of change and novelty, they became tired of any one particular branch of study almost as soon as they had mastered the rudiments;—as for instance, when they had got by heart the Latin names of the genera and species, and were able to arrange the various botanic productions of the romantic heath in their neighbourhood, according to the Linnæan system;—or had made out a map of the heavens, and could tell you that the Greater Bear and the Horologium are never seen in the

same hemisphere;—or had learnt the difference between a circle and a parallelogram. Bellamy's docility and rapid progress under such tuition rendered him the pride of his sisters, and the *lion* of his papa's dessert table. Indeed it has been averred that both Miss J. B—— and Lady M——, who were in habits of intimacy with the family, pronounced it to be their conviction that he was a promising young lad!

“ 'Tis pleasing to be school'd
By female lips and eyes ;——
They smile so when one 's right, and when one 's wrong
They smile still more.”

The long-dreaded hour, however, at length arrived, when it was necessary that Charles should go forth, “ in the beauty of his strength,” to a public school. Tender and fervent were the protestations of mutual love between him and his sisters, and sharp the pang of parting; but “ destiny is over all and stern necessity.” His trunk was duly crammed with the handyworks of affection;—port-folios and blotting-books to put his manuscripts in, ornaments for his mantel-piece, and last, not least in point of utility, a neat little needle-book, properly furnished with all its paraphernalia. The first week or so, Bellamy missed the society of his sisters, and was unguarded enough to betray his emotions to his new companions, who, instead of sympathizing with, only ridiculed him for his sensibility. By degrees, however, the regular routine of school business and amusements, which hardly leaves an Eton boy leisure for reflection on extraneous subjects, entirely removed from his mind this regret for the lost pleasures of home, and reconciled him to his novel situation and its pursuits. The same traits of disposition which he brought with him to Eton still remain. Our system may be compared to the hand of the jeweller, who was employed in setting the breast-plate of the High Priest with precious stones, which merely rounded off the rough prominences, and gave a polish to the gems, so as to reduce the separate parts to harmonize with the whole, without destroying the individual beauty of each; and the same constitutes the partial metamorphosis of

character which takes place at Eton. Bellamy is always most anxious for the vacation; home is the atmosphere most congenial to his feelings, and he invariably imports among us, on his return to Eton, some new branch of study, or an old one revived—the last scientific whimsy which has been afloat in the blue stocking circles. During the long summer holidays, the family had been on a visit at one of the Sussex watering-places, and conchology was the ascendant of the hour. Bellamy came back to Eton with a large assortment of shells and other marine productions in his trunk, and a string of appropriate dissertations on their respective shapes and colours in his mouth. We were ceaselessly attacked by lectures on monovalves, bivalves, and multivalves, on the spiral symmetry of the wintletrap, and the delicate transparency of the dactylus. I have often quarrelled with him for the superficial nature of this pursuit; and am willing to make the public a party in the dispute. Why should his inquiries, I ask, be confined to the wild appearance of the shell? Surely he ought to be tempted forwards to natural history, and be able to give an answer of the habits of the animal tenant, and investigate the muscular action, by which the valves are opened or closed at the instinct or will of the creature. If even common curiosity does not carry him thus far, he is much more deficient in laudable ambition after knowledge than the child who cuts a hole in his drum; not, as I would argue, merely from a wanton love of mischief, but rather from a philosophical impulse to discover the cause of sound. Bellamy's Christmas vacation, I understand, was almost entirely monopolized by his visits to the British Museum, whither his sisters accompanied him, for the purpose of pursuing a practical investigation of the science, which has lately come in vogue, of pronouncing on the temper and disposition of individuals from the form and curvature of their lips; and the old marbles were famous subjects for our amateurs to practise upon, and tax their ingenuity to a laughable pitch. (N.B. This branch of physiognomy by the way might be turned to the benefit of the Club, as discriminative of the merits of future candidates.)—I had no doubt myself that Bellamy would be successful in his canvass for a seat in our House, owing to the powerful interest which Golightly was

expected to make in favour of this protégé of his. Though we all know that Charles is but superficial in most of his acquirements, he is nevertheless a most useful member of our little world, from the variety of his pursuits; and he proved himself in no respect more serviceable than to the above gentleman in his quondam capacity of manager of the theatre. His voice not having as yet roughened into manhood's hoarseness, he was unanimously allowed to be the Sinclair of his day: his taste was correct, and his ear good; consequently his vocal exertions were answered by the rapturous encores of a delighted audience. But every thing in its proper place! If we happen to be studiously composing our theme, it is no trifling nuisance to be interrupted in our flights of thought, and dragged back to earth by a screaming duet, which Messrs. Golightly and Bellamy may be "getting up" on the other side of a thin wainscoting. Luckily, however, for the repose of his *Dame's* house, this Hermogenic fit was of no longer duration than any of his other fancies: it lasted till the succeeding holidays, and was then shaken off in as summary a manner as all his former hobbies. There is only one exception to the general rule, and that is his fondness for antiquarian pursuits; in attestation of which you will find in his room a great box full of "mossy fragments of antique castles;" "sepulchral relics," which he has committed sacrilege to procure; "old coins," whose inscriptions are illegible; "pebbles from Portland Isle;" "a precious scrap of embalmed wrapper;" "a tattered duodecimo," which he tells you is a specimen of Caxton's typography, &c. &c. I will not add a word more: the man is before you, as like as he can stare, though I say it; but if this production has not been effectual enough to make you acquainted with him, his conduct as a fellow-member of our Honourable Society will soon make up all deficiencies; for the Ethiop will not change his skin, nor the leopard his spots.

The Honourable Gentlemen were of course elected without opposition, with the exception of Michael's black ball. They were immediately introduced to the Club. Mr. Bellamy came in with a very pretty ladylike air, and treated us with such a bow as the Secretary really hath not seen since he accompanied Miss Hodgson to Monsieur D'Egville. Mr.

Swinburne looked as foolish as if he was making his *debut* at Almack's. His embarrassment excited compassion in every one. Even Mr. Oakley was so much affected by it that he offered him a seat at his tea-table.

Songs from various members concluded the evening. Mr. O'Connor, elated by the praise bestowed on his Greek, gave us an extempore effusion addressed to the new Members. Having a vacant page, and nothing further to notice, I shall conclude the fifth King of Clubs with what Mr. O'Connor calls his

INAUGURATION ODE.

Hail to ye! hail! ye dissimilar Dubs!
 Plum-pudding Matth w, and syllabub Charles,
 Come hand in hand to the Monarch of Clubs,
 Erudite Zoilus, elegant Quarles.

Hail to thee, Swinburne! in raptures I call on
 The sage of the red nose and sorrowful cheek,
 'Οντα διδασκαλον 'ου πανν Φαυλον,
 In parsing and prosing, in grammar and Greek.

Thine is the wisdom that flies from Quadrilles;*
 Thine is the virtue that shudders at ale;
 Thine *Home* is to thee full of torments and ills,
 'Till we tack on a sweet little *r* to its tail.

Bentley, or Baxter, or Brunck, or Ruhnkenius,
 Set by thy side, is an ignorant Put;
 And though Mr. Gerard don't think you're a genius,
 He and Golightly will find you—all but.

Come in your cloak of Hibernian frieze,
 Sterling and Courtenay will set you to work;
 You shall chop logic, while I chop the cheese—
 You draw conclusions, while I draw the cork.

* “Quadrilles.”—Vide Vol. I. N^o II. p. 155.—P. C.

While you are prosing of Persian or Punic,
 Merry Golightly will pur o'er his pun ;
 While you are talking of toga or tunic,
 Honest O'Connor will stick to the tun.

And thou, who thy rhymes must be hitching and stitching,
 Till thy garland of laurel right dearly is earn'd,
 Whose stanzas and smiles are so very "bewitching,"*
 Whose periods and arms are so very "well turn'd."†

Come from thine Aunts, and thy sisters the Blues,
 With grace in thy manner, and love in thy mien ;
 Sup with the Monarch instead of the Muse,
 And find in our punch-bowl a new Hippocrene.

But no, thou art pale at the mention of Rum,
 Thou art ever the slave of the Nurse or the Nine,
 And thy measures so straight from the tea-table come,
 That we sip milk and water in every line.

Hail to ye both, ye dissimilar Dubs ;
 Plum-pudding Matthew, and syllabub Charles ;
 Come hand in hand to the Monarch of Clubs,
 Erudite Zoilus—elegant Quarles.

(Hear, hear, hear!)

(Signed)

RICHARD HODGSON,
Secretary.

* "Bewitching."—Vide Vol. I. N° IV. p. 352.—P. C.

† "Well-turned."—Vide Vol. I. N° IV. p. 356.—P. C.

ON CHARLES LAMB'S POETRY.

MY DEAR PAM,—Charles Lamb has published so little, and, as far as my observation has gone, that little, from many groundless prejudices, has been so little read, that I reckon upon the merit of introducing a new writer altogether to at least one half of our gentle readers. If I can show then any thing worthy of remembrance, any thing that savours of a fine and genial mind, and which none but one of the kindest temperament and warmest affections could have produced, I think I shall have a claim to the thanks of every true son of the Muses, who may have been hitherto a stranger to the works of this author. Perhaps it is needless to premise that I do not consider Lamb a great poet; he appears to be agitated by none of that fervent spirit of imagination, which masters and absorbs the faculties of one possessed by that “fine frenzy” of which Shakspeare speaks; there is in him no mysterious profoundness of thought, which gives subject for meditation, when the words are well nigh forgotten; but little wayward brilliancy of fancy; no romance; but all he can justly lay claim to in his poetry, is a heartfelt tenderness, a domestic freedom, and once or twice the most perfect excellence in what has been called the “curiosa felicitas” of language, that can well be conceived. As a critic, or rather (for now-a-days criticism seems to mean nothing but dull analysis, or verbal pulling to pieces of the suffering subject,) as an indicator of the essentials of the genius of Shakspeare and Hogarth, and as a discerning advocate of all our old and golden dramatists, I do not scruple to pronounce him first-rate;—as the author of “Rosamond Gray” he will make every girl and boy, ay,

and youth too, sigh and muse: as the exquisite imitator of that queer ancient master, Burton, he will make you laugh, even although you could have been as saturnine as they of Drury-lane, at the distress of poor *damned* "Mr. H——." Finally, without exception, and it is saying a good deal in the present day, Charles Lamb writes the best, the purest, and most genuine English of any man living.

I know there are many persons, who for the most part are real lovers of poetry, and very just and accurate judges of merit and peculiarities in poets, who cannot endure aught else but what is in their opinions the "highest heaven of invention;"—absorbed in Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton, they look down upon Fletcher, or Collins, or Burns; adoring Byron, or Shelley, or Wordsworth, they cannot waste their time and their feelings upon Lamb, Montgomery, or Campbell: life they say, is short; poetry after all is but an amusement, and when they may enjoy that amusement in highest luxury and most enduring profit to their minds why hunt about for scraps and fragments of genius, which, when found, hardly repay the labour of the chase? True—let the busy Merchant, the keen Lawyer, the important Physician, stand out of the question; it is quite enough, in all conscience, if they ever humanize their hearts for half an hour with Hermia and Lysander, with Una in Faery, or with Eve in Paradise: but, from the devoted scholar, from the meditative man of literature, from the watchman and nursing father of genius in all its forms, we expect other things; that he should know that great powers are not necessarily universal ones; that the grand intellectual instrument is valuable in all its melodies; and that sometimes even the milder and gentler tones issuing from it are more pleasing, because more symphonious with the feelings of the mass of mankind; that the rose, though not endued with the umbrageous magnificence of the forest oak, hath still a faint, yet exquisite perfume of its own;

and that many have remembered the Sparrow of Catullus, who have forgotten the Hector of Homer. I am not decrying the study, the rapturous study, of the master-spirits of the earth, nor puffing up into an absurd importance the flutterings of the little gregarious birds around the eagle of Heaven:—far from it; let your admiration of the first be paramount, but why should it be exclusive of the second? Read Shakspeare, but why not also read sweet Fletcher? Read Burns, but why trample upon Hogg? Lastly, to the esoteric Wordsworthian I would say, “Muse on your idol; I do not forbid you; but condescend to pluck a flower from the shady vernal garden of the good-tempered, kindly-affectioned Charles Lamb!” It is far from my wish to kindle any incense to printed imbecility; I am more deaf than rocks to sailors, when the pulings of peasants are quoted and reviewed as the bursting forth of genius from the dust: I hate Della Crusca and all his little ones; neither am I much of a humour to believe that Master Dallas will turn out a great poet, because Pope wrote verses, perhaps not so good as his, at twelve years old! I make a difference between genius and mere cleverness: the slightest sure mark of the first I hold myself bound to watch; for the second, I care not if it be bound in morocco, or soiled with a gingerbread cake. The one is valuable, and deserves education, because it is the orphan of a Divinity, the latter (*more Romano*) may, without injury to the republic, be allowed to take its own chance of growing fat and plump, and turning out good common sense. This is my criterion of judging the Spirits; and thus it is, because I perceive, and have been charmed by, the plaintive querulousness, and sometimes joyous ebullieny, of his heart, that I now think Charles Lamb worthy of a short notice in the pages of “The Etonian.”

To prove, if they will be admitted as proof, that I have some reason for the commendation bestowed upon

this writer, I shall content myself with quoting two poems, in two very different tones of feeling, and which, I think, contain all the characteristics of which I have been speaking.

HESTER.

When maidens such as Hester die,
 Their place ye may not well supply,
 Though ye among a thousand try,
 With vain endeavour.

A month or more hath she been dead,
 Yet cannot I by force be led
 To think upon the wormy bed
 And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
 A rising step, did indicate,
 Of pride and joy no common rate,
 That flush'd her spirit.

I know not by what name beside
 I shall it call ;—if 't was not pride,
 It was a joy to that allied,
 She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
 Which doth the human feeling cool,
 But she was train'd in Nature's school,
 Nature had bless'd her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
 A heart that stirs, is hard to bind ;
 A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
 Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour, gone before
 To that unknown and silent shore,
 Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
 Some summer morning

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
 Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
 A bliss that would not go away,
 A sweet forewarning ?

A FAREWELL TO TOBACCO.

May the Babylonish curse
Straight confound my stammering verse,
If I can a passage see
In this word—perplexity,
Or a fit expression find,
Or a language to my mind,
(Still the phrase is wide or scant)
To take leave of thee, GREAT PLANT !
Or in any terms relate
Half my love, or half my hate :
For I hate, yet love, thee so,
That, whichever thing I show,
The plain truth will seem to be
A constrain'd hyperbole,
And the passion to proceed
More from a mistress than a weed.

Sooty retainer to the vine,
Bacchus' black servant, negro fine ;
Sorcerer, that makest us dote upon
Thy begrimed complexion,
And, for thy pernicious sake,
More and greater oaths to break
Than reclaimed lovers take
'Gainst women : thou thy siege dost lay
Much too in the female way,
While thou suck'st the labouring breath
Faster than kisses, or than death.

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us,
That our worst foes cannot find us,
And ill fortune, that would thwart us,
Shoots at rovers, shooting at us ;
While each man, through thy height'ning steam,
Does like a smoking Ætna seem,
And all about us does express
(Fancy and Wit in richest dress)
A Sicilian fruitfulness.
Thou through such a mist dost show us,
That our best friends do not know us,
And, for those allowed features
Due to reasonable creatures,

Liken'st us to fell Chimeras,
Monsters that, who see us, fear us.
Worse than Cerberus or Geryon,
Or, who first loved a cloud, Ixion.

Bacchus we know, and we allow
His tipsy rites. But what art thou,
That but by reflex canst show
What his deity can do,
As the false Egyptian spell
Aped the true Hebrew miracle?
Some few vapours thou may'st raise,
The weak brain may serve to amaze,
But to the reins and nobler heart
Canst nor life nor heat impart.

Brother of Bacchus, later born,
The old world was sure forlorn,
Wanting thee, that aidest more
The God's victories than before
All his panthers, and the brawls
Of his piping Bacchanals.
These, as stale, we disallow,
Or judge of *thee* meant: only thou
His true Indian conquest art;
And, for ivy round his dart,
The reformed god now weaves
A fine thyrsis of thy leaves.
Scent to match thy rich perfume
Chemic art did ne'er presume,
Through her quaint alembic strain,
None so sov'reign to the brain.
Nature, that did in thee excel,
Framed again no second smell,
Roses, violets, but toys
For the smaller sort of boys,
Or for greener damsels meant;
Thou art the only manly scent.

Stinking'st of the stinking kind,
Filth of the mouth, and fog of the mind,
Africa, that brags her foyson,
Breeds no such prodigious poison

Henbane, nightshade, both together,
Hemlock, aconite.——

*Nay, rather,
Plant divine, of rarest virtue ;
Blisters on the tongue would hurt you.
'T was but in a sort I blamed thee ;
None e'er prosper'd who defamed thee
Irony all, and feign'd abuse,
Such as perplex'd lovers use,
At a need, when, in despair,
To paint forth their fairest fair,
Or in part but to express
That exceeding comeliness
Which their fancies doth so strike,
They borrow language of dislike ;
And, instead of Dearest Miss,
Jewel, Honey, Sweetheart, Bliss,
And those forms of old admiring,
Call her Cockatrice and Siren ;
Basilisk, and all that 's evil,
Witch, Hyena, Mermaid, Devil,
Ethiop, Wench, and Blackamoor,
Monkey, Ape, and twenty more ;
Friendly Trait'ress, loving Foe,—
Not that she is truly so ;
But no other way I know
A contentment to express,
Borders so upon excess,
That they do not rightly wot
Whether it be pain or not.*

*Or, as men, constrain'd to part
With what 's nearest to their heart,
While their sorrow 's at the height,
Lose discrimination quite,
And their hasty wrath let fall,
To appease their frantic gall,
On the darling thing whatever,
Whence they feel it death to sever ;
Though it be, as they, perforce,
Guiltless of the sad divorce.*

For I must (nor let it grieve thee,
friendliest of plants, that I must) leave thee.

For thy sake, Tobacco, I
 Would do any thing but die,
 And but seek to extend my days
 Long enough to sing thy praise.
 But, as she, who once hath been *
 A King's consort, is a queen
 Ever after, nor will bate
 Any title of her state,
 Though a widow or divorced,
 So I, from thy converse forced,
 The old name and style retain,
 A right Katherine of Spain ;
 And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys
 Of the bless'd Tobacco boys ;
 Where, though I, by sour physician,
 Am debarr'd the full fruition
 Of thy favours, I may catch
 Some collateral sweets, and snatch
 Sidelong odours, that give life
 Like glances from a neighbour's wife ;
 And still live in the by-places
 And the suburbs of thy graces ;
 And in thy borders take delight,
 An unconquer'd Canaanite.

I would not have quoted to such a length, if I had known how to have broken the preceding poem into parts. But it is so perfectly continuous and one throughout, that such anatomy was impossible. I do not remember any thing so near the swing and flow of *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, as the lines printed in italics. The same fusion of ideas, couched in the same long drawn out melody, is conspicuous in both poets ; I question if the *diction only* be very much superior in Milton : every thing else is out of the comparison entirely.

It is foreign to the purpose of these letters to consider the prose works of the authors whose poetical merits I have alone taken upon me to discuss ; yet so small is the

* Published in 1818.

um total, verse and prose, of Lamb's publications, that perhaps I shall be pardoned, if in conclusion I take some notice of his pretensions as a critic upon Shakspeare and Hogarth. With respect to the former, he is possessed with all that vehement admiration of our immortal Bard, which was first introduced, in its present form of devout enthusiasm, by the Lake School: he is particularly anxious in proving the spirituality of his characters; *i. e.* that essence of the Poet's own soul in them all, which makes them different from all others in kind as well as degree; and hence he denies the possibility of acting these plays, without materializing the creations of Imagination, and reducing Shakspeare, as far as he was Shakspeare, differing from all mankind in intenseness of thought, to a level with the commonest productions of modern talent.

"The truth is, the characters of Shakspeare are so much the objects of meditation, rather than of interest or curiosity as to their actions, that while we are reading any of his greatest criminal characters—Macbeth, Richard, even Iago—we think not so much of the crimes which they commit, as of the ambition, the aspiring spirit, the intellectual activity, which prompts them to overleap those moral fences."

* * * *

"So to see Lear acted—to see an old man tottering about the stage with a walking-stick, turned out of doors by his daughters in a rainy night, has nothing in it but what is painful and disgusting. We want to take him into shelter and relieve him. That is all the feeling which the acting of Lear ever produced in me. But the Lear of Shakspeare cannot be acted. The contemptible machinery by which they mimic the storm which he goes out in; is not more inadequate to represent the horrors of the real elements, than any actor can be to represent Lear: they might more easily propose to personate the Satan of Milton upon a stage, or one of Michael Angelo's terrible figures. The greatness of Lear is not in corporal dimension, but in intellectual: the explosions of his passion are terrible as a volcano: they are storms turning up and disclosing to the bottom that sea, his mind, with all its vast riches. It is his mind which is laid bare. This care of flesh and blood seems too insignificant to be thought on; even as he himself neglects it. On the stage we see nothing but corporeal infirmities and weakness, the impotence of rage: while we read it, we see not Lear, but we are Lear;

—we are in his mind, we are sustained by a grandeur which baffles the malice of daughters and storms ; in the aberrations of his reason, we discover a mighty irregular power of reasoning, immethodized from the ordinary purposes of life, but exerting its powers, as the wind blows where it listeth, at will upon the corruptions and abuses of mankind. What have looks or tones to do with that sublime identification of his age, with that of the *heavens themselves*, when in his reproaches to them for conniving at the injustice of his children, he reminds them that they themselves are old ! What gesture shall we appropriate to this ? What has the voice or the eye to do with such things ? But the play is beyond all art, as the tamperings with it show : it is too hard and stony ; it must have love-scenes and a happy ending. It is not enough that Cordelia is a daughter ; she must shine as a lover too. Tate has put his hook into the nostrils of this Leviathan, for Garrick and his followers, the showmen of the scene, to draw the mighty beast about more easily. A happy ending !—as if the living martyrdom that Lear had gone through,—the flaying of his feelings alive,—did not make a dismissal from the stage of life the only decorous thing for him. If he is to live and be happy after, if he could sustain this world's burden after, why all this pudder and preparation,—why torment us with all this unnecessary sympathy ? as if the childish pleasure of getting his gilt robes and sceptre again could tempt him to act over again his misused station,—as if at his years, and with his experience, any thing was left but to die.”

Is not this true ? and yet Dr. Johnson upholds the profanation of Tate for reasons that are really quite childish ; because it made him cry at the last representation ! Made him cry ! to be sure it did ; was it to make him laugh ? But I much fear that Dr. Johnson had about as much poetry in his constitution as he had humility.

Hogarth has at length found in C. Lamb a worthy commentator ; one who has felt the marvellous creative powers of that artist, and elucidated them with penetration and eloquence. I perceive that my limits forbid me to enter upon this subject, but I certainly would recommend any one, who wishes to peruse the prints of our illustrious countryman with proper feelings of their ends and intrinsic beauties, to spend an hour upon Lamb's little *Essay on the Genius of Hogarth*. It is full of ingenious criticism, profound insight into what constitutes

beauty and deformity, and a congenial train of humorous or gloomy sentiment.

Of C. Lamb himself I would say that he is not great, yet eminent; not profound, yet penetrating; not passionate, yet gentle, tender, and sympathizing. For genuine Anglicism, which amongst all other essentials of excellence in our native literature, is now recovering itself from the leaden mace of the Rambler, he is quite a study: his prose is absolutely perfect; it conveys thought, without smothering it in blankets. I have no business to meddle with any man's private life; yet, if the tree may be known by its fruits, does it not speak highly for the excellence of a school, if such it may be called, that it is all Christian—Christian in thought, word, and deed? It is, indeed, amazing how a poet can be a materialist. But of this hereafter—for the present, Adieu!

G. M.

MUSÆ O'CONNORIANÆ.

LETTER FROM PATRICK O'CONNOR, ESQ.

Inclosing Metrical Versions in the Greek and Latin Tongues.

DEAR MR. COURTENAY,—It is both a shame and a sin that no attempt is made to perpetuate the memory of those excellent ballads with which the languages of Ireland, England, and Scotland abound. For whereas

the said languages are allowed by all men of real taste to be gothic and semi-barbarous, it is incumbent upon us to endeavour to preserve whatever good they do contain by putting it into another dress. You know Mr. O'Doherty has preceded me in this praiseworthy attempt by his admirable version of Chevy-Chace, "*Persæus ex Northumbriâ*," &c., which I have compared with the English ballad so often, that I can hardly tell which is the original. When about to exercise my talents in this line, I held much question with myself whether I should assimilate my metre to that of my original, as is the case in the above-mentioned admirable work, or embody the ideas of my author in the rhythm of the ancient Greeks. For of the former design I do not consider myself altogether incapable; in proof of which I inclose a brief specimen of my abilities in this line; viz.—a Song from a MS. collection of Poems in the possession of John Jackson, Esq.; rendered by Patrick O'Connor, with all the original rhymes miraculously preserved.

" I weep Girl, before ye,
I kneel to adore ye,
My bosom is torn asunder,
Maiden divine, O,
In generous wine, O,
I pledge thee, Rosamunda!

Premore dolore,
Uror amore,
Anima fit furibunda;
Madeo vino,
Et tibi propino
Salutem, Rosamunda.

To a pipe of tobacco,
And plenty of sack, O,
Passions and flames knock under;
I'm hasty and heady,
With lots of the Deady;—
Hang thyself, Rosamunda!

Victa tabaco,
Victaque Baccho,
Flamma mi fit moribunda;
Ebrius dedi
Venerem et te Di-
abolo Rosamunda.

I trust this sample will be sufficient to convince you, that when I turn my talents to the Monkish style which the author above alluded to has chosen, I shall come very little behind my prototype. For the present, however, I have judged that the Metres of antiquity are more

classical, and consequently more worthy of a place in "The Etonian."

With regard to the poem itself, it is not, I believe, generally understood that Looney, the hero of it, is the descendant of the celebrated Phelim Mac Twolter, who, in the year 1750, A. D. fought that celebrated pugilistic encounter with Patrick Mac Nevis, which is the subject of admiration and encomium in the sporting circles of Carrickfergus. It is gratifying to me to be able to notice this genuine son of Hibernia, because the Boxiana of modern criticism, dwelling with delight upon the minor glories of a Corcoran, a Randall, or a Donnelly, have by some strange neglect omitted all mention of the surpassing brilliancy of the merits of Phelim Mac Twolter. This is the more remarkable as the above-mentioned fight was made the subject of a stanzaic heroic Poem, remarkable for the animation and geniality which is preserved throughout. Mac Nevis, who it seems was little better than a Braggadocia, gave the challenge. This is described with great force and simplicity. The landlord's daughter of the Shamrock public-house, who is said to have had a penchant for little Phelim, had been boasting of her lover's pugilistic fame.

Mac Nevis leap'd up from his seat,
And made his bow, and told her,
" Kathleen, I'll fight for your dear
sake
Along with fierce Mac Twolter."

Surgebat Mac Nevisius,
Et mox jactabat ultro,
" Pugnabo tui gratiâ
Cum fero Mac Tuoltro."

Does not this remind us strongly of Homer's Paris?

Ἄνταρ ἐμ' ἐν μεσση καὶ ἀρηιφίλον Μενελαόν
Συμβαλετ', ἀμφ' Ἑλένη καὶ κτήμασι πασι μαχεσθαι.

The address of Mac Nevis to his antagonist upon meeting him in the ring is conceived in the same style of ferocious grandeur. He sees him applying himself to the bottle, and exclaims:—

While you can see blue ruin, joy !
 Pull deeper yet and deeper ;
 By George ! you shall return from
 hence,
 Without an open peeper.

Frater, dum tibi manet lux,
 Bibe ruinæ poculum :
 Redibis hinc, per Georgium !
 Utrumque cassus oculus.

Observe that the expression "blue ruin" is very poetical, but my version of it is also prophetic ;—a charm unknown to the original. Phelim's reply is beautiful :—

Don't tip me now, my lad of wax,
 Your blarney and locution,
 Och ! sure you ar'n't a giant yet,
 Nor I a Lilliputian.

Ne sis, O cerâ mollior,
 Grandiloquus et vanus ;
 Heus bone ! nos es gigas tu,
 Et non sum ego nanus.

Here again the author, of course, had Homer in his eye,

Μητε μεν, ηυτε παιδος αφανρη, πειρητιζε.

And again,

Πηλειδη, μηδη με επεσσι γε, νηπυτιον ως,
 'Ελπεο δειδιξεσθαι.

The contest, which, it is possible, I may by-and-by transmit to you at length, is described with a minuteness which far exceeds Virgil's Dares and Entellus, or even the "Pugilism" of the Sporting Magazine. The modest Mac Twolter is, as he deserves to be, the victor. The Poem concludes in a high strain of triumph :—

So Victory to Phelim gave
 A wife of fair renown ;
 And with that wife she gave besides
 To him a silver crown.

Victoria dedit Phelimo
 Uxorem valde bonam ;
 Et dedit cum uxore hâc
 Argenteam coronam.

I must now cease to comment upon this fascinating character, and proceed, without further delay, to the celebration of the amour of his descendant. Looney Mac Twolter is well known to you, as you have frequently heard the identical ballad from the lips of Frederick Golightly. I shall therefore give you my

omised Translation of it, without note or preface.
 Give it a classical name,—“an Eclogue,” or “an Idyll,”
 “an Elegy,” or what you will.

I.

Oh, whack ' Cupid 's a mannikin,
 Smack on my heart he hit me a polter
 Good lack, Judy O'Flannikin !
 Dearly she loves nate Looney Mac Twolter.
 Judy 's my darling, my kisses she suffers ;
 She 's an heiress, that 's clear,
 For her father sells beer ;
 He keeps the sign of the cow and the snuffers ;
 She 's so smart,
 From my heart
 I cannot bolt her.
 Oh, whack, Judy O'Flannikin !
 She is the girl for Looney Mac Twolter.

II.

Oh hone ! good news I need a bit !
 We 'd correspond, but larning would choak her.
 Mavrone !—I cannot read a bit ;
 Judy can't tell a pen from a poker.
 Judy 's so constant, I 'll never forsake her ;
 She 's true as the moon ;—
 Only one afternoon,
 I caught her asleep with a humpbacked shoemaker.
 She 's so smart, &c.

A.

Ἄλλαχ' τι μικρὸν ἴσιν
 βρεφὸς ὄυλιον Κυθηρῆς,
 ἔμε δ' ἐγκρατεὶ βιλεμένη
 ἐπὶ καρδίαν ἐνυξίν.
 Ἄλλαχ' τι φημί ; ἰουδιθ
 ἀπο φλαννικὴν φιλεῖ με,
 τὸν Λουνιαν φιλεῖ με,
 τοκὸν ἐνπρεπὴ Τυωλτροῦ.
 μελὶ καὶ τὸ νεκτάρ ἐμὸν
 ἀπαλὴ πεφυκ' ἰουδιθ.
 τὸ δ' ἔμην, χάρισσα θυμῷ,
 γλυκερὸν φίλημα πασχει.
 φανή δ' ἄρ', ὅτε ἀδελῶς,
 μεγαλοῦ λαχοῦσα κληροῦ.

ὁ πατὴρ γάρ, ἐν τοῦτ' ἴδα,
 πομα κριθίνων πιπρασκέι,
 ὑπο σῆμα δ' ἡ καθήται
 βοὸς ἡδὲ καὶ πυραγρᾶς.

Χάρισσα δ' ἡ πεφνηνέ
 τοσόν, ὡς νῦν ἐν δυνάμει
 ἀπο καρδίας ἀπώσσει
 ἄλλαχ' μαλίσ' ἰουδιθ
 ἀπο φλαννικὴν με τερπεί,
 τὸν Λουνιαν με τερπεί,
 τοκὸν ἐνπρεπὴ Τυωλτροῦ.

β'.

Ὅτ' αὖτις τι γραμμὴ ἀπ' αὐτῆς
καλὸς ἀγγελὸς γένοιτ' ἂν
ἔποροις δ' ἂν πλοκαῖσιν
σοφία νιν ἀγχοῖσιν.
Ὅτ' οἱ ταῖς γραμματ' ὕδεις
ἰδὲ μ', ἢ δ' Ἰουδῶ
γραφιδ' ὅτι καὶ σιδηρῶ
πυρροῖσιν οὐδ' ἔγωγ'
μὲλ' καὶ τὸ νεκτάρ' ἄμυν
ἀπαλὴ πεφυκ' Ἰουδῶ

ὅδ' εὐφρονως ἔγωγε
καταλείβομαι ποτ' αὐτῶν
ἴσταν γὰρ, ὡς σελήνη,
παναληθινὴ νεανίς
ἀλλ', ἴσπερ πεισούσης,
ἔχυσά μιν ποτ' αὐτῶν
ὑποδεδυμένην ξυνοῦνον
σκολιῶ γι' ἑρσοδεδυμένην
χαρίσσει δ' ἢ πεφύγε, κ. τ. λ.

PATRICK O'CONNOR.

Port St. Dermid, near Ballinacrahy, Dec. 28, 1820.

LE BLANC'S SOBER ESSAY ON LOVE.

"And Love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair one's jest ;
On earth unknown, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest."

GOLDSMITH.

Love is a theme which has received a due share of importance in literature in every age and clime ; but, like the ocean from whence its own presiding goddess is fabled to have sprung, is as inexhaustible in its nature as universal in its prevalence. Conjointly with the praises of heroism and warlike achievements, it has inspired as well the earliest rhapsodies of the wandering minstrels of Greece and Araby, as the noblest works of the most accomplished authors of the present day. Though frequently prostituted and debased to its lowest dregs by

certain panders to lust, ycleped novel-writers, it is a subject which has all along had, and still has, the most decided claims on the pens of the metaphysician and the poet ; nay, I will venture to add, without fear of controversy—the divine.

The metaphysician loses himself in abstruse disquisitions on the doctrine of assimilation, or what other theory he may please to adopt, as explanative of the mysterious influence by which the mind is propelled to that congeniality of sentiment, which exists between the sexes, and what is worthy of observation, in the case of individuals of opposite tempers and habits ; as if it was necessary for the composition of the most perfect unanimity, which can exist on earth, that the ingredients should be of contrary qualities. In developing that sensation, or source of sensations, which we term "Love," some argue that it is a compound of feelings, a union of various propensities, or, to speak more technically, a co-operation of different organs ; while others cut the gordian knot at a blow, and assert that it is a self-sufficient, distinct principle. This they might as well denominate at once the principle of amateness. They have but acted in imitation of the old Stoics, who, when they had found themselves at a loss to account for the nature of the soul, by referring its composition to either fire, air, earth, or water, determined upon having an additional element, or primary cause, to which they could exclusively ascribe its existence. For myself, I cannot help thinking that, on this point in particular, there is a striking analogy between physics and metaphysics. The investigation of natural philosophy was a complete chaos of doubt and learned ignorance, till the superintending providence of a Deity—a Being like the omnipotent and omniscient Jehovah—was established from revelation in the creed of the philosopher : this it was which proved the only true clue to conduct him safely through the intricacies of the labyrinth. And such is the case with our philosophy of

the mind : clouds and thick darkness are round about us, and it requires no spirit of prophecy to pronounce that the veil will never be removed, till the nature of the soul's action is understood by us as a primal invisible cause, from whence all the visible effects, with which we are well acquainted, may be educed ; and this cannot take place till the time when that particle of the divine breath, which is at present like an elastic spring coiled and confined, hath been emancipated from its earthly trammels, and restored to the full grasp of intellect which it is capable of ;—an attainment, towards which even a Newton and a Locke made but slight advances.

The Divine has a much easier task ;—his views of the subject are clear and express, as far as scriptural authority warrants his investigation, and it may well excite in us a doubt and hesitation whether *that* is not the point.

“ Thus far shalt thou go and no further.”

The last and best gift with which the “ Lord of the Creation” was presented by his Divine Benefactor was female society, as an antidote for that solitude of heart which must otherwise have proved intolerable to a being formed with such capacities for enjoyment as are found in man. The “ aching void” was soon discovered, or, as it is expressed, in the beautiful simplicity of holy writ, “ for Adam, there was found no help meet for him,”—but no sooner discovered than provided against ; as if it had been the intention of the “ Giver of all Good,” that the value of the blessing might be the more appreciated from its not having been bestowed till a deficiency had been felt. And is it not this same “ aching void” that exists in the breast of youth, when it pants after an object on which to lavish its affections ? In the days of Paradise, it is true, the impulse was pure and chaste in all its bearings—it is now, alas ! debased and adulterated from its pristine perfection.

“ Poor race of men—

Dearly ye pay for your primal fall,
Some flow'rets of Eden ye still inherit,
But the trail of the serpent is over them all.”

The rose, however, still looks lovely in the midst of a garden of weeds, whose contiguity is contaminating.

Love is the very essence of poetry in general, and the keystone of interest on which the *chef d'œuvres* of Melpomene and Thalia are chiefly constructed. Yet the office of the poet is quite distinct from those of the two former I have mentioned. His business is not to attempt the developement of original principles, but to portray their consequences in all the vivid colours of the imagination. I am aware that some men of gigantic intellect, like Wordsworth, have succeeded in uniting “for better or worse,” metaphysics and poetry. But I am now speaking of Love Poetry, in a simple sense, as describing the effects of the passion, or principle, or impulse, or whatever it may be, and contenting itself with leaving that passion, or principle, or impulse, without a definition,—or even pronouncing it undefinable. When the subject has undergone the process which an inspired imagination performs upon it, it issues forth in a shape intelligible to the humblest, and yet by no means on that account rendered contemptible to the highest capacity; for human nature is the same throughout all its empire, from the palace to the cottage. It is true that the productions of an ardent fancy are apt to transgress the limits of the ordinary occurrences of life; but still there are bounds of probable reality, that cannot be passed without destroying the very illusion which it is the great art of Poetry to create and support in the minds of its audience; and this check is our sure warrant against extravagance. “Love” has now become personified, though under the most contradictory appearances. It assumes, as circumstances bear sway, the

gentleness of the dove, the crafty wiliness of the serpent, and the ferocity of the tiger. There is no delusion here; the practical doctrines which are offered for our belief are readily, I had almost said instinctively, accepted by our understanding, confirmed by our experience, and sanctioned by our reason. They are spoken home to us, and we feel them. We enjoy the evening fragrance of the summer zephyr, we behold and tremble at the consequences of the tempest's wrath: but we cannot say whence come they—the zephyr or the tempest. And such is Love: we may understand and describe the pangs of jealousy, and the silent despair of the broken heart, or the consummate bliss of a mutual and felicitous attachment;—we know that these all proceed from one and the same source, but this is the utmost of our knowledge.

I cannot close my dissertation on this theme better than by requesting the attention of my readers to a quotation from the late work of an author, whose reputation is by no means of small magnitude in the bright galaxy of the talents of the present day. The sentiments of the extract coincide perfectly with those of mine, which have dictated the above remarks, and will in some respects, perhaps, serve to elucidate any obscurities I may have been guilty of:—

“ Beauty, what art thou, that thy slightest gaze
Can make the spirit from its centre roll
Its whole long course, a sad and shadowy maze?
Thou midnight, or thou noontide of the soul;
One glorious vision, lighting up the whole
Of the wide world, or one deep wild desire,
By day and night consuming, sad and sole;
Till hope, pride, genius, nay, till Love's own fire
Desert the weary heart, a cold and mouldering pyre.

Enchanted sleep, yet full of deadly dreams;
Companionship divine, stern solitude;
Thou serpent, colour'd with the brightest gleams,
That e'er hid poison, making hearts thy food;

Woe to the heart that lets thee once intrude,
 Victim of visions, that life's purpose steal,
 Till the whole struggling nature lies subdued,
 Bleeding with wounds the grave alone must heal."

A. B. L.

LETTER FROM A FRIEND IN WALES, INCLOSING
 AN ARTICLE.

MY DEAR COURTENAY,—If the inclosed Tale can be of any service to you, you are at liberty to dock it or dress it in any way you please. One of its principal demerits is the want of a regular moral. Do get Sterling to wind it up with a few reflections on falsehood and deceit; or a few remarks upon the old adage, that "deeds of night must come to light."

Thank you for N° III. It has kept me alive through this last fortnight. I suppose you are aware that I have been for some time deprived of the power of locomotion by a complication of disorders, which give me full leisure to think of you, my dear Courtenay, and of your literary bantling. By-the-by, I hear from Montgomery that you are at last disgusted with the toil you have voluntarily undertaken,* and have resolved upon relinquishing the burthen. Positively, after having put yourself into the harness, as Musgrave would say, upon public motives, you must not overturn the vehicle upon private ones, however your withers may be galled. So much are your friends alarmed by the report, that even I, equally incapable with the dullest, although equally zealous with the brightest, of your well-wishers, have

* *Somnia Montgomeriana!*—P. C.

assumed the panoply of pen and paper in your support, in the fullest confidence that you will excuse the weakness of the attempt, in consideration of the motive by which it is dictated.

Here, then, you have the first effort of your new contributor. If I meet with encouragement from you, I purpose to get up for you some "Sketches from Wales;" which will comprise various Essays on Farming and Fashion, Drinking and Dandyism, Belles and Belles Lettres, as I see them in their every-day dress around me:—but of this more anon.

Your three first Numbers have been handed about here with great success. It has amused me not a little to hear the various remarks which have been made upon them by readers who know no more of the "King of Clubs" than they do of the King of Ashantee. In despite of my repeated asseverations, no one will believe but that the Members of your Club are all fictitious personages. Methinks their preconceived opinions will be not a little startled when they see my own real name affixed to this communication, in Mr. Knight's best small capitals.

Once more to my tale—for you must allow me, as an author hitherto untried, to be somewhat anxious that I may put on my first suit of black and white under all possible advantages. It is founded on an anecdote told at considerable length in a manuscript history of the "Chiefs of the House of d'Arennes," which I found, with many other curiosities of the like nature, in the library of my very venerable friend, Owen Llangdry, our much respected curate, who is a great collector of these reliques of antiquity. He is a man of much information, and is very ready to communicate it. He is, withal, the possessor of three things, which make his acquaintance very desirable: a beautiful house; a more beautiful garden;

and (*entre nous*) a surpassingly beautiful daughter. Tell Gerard that I am almost out of my senses; and, in the course of a week, shall probably begin writing Sonnets.

Here I must break off. My only object was to introduce myself to you in my novel capacity of Legendary Scribbler; and, having effected this, I will lay down my pen, trusting that all the indulgence which a new author may justly claim will be extended to

Your sincere friend,

MORRIS GOWAN.

Muentwrog, Jan. 2, 1821.

P. S. In spite of the comfortable assurances of Peter Pinlithgow, my Pharmacopole, I am afraid that my various complaints, of which I will send you a catalogue, if you want a "Medical Article," will detain me some weeks from Eton. Upon my return I shall begin my canvass for admission into the Club.

THE KNIGHT AND THE KNAVE;

AN OLD ENGLISH TALE.

"REGINALD!" said the old Baron.—It is striking, and fashionable, and classical, to hurry my reader thus "*in medias res*," else it had been my duty to have informed him that the *dramatis personæ* whom he finds upon the scene are the son and grandson of the redoubted Hugh d'Arennes, who did good service by the Conqueror's side at the field of Hastings. In common with the distinguished chiefs of William's army, he had received large grants of land, which his enterprizing spirit, and his in-

terest with the monarch and his successor, had tended to augment. His heir, however, the present head of the illustrious family, had rather studied the security than the aggrandizement of his possessions, and had grown to a green old age in retirement and seclusion, as far as was compatible with his high rank and exalted situation. The younger speaker of the colloquy was of a character, the description of which may be dismissed as easily. Not having been obliged, like the other young men of his time, to take an active part in the divisions which agitated the period of the reign of the second Henry, Reginald had not acquired the firm and energetic tone of mind by which the sons of the nobility were distinguished. He had been accustomed to shape his conduct, in the most trifling concerns, according to the advice and judgment of his father; and consequently, when deprived for a short period of his monitor, seemed utterly incapable of thinking seriously, or rather seemed to have made a religious vow against thinking at all. This hopeful descendant of the noble Sir Hugh had arrived at the age of twenty—was possessed of a listless, yet handsome, set of features—a careless, yet commanding figure—a true English head at the cup, and a true English hand at the quarrel.—And now, having gone through the interruption, which ought to have been the introduction, let us proceed.

“Reginald!” said the old Baron, with a slight inclination of the head, which he was in the habit of using when he wished to throw dignity into his admonitions.

“Ears hear thee,” said the son, without stirring from the huge oaken table upon which, after the fatigues of the chase, he was reclining.

“I have ordered that we should be alone, my son,” said the old man, “because I have to discourse to thee a matter which deeply and nearly concerns thy welfare. Pour for thy father, Reginald.”

Reginald obeyed ; and, after performing for himself the same office, resumed his attitude, with an aspect which was ludicrously divided between the resolution to attend, and the propensity to inattention.

"Twenty years have gone by, Reginald, since thou didst become the hope of the house of which thou wilt shortly be the head. Ere thou hast other twenty years to look back upon, thou wilt have lost the guidance of thy father, and I shall sleep by the side of mine."

"Sir Hugh sleeps in the abbey," said Reginald.

"He doth," resumed his adviser. "He was a knight of name and fame, and wielded a good sword at Hastings."

"As touching the sword," said Reginald, totally unconscious of any metaphorical meaning implied in his father's words, "it hangs above him in the abbey. Marry, it is somewhat rusty, but nevertheless a good sword."

"But Reginald, to come to the point—"

"Thou dost remind me how that it was broken against the fifth rib of Egwulph, surnamed the Impetuous, a good knight and a true—although a Saxon."

The look of the young man had in it something of animation as he expressed his hereditary contempt of the Saxon race. To his father, however, this demonstration of feeling did not seem altogether so welcome as it might have been upon another occasion. He contracted his huge shaggy eyebrows, turned his eyes from his son to the wine-cup, and from the wine-cup to his son, stroked his chin, folded his arms, and, in short, assumed an attitude of thought, which was little less ridiculous than the thoughtlessness of his companion. After a pause of some minutes, he began to speak, sending out his words with all the caution and circumspection of a Fabius.

"Of a truth, Reginald, the Saxon thanes are in breeding and courtesy rough, and in no way able to compete with the bearing of our Norman Knights ; but they are

not, as thy speech would signify, altogether to be condemned. There is among them much might of arm, and courage of heart; and Sir Hugh was wont to say there were few cravens at Hastings."

Reginald made no reply: he was deep in mental researches after the probable cause of the Baron's unaccustomed eulogium upon a race so universally vilified. Finding himself unable to solve the mystery, he waited in silence for some further clue. The old man looked as if to see whether his words had made any impression upon the prejudices of his hearer; and, not being able to ascertain the fact, proceeded:—"There is Leofwyn of Kennet-hold," said he, "his better never drew bow: his grandfather stood before Harold when De Rocroi had him down. He hath riches and retainers, such as never had King of England. Ill befall the man that thinks scorn of Leofwyn of Kennet-hold."

"He is our near neighbour," said Reginald. "I have heard that he hath a braver horse than is my black steed Launcelot, and hounds whose equals the world cannot show. He hath a daughter, too, if fame speak rightly, a lady of a most noble presence; and he hath a falcon—" Here he was interrupted by the old Baron, who, as if weary of the circumlocution by which he had been endeavouring to bring about his object, observed dryly, "It is to that lady, Reginald, I would see thee wedded."

Reginald fixed himself upright upon the table on which he had been extended, and, opening wide his large languid eyes, gazed upon his father with a mute expression of astonishment. The latter, though a little daunted by the silence with which his proposition had been received, proceeded to explain the causes and consequences of his design. It is needless to accompany him through his detail, which, to say truth, was somewhat prolix. It is sufficient to state, that the lands of the Saxon looked tempting in the eyes of the Norman

Lord ; and that, in times of such danger and difficulty, it seemed prudent to conciliate the friendship of those who were powerful in their immediate vicinity, and especially those who were attached to the Saxon succession.

Now the Baron, while he detailed his hopes, and his fears, and his designs, fancied that he had made in this scheme a notable hit of policy, and, from time to time, looked up to the listener's face for the approbation to which he thought himself entitled. Reginald, however, perceived that his castle-building would meet with obstacles which the architect had never contemplated ; and began to be of opinion that a friendly alliance between Norman and Saxon sounded very like an amicable treaty between hound and hare, or a peaceable union between fire and water. To these thoughts he was unwilling to give utterance : a dispute, and upon such a subject, was a thing to which he had an insuperable reluctance : he therefore quietly acquiesced in his father's reasoning, and, after stipulating that, in this matter, no trouble should fall upon himself, composed himself in a quiet slumber, while the Baron was recounting the particulars of his ten years' courtship of Marie, the beautiful heiress of Roger de Vesnoy, the last lord of Battiswold.

The old man, contented with this calm compliance on the part of his son, proceeded forthwith to put his favourite scheme in execution. For many weeks was his brain disturbed by the anxiety which he felt for the result of his negotiations : there were messages, and letters, and heralds, and stipulations, and breakings off, and reconciliations, more than sufficient to perplex the thoughts of a far more able diplomatist. Meantime the person who was to bear the principal part in the play which was now in rehearsal, ate, drank, and slept, talked of his horses and hounds, and his escutcheon, and thought of nothing less than of his fair unseen intended Elfrida of Kennet-hold. Finally, the treaty was completed more successfully than the violent temper of

Leofwyn gave reason to expect ; and Reginald received orders to prepare for an immediate journey to receive the bride he had never courted. The first impression upon his mind was, that it was passing strange that the pride of a Saxon thane, nay, the pride of a Saxon heiress, could be, with such facility, subdued. Reflection, however, was not his province ; and, banishing as quickly as possible the intrusive idea, he prepared himself to obey his father.

On the morrow he set out. The manuscript from which I draw my information describes, with much proximity, the accoutrements of himself and his steed ; from whence it makes a considerable digression to the changes in the fashions of dress, and the peculiar merits of various breeds of horses. It then makes honourable mention of his attendants, and dwells upon certain scandalous anecdotes connected with their family concerns. The last-mentioned points I deem it right to omit altogether ; and upon the others I must be more concise than is the chronicler whom I follow, the erudite Henricus Wykeleius.

It appears that Reginald, although a bigot to the manners and prejudices which his Norman ancestry had entailed upon him, had, upon this occasion, in compliance with the request of his father, assumed the costume of the Saxons. So much had the natural ease and gracefulness of his frame been improved by constant exercise and knightly sports, that the unaccustomed dress seemed to be no restraint or inconvenience to him ; and his limbs were as free in the long Saxon robe as they had been wont to be in the short Norman tunic. He reined his horse with a skill which at once excited and curbed his impetuosity, while it set off to the best advantage the forms of both the animal and his rider. Of this, however, neither of them stood in need. Launcelot was one of the noblest steeds that ever bore armed knight to the lists ; and Reginald, in spite of the want of animation

which was so evident in his features, was really a handsome and well-proportioned youth. Had his education been suited to his talents, or the qualifications of his mind kept pace with those of his body, few warriors might have won lady's love so lightly as Reginald d'Arennes.

Of his followers, which were six in number, four were merely retainers of little note or name. Of the remaining two some notice must be taken. The first was Roger Naylis, an old and approved dependent, who was his companion upon this journey, for the purpose of obviating by his prudence and experience those dangers, into which the hot heart or light head of his young master might hurry him. The other was a personage of a description not quite so common. This was Robin Garnet, who had long been in Reginald's service, in triple capacity of page, associate, and fool. His was a character, of which, in the compass of this tale, it will be impossible to give the reader any idea. In it was to be found the most extraordinary mixture of cunning and folly, blindness and foresight, thoughtlessness and thought. His actions were generally those which no one but a madman would commit; yet the means by which he extricated himself from their consequences were those which none but a man of great acuteness would hit upon. He was the son of poor parents, but had rendered himself, by his talents for frolic and buffoonery, so necessary to the young lord, that he was looked upon almost in the light of his foster-brother. He rode a small piebald nag, which formed a whimsical contrast with the large black courser of his master. His dress was that of an ordinary page; his form, though small, was not inelegant; and his features, though not handsome, had an arch expression about them, which looked very ludicrous, when compared with the lifelessness of Reginald's.

Nothing more need be said of him save that the

extremes of cunning and idiotcy which his conduct perpetually exhibited, had conferred upon him two denominations, which were alternately applied as they became by turns appropriate. When the former predominated, he was termed "Robin the Wily;" and when the latter resumed its influence, his appellation was "Robin the Witless."

Upon the present occasion Reginald was not a little annoyed that he was compelled to converse with his father's old counsellor, to the exclusion of the humorous partner of his follies. From this inconvenience, however, he was soon relieved. Before he had gone many miles he was met by a messenger from Leofwyn, who, after various excuses and apologies, informed him that his Lord had vowed a vow, that two men of Norman blood should never cross his threshold together; and that he therefore requested his future son-in-law to dismiss such of his train as fell under this interdict. The young Lord certainly was not greatly displeased, when, upon examination, it was found that Robin was the only one of his followers who was not excluded by Norman lineage from the hall of the Saxon Thane. Nevertheless, when his aged attendant whispered his suspicions of meditated treason, and intimated the propriety of returning, he gazed on the adviser, and then on the page, and then on the messenger; and expressed, by look and word, his usual sentiment in all such dilemmas—"I doubt!"

"The hall of Leofwyn is open," said the messenger, "shall I say that the guest dallieth? The Lady Elfrida is in her bridal robe! shall I say that the bridegroom delayeth his purpose?"—"I will go with thee," said Reginald.

"For my part, I say nought," observed Naylis, "but life may be preserved, and life may be thrown away; and one against a hundred is fearful odds. Fathers will weep when children die; it matters not whether by the

naked sword or the poisoned cup.”—“I will return with thee!” said Reginald.

“Of a surety,” said Robin, “there is a venture both ways. If we advance, life is perilled; and if we retreat, the lady is lost.”—“I know not whether to go or to return!” said Reginald.

“I will return to my master,” said the messenger, “peradventure he will send to thee that shall remove thine apprehensions. Hasten not on the way. Marry! it is well that the Lady Elfrida should wait the leisure of Reginald d’Arennes;” and, turning his horse’s head, he was preparing to depart, when Naylis seized his reins, exclaiming, “Not so, Sir Discourteous! by our Lady thou departest not so lightly; Sir Reginald wendeth to Kennet-hold, and if a hair of his head be injured thou diest, an thou wert Leofwyn’s first-born!”

“Norman hound!” cried the messenger, with an exclamation of surprise, “hast thou divined—but no! thy thoughts were no parties to thy lips, and I war not for a random word. I will go with ye—rather than your master should lose his bride. By the soul of Hengist, it were pity!” As he spoke he removed his hand, which he had laid upon the hilt of his dagger, and bent upon Reginald a look in which there was much and deep signification, although the standers-by were unable to read its import. Naylis led his young Lord apart, and spoke a few words in an earnest whisper. Reginald still seemed irresolute; he began to reply hastily in a tone between soliloquy and expostulation.

“Thou sayest right well, Roger, and with discretion; yet, by my spurs, a younger head had given warmer counsel! How think you, my masters, were it not a pleasant tale to tell that Reginald d’Arennes fled from the bright eyes of his bride? Yet, as thou sayest, Roger, there is danger in this adventure! Not that I heed shaft or spear, bill or battle-axe, in the hand of a

Saxon; thou knowest I am no craven, Roger!—but then, as thou sayest, Roger—my father, I do believe my death-wound would be his! I will return to him—yet would he be shamed by my return! I will go on—or rather, I will not; thou shalt hasten back to him, Roger!—and tell him—hum! I doubt!”

How long the contest might have lasted it is impossible to determine;—the remaining attendants were beginning to hazard surmises respecting the eligibility of a night lodging *sub dio*, when Robin the Willy sprung with a kind of harlequin step before his patron, and, throwing himself into the attitude of a despairing maiden, sang, in a ludicrously plaintive voice, some stanzas of a popular air, which may be thus modernized:—

“ Oh! I am drest in my bridal vest,
The feast is on the board!
And whither fleeth my father's guest?
Whither Elfrida's Lord?

I look to the East, and I look to the West,
The Evening Moon is toward;
But I see not yet my father's guest,
I see not Elfrida's Lord!

Why am I dight in my kirtle of white,
My silken snood withal?
For not to-night that craven knight
Will cross my father's hall.”

She hath torn outright her kirtle of white,
Her silken snood withal;
And not to-night that craven knight
Will cross her father's hall!

“I will go on to Kennet-hold,” said Reginald. There was something in the look of the Page more than in the words he uttered, which had so deeply inspired his master with that strongest of all incentives, the dread of ridicule, that his determination was now inflexible. Well was it said by the learned monk, Bedo Camerarius,

"the resolution of a strong mind giveth way to argument,—but the obstinacy of a weak one never!" Naylis was of the same opinion: he held another conference with his master in whispers; the result of which was, that Reginald exchanged his loose robe for the rich suit of armour which was borne after him by his attendants.

They were preparing to separate upon their respective journeys, when they discovered the first fruits of Reginald's hesitation in the departure of their purposed stage. No orders had been given for his forcible retention; and he had accordingly taken advantage of the consultation which had engaged the attention of the party, to effect his retreat. "The hawk without a collar hath but brief thralldom," said Robin. "Thou art right, Knave," said Naylis: "had thy counsel been earlier, yon slave should have made experiment of the might of a Norman gyve. But it matters not. Though the Saxon have the temper of his own Zernbock, and the curries to boot, he dare not,—surely he dare not! Well wot our master would work so deep a requital, that the heads of twenty such miscreants should appear cheap and unsom!"

"Fare thee well, good Naylis," said Reginald; "bid thy father be of good cheer, and do honour to his son's bridal! Ha! ha! thou hast still thy misdoubtings and mine apprehensions—I know thy mind!"—"Would thou didst know thine own but half as well!" muttered the old man, as he turned slowly round, followed by the Norman attendants. The steeds, as if rejoicing to be again in motion, arched their proud necks, and flung back their thick manes in the wind: the clattering of their hoofs arose, and sank, and died into silence.

Reginald, and the Knave, Robin, journeyed some miles without converse. The latter seemed to be thinking of nothing but his new doublet, and the former seemed to be thinking of nothing at all. After a considerable pause

the Knight began the conversation.—“ I am doubting, Robin,—”

“ It is a wise man that solveth his own doubts !” returned his attendant.

“ I am doubting, Robin,” continued Reginald, “ whether thou or I be the greater fool !”

“ A gibe ! a gibe !” cried the jester, “ thy reasons, most convincing disputant ? thy proofs, most inventive master ? thine arguments, most incontrovertible Knight ? Marry, an thou make me the greater fool, it will ill become the servant to be greater than his master.”

“ Imprimis ! thou art a fool by thy name, which is Witless !”

“ I will have license to make reply,” said the jester ; “ Thou art a fool, to call a wise man by a fool’s name.”

“ Secondly,” resumed Reginald, “ thou art a fool by thy face !”

“ Who is to choose,” said his antagonist, “ between the folly that is seen on the face, and the folly which is spoken from the tongue ?”

“ Thirdly, thou art foolish in thy designs.”

“ By Saint Swithin,” cried the respondent, “ thou hast the better of me there, for designs forrest thou none.”

“ Fourthly, thou art a fool by thine occupation !”

“ There thou hast spoken well,” said the Page ; “ I am serving-man to Sir Reginald d’Arennes.”

“ Finally, Robin,” said Reginald, relapsing into taciturnity, “ thou knowest that thou art a fool positive !”

“ Thou hast the better of me again, Reginald,” said the complaisant lackey, “ for thou art greatly a fool, and surpassingly a fool,—but never a positive one.”

Reginald did not hear the import of his follower’s reply ; or at least made no answer to it. They proceeded for some minutes in silence, at a brisk pace, when Reginald suddenly stopped, and exclaimed, “ We have wandered from our track !”

"Not a whit, not a whit," replied his companion, "do not I know the turnings and the windings of the way? Is it not the fourth time that I have journeyed with thee on this path?—Firstly, when thou didst do penance at the Abbey of Brixhelm; secondly, when thou didst pillage the fat friar of Torney Low; thirdly, when thou wert, at thine own pleasure, a suitor to the Miller's daughter of Nesselray; fourthly, when thou art, at thy father's pleasure, a suitor to the Thane's daughter of Kennet-hold. Truly the fool's counsel is nought; but I hold the pillage more profitable than the penance, and the Miller a cheaper bargain than the Thane. Trust me, if there be in the Hall of the Saxon another giant such as he that escaped from us even now, there will be stronger trust in the speed of black Launcelot than in the plating of thy Milan corselet."

"He was, indeed," said Reginald, "firm of sinew and large of bone; he was, withal, free in his deportment, and ruled that sorrel courser full knightly; and, as thou sayest, Robin, he bore in his hand a battle-axe, against which ribs of steel were but weak protection."

They had now proceeded far on their journey, and were winding round a thick forest; the extremities of which were skirted by brushwood to a very considerable extent. Reginald continued to discuss the personal appearance of the herald of his father-in-law, in a manner which showed he was by no means deficient in natural observation. "He had the tone of one not unused to command, and an eye right noble and piercing; nevertheless, he is but a Saxon; and ill betide the day when Reginald d'Arennes shall fear to cope with twenty Saxons."

"Especially," said Robin, with an expression of countenance more than usually arch, "when Reginald d'Arennes hath by his side so true an esquire. Well thou knowest I am a shrewd Knave, and a wily!"

At this moment a shrill whistle rung in their ears, and five or six stout yeomen rushed from the thicket, seized

Launcelot's rein, and dragged his rider from the saddle ere he could raise his war-cry, or draw his sword from its sheath. Robin was treated with no more ceremony than his master, and both were hurried through the copse. Reginald seemed lost in astonishment; he made no resistance, and uttered no word. Robin was not so quiet in his sufferings; his alarm broke out in various unconnected exclamations; "Saints be merciful to me! the limbs of a Roland or an Oliver could not stand this harrying! And the fair tunic that was given me but yestereven is rent like a withered leaf! Truly, my masters, these bushes are over-sharp for a delicate frame. Well I wot my sides are torn as it were with the barbed points of twenty arrows; and Sir Reginald heeds no more the brambles than if they were damosels' arms! See now! some are born to a corselet of steel, and some to a tunic of cloth! Saint Christopher befriend me! I confessed myself but yesterday! Bethink ye, my masters, why compass ye the death of an innocent man! The bough hath reft me of my cap! Hold, for the love of mercy! I am a poor Knave and a witless!"

To such lamentations no answer was returned, save an occasional peal of laughter. Knight and Knave were borne rapidly onward, through paths which not only seemed impervious to the tread, but were hardly penetrable to the sight. At length, a sudden winding in their track brought them into a large open space, which appeared to have been cleared out in the middle of the forest. Here an extraordinary scene burst upon them, which not a little heightened the astonishment of the young Lord, and even checked for a space the wailings of his attendant.

In a spacious area, surrounded by lofty trees, which seemed admirably calculated for the concealment of parties met for the prosecution of illicit designs, various groups of men were widely scattered. They appeared to be principally composed of the lower sort of peasantry,

who, having no dependence on any one but those to whom they had been born subject, were liable to be called, at a moment's warning, to engage in the quarrels of their feudal lord. And such seemed to be the purpose which had collected together the force I am endeavouring to describe. Some few were clad in the complete defensive armour of that period, and might be supposed to be those retainers who were more immediately attached to the person of their chief. There were others who were prepared for less regular warfare by the boar-spear or the Norman cross-bow; and others, again, who made little military display beyond the knife which was stuck in their girdle, or the rude mace that lay beside them.

A short distance apart from these groups two figures were engaged in conversation, one of whom appeared to be the leader of the party. He was a tall, powerful man, apparently little more than thirty years of age; he seemed to have been inured to toil and danger; and his manner, at once graceful and dignified, gave the idea of one who had been bred up alternately in the camp and the court from his earliest years. His countenance was handsome, but nevertheless unpleasing; for its features indicated a knowledge of the world which partook strongly of dissimulation, and a valour which would not scruple to exert itself in a bad cause. His dress was a mailed shirt, unadorned by any extraneous decoration; but the richly-wrought hilt of the dagger which he wore by his side proved that he was a person of no ordinary rank. His attendant was an esquire, who appeared to receive with much deference the communications of his superior.

Reginald and his attendant were immediately conducted into the presence of this chieftain. He had been conversing with his companion in a manner and tone of much *hauteur*; but when, upon turning round, he beheld the heroes of my story, every appearance of this kind immediately vanished; his brow was in a moment

perfectly calm, and his look wore all the pliability and condescension which an able diplomatist knows so well how to assume.

"Sir Knight," he began, "I am, it is true, a stranger to thee, but I have confidence that those features, and tha bearing, bespeak one of the house of d'Arennes." Reginald bowed, in token of acquiescence; and his new acquaintance (who, by-the-by, had received pretty certain intelligence beforehand of the rank of the person he was addressing,) proceeded:—"The disturbed state of our realm, Sir Knight, must be my excuse for a measure which courtesy would else have shrunk from. It must also excuse the interrogation which it constrains me to put. With what purpose hast thou journeyed hither?"

Reginald seemed not sufficiently recovered from his surprise to make reply. Robin answered for him, "Marry, with the purpose of journeying back again."

"Thou wouldest do well to keep thy counsel, friend," said the querist; "thy flippant tongue might elsewhere procure thee a cap and bells; but here, trust me, it will exalt thee to little else than the bough that waves over my head. I would pray of thee," he continued to Reginald, "brief answer and speedy."

Reginald seemed somewhat roused from his torpidity by the overweening tone in which he was addressed:—"Hither I came," he said, "with the purpose of a bridal, and in bridal garment; mantle and cap have I already exchanged for hauberk and helm; and, by thy good-will, wedding and wassail will briefly be transmuted to quarrel and fray."

"Art thou so warm for a fray?" said the stranger. "It is the better: thou hast gentle blood within thee, although thy first address did belie it woefully. What if I were to lead thee to a fray, where an estate shall be had for the buckling on of thy harness, and an Earldom shall be the requital of every blow? How sayest

thou, Reginald d'Arennes? Is not prince's favour more worth the winning than lady's love? and is not the possession that is the guerdon of service in field more honourable than the dower that is sued for on bended knee?"

Reginald seemed again frozen into inanimation. Alike ignorant of the person who spoke to him, and of the purport of what he spoke, he had recourse to his never-failing response, "I doubt." Robin again stepped forward with his ballad admonition, which I shall again endeavour to modernize, "albeit unused to the rhyming mood."

" 'Tis merry, 't is merry, in fair green wood,
When birds are blithely singing;
'T is merry, 't is merry, in foughthen field,
When blows are bravely ringing.

' On to the fight!' saith King Arthure,
' Accurst be he that flies!
Riches and fame to him that lives!
And bliss to him that dies!

Why lingerest thou, Childe Celadon?'—
Out spoke that cunning knave,
' The brightest gift thy crown can give,
What boots it in the grave?' "

The very prudent and natural suggestion of "Childe Celadon" seemed to have a marvellous effect upon Reginald, and would probably have influenced his reply, had not the attention of his interrogator been called off by another circumstance. To this we must also attribute the safety of the songster's neck, which, had not this seasonable interruption taken place, would have been ill worth a minute's purchase.

A messenger had suddenly arrived, and been conducted into the presence of their unknown captor. He appeared to have come from a long distance; and the disordered state of his dress, together with the fatigue

which was apparent on his pale countenance, sufficiently proved that he had not spared whip or spur on the journey. He delivered to the Chief the letters of which he was the bearer, and retired in silence. The Chief broke open the packet; anxiety was strongly marked on his countenance; yet his features changed not, as he read his advices; it was difficult to form a conjecture whether he was rejoiced or displeased by their contents. He called to him his esquire. They held a brief conference apart.

“Cold news, Eustace! the Flemings have been beaten! The slaves fled as the first weapon leaped from its sheath. De Lucy’s powers are drawn together, and Bohun hath Leicester prisoner.”

“Then it were well to seek shelter while the tempest is yet coming on. It will blow a fierce wind ere long!”

“Let it blow,” said the Chief, drawing himself up to the full height of his figure; “there are those that shall weather the gale. What, Eustace! Thinkest thou that in caves, or in castles, or in fastnesses, there is safety for those whom Henry calls traitors? Our refuge is in battle-field, our trust in ready sword. I have advanced my foot in this quarrel, and yon oak is not fixed more firmly.”

“I am ready to serve thee in good and in ill: I am ready to live and to die with thee; but it were sheer madness, with thy single force, to”——

The Chief interrupted him by unfolding his letters and pointing to several names which were mentioned in them, speaking hastily as he went on. “Archetil is up in arms—Ferrars is with us—Roger de Moubray hath good bowmen—Hamo de Mascie will not flinch—Hugh Bigod will not be idle in a rising—Clare and Gloucester may be won;—and, let but Williams hear the news of our arming, the North shall see a hundred thousand Scottish spears ere a hundred men are afoot against us. It is no time for dallying; and this place, though for

forty-eight hours it hath concealed our ill-assorted levy, is no safe abode for men engaged in this warfare. We must endeavour to join my brother at the setting of to-morrow's sun." Eustace bowed, and was preparing to withdraw, but was recalled. A few sentences were exchanged, in which the name of Reginald was frequently mentioned, and he was then summoned before his captor.

"Reginald d'Arennes," said the Knight, in a low tone of voice, "thou seest before thee Richard de Mallory. For himself he hath little claim to expect that his name should have been breathed in thine ear, but thou wilt know him better as the brother of the renowned Archetil de Mallory, who, with many brave companions, which at a more fitting time shall be enumerated to thee, is now in arms against usurpation and tyranny. What sayest thou? wilt thou continue to disgrace, by thine inactivity, the name of thine ancestor? or wilt thou join thy name to the list of these valiant nobles, buckle thy fortune to thy sword, and win an Earldom by my side?"

Now Reginald was by no means deficient in natural penetration, although he had not the firmness of character which was requisite to act upon its suggestions; he saw, therefore, that the attempt of these "valiant nobles," like the many other conspiracies by which the reign of Henry II. was perpetually threatened, would probably have for its conclusion confiscation and death. He was not very ready to embark in an undertaking of this nature, until he had conferred with the Baron upon its expediency, and had calculated the chances for and against success. Upon the present occasion, therefore, he succeeded with much difficulty in pleading his approaching bridal as an excuse for declining the offer of his new acquaintance.

Richard de Mallory, however, appeared by no means satisfied with the apology; the less so, when upon inquiry he heard that the Lady, whose unseen charms detained the young Lord from the field, was of Saxon

descent. That the scion of so illustrious a stock should intermarry with that contemned race, was an idea which startled the prejudices of the proud Norman; insomuch that he evidently entertained serious doubts of the truth of the narration. "Elfrida of Kennet-hold!" he muttered to himself, "named not the Saxon whom our spies brought hither this morning the name of Kennet-hold?"

"He did," replied Eustace.

"Lead him hither," said de Mallory; and instantly, from one of the avenues which led into the forest, some armed men brought forth a captive Saxon, in whom Reginald immediately recognized the messenger who had escaped from his baffled followers in the morning. The Saxon also bestowed a glance of recognition upon his fellow-captive. "Saxon," said de Mallory scornfully, "what saidst thou was thy name? for in truth the appellations of thy race dwell not long in Norman remembrance."

"I am called," said the prisoner, looking on Reginald as he spoke, "Lothaire; the first-born of Leofwyn of Kennet-hold. Thy name, Richard de Mallory, is not unknown to me: thou art one of those who have raised up the subjects against the King, and the sons against the father. But the work needed not thine agency. It shall be long ere a Norman shall know peace on the throne of Harold; long ere the gods of the Saxons shall cease to revenge upon the head of his descendants the usurpation of the first William."

"I asked not for thy forebodings; nor knew I that I had a prophet in my camp. One more question shall I ask thee. Shall Reginald d'Arennes wed thy father's daughter?"

Lothaire seemed much embarrassed by the question: he hesitated for some time; until at last, smiling, as if he had found the means of releasing himself from some difficulty, he looked at Reginald with an unintelligible ex-

pression of countenance, and replied, "He rideth with that purpose."

"It is enough," exclaimed the Chief. "The Norman Knight that can stoop to wed with the daughter of a Saxon Franklin, is no fellow in arms for Richard de Mallory. Let them wend on their way together. Where is the fool? it were pity to deny him such fit company?"

And with this sarcasm the three captives were suffered to depart; being first obliged to swear a binding oath not to divulge what they had seen and heard in their confinement. Reginald suffered himself to be reconducted to the place where he had been seized, without betraying any unusual emotion either of joy or resentment; but Lothaire cast back upon the Norman leader frequent glances expressive of the most determined hate, and a disposition to make a speedy and an ample return for his discourteous hospitality. Their horses were brought to them, and they again set forward upon their errand with no injury but what was occasioned by the long delay they had experienced. It was near sunset, and there seemed little possibility of their reaching Kennet-hold before nightfall. They pushed on, however, at a brisk pace. It may be doubted whether Reginald was altogether pleased with the new companion he had met with in the person of Lothaire; who accompanied him unasked, and threw upon him at times a look which spoke any thing rather than brotherly love. Robin kept a respectful distance; for he seemed to have for the Saxon youth no stronger predilection than his master.

Meantime the mind of the rebel chief was little disturbed by the disastrous intelligence which he had received. The leader, upon whom his party had placed the greatest reliance, was taken; and the easy defeat of the Flemings had taught him a lesson which every one that embarks in a great undertaking should learn betimes,—that it is a perilous thing to put trust in foreign auxiliaries. Yet so accustomed was he to this irregular

mode of warfare, and so inured to all the vicissitudes to which the fickle temper of Dame Fortune might subject him, that his mind was at this moment perfectly calm, and hardly rested a thought upon the perilous situation in which he found himself placed. He seated himself at the rude banquet, which his followers were now preparing, with perfect indifference, although the possibility of his enjoying another tranquil meal was at least a matter of doubt. After some time spent in noisy revelling,—for when their assistance was required in an affair of so much danger, the Chief thought it no scorn to join in the merriment and court the good-will of his vassals,—Richard began to reflect upon his interview with his two captives; and, with a contemptuous smile, he asked who was the Saxon Divinity to whom they must attribute the loss of so able a coadjutor in the person of Reginald d'Arennes.

A dozen sturdy voices were lifted up at once, in commendation of the Lady Elfrida. Her tall and commanding stature—her long flaxen hair—her dignified countenance—her cheeks, whose bright complexion invited the flattery which they blushed to hear—and her light blue eye, whose glance beamed so mildly on the meek, and met so proudly the gazes of the proud;—were alternately the themes of admiration. At last the Chieftain, impatient of these rapturous effusions, which he began to think were endless, poured out his last cup “to the health of the Rose of Kennet-hold,” and deserted the board. He busied himself for a time in giving the necessary orders for their departure early in the ensuing morning; and then, calling Eustace aside, exclaimed, “We will ourselves look upon this Saxon beauty: by our Lady, if she deserve but one half of the praises of these boors, she may haply be the companion of our onward march.” And with these words, attended by his esquire, De Mallory strode from the enclosure.

While this scene was going on, Reginald and his companion had made considerable progress on their journey, and were within a few miles of its termination; yet not a word had been exchanged between them. They looked from time to time towards each other, apparently with a mutual feeling of dislike, if not of apprehension. At last Lothaire led the way to conversation, in a tone which betrayed a strong disposition to offer an insult, although the disposition appeared to be checked or subdued for a time by the counteragency of some equally powerful motive.

"Sir Reginald," said he, "knowest thou the qualities which are required in him who would sue for the hand of my sister Elfrida?"

"I have doubts touching this matter," replied Reginald. "Methinks," rejoined his companion, "it were worth the while to instruct thyself further, ere thou settest foot on my father's threshold; for, of a truth, Elfrida hath a right Saxon spirit, and a right Saxon speech: she hath proud eyes, that smile on whom they list, and frown on whom they will; and proud thoughts, that respect not so much the glittering of the corselet as the valour of the knight that wears it."

This was somewhat like a thunderclap to poor Reginald. He had anticipated no difficulties of this nature: the timidity of his nature would have shrunk back with horror from the mention of a protracted courtship. In short, he had expected a path strewn with roses, and he found it beset with briars; he came to wed an obedient and passive bride, and he began to suspect she was little better than an intractable virago. After having spent some moments in reflections of this nature, he gave utterance to his secret musings in a brief soliloquy.

"I am doubting whether or no I shall proceed."

He was answered by a loud laugh from his intended brother-in-law; who proceeded forthwith to dispel the apprehensions which he had himself excited.

“Cheer thee, noble Knight; be not afraid for a woman. Thou hast, princely Reginald, many valorous and knightly qualities; the least of which might win a richer bride than the daughter of Leofwyn and the sister of Lothaire. Surely thou dost obtain honour at those splendid jousts, from which thou knowest our Saxon habits do utterly revolt; and, doubtless, thou hast skill in foreign music, which thou knowest our Saxon ears do utterly detest; and thou art also skilled in that foreign language which thou knowest a Saxon doth so loath, that he would have his tongue torn from his throat rather than give utterance to its accents.”

“Brother,” said Reginald, who began to perceive the necessity of conciliating Lothaire, “I have meddled but little with courts; and, in my ignorance of these accomplishments, I am a perfect Saxon. But I prithee tell me, in love and fellowship, by what means or endeavours it is possible for me to win the good-will of thy sister.”

“I will show thee,” said Lothaire: “First, thou must learn to speak, not tardily through thy teeth, as is thy present method, but boldly, openly, and fearlessly, as one man should do to another.”

“Whether this be possible, I doubt,” observed Reginald.

“Secondly,” said his instructor, “at my father’s board thou must not be too ready to relinquish the goblet.”

“I will do thee reason—I will do thee reason, Sir Lothaire,” returned Reginald,—“Marry, I shall need but little instruction upon that head:” and he strained his eye as he spoke, in the direction of Kennet-hold, as if he would measure the space which lay between his lip and the flagon.

“Thirdly,” resumed Lothaire, “thou must hate a Norman as thou wouldest hate the foul fiend.”

“I do,” cried Reginald; “I do hate a Norman: the Norman we parted from e’en now—Richard de Mallory.

A blight upon him ! he hath bound me, scoffed at me, worried my body and my mind, until I can scarcely keep my saddle on my journey, or recollect whither the journey tendeth. A murrain on the proud knight ! Doth he fancy that I care aught whether the father or the son hath the better ? whether the Henry I serve be called the second or the third ?”

“ If I may risk prophecy,” muttered the Saxon, “ thou wilt never see the third Henry wearing his father’s crown. We have worn the yoke of your tyrants long enough ; and it is time that the throne of Alfred should be again filled by one of his descendants. Despised and oppressed as we are, there are still true Saxons enow to drive ye headlong from the land ye have spoiled.”

The two young men had continued to ride as far apart as courtesy and their road would permit ; and the line of conversation into which they had fallen did not seem likely to promote kinder feelings between them. Reginald’s national prejudices began to rise high within him, and to overpower the want of energy which was his failing. “ Sir Lothaire,” he replied doggedly, “ methinks thou hast forgotten Hastings.”

“ Sir Knight,” said his companion, in a melancholy voice, “ it is not possible for thee or for me to forget Hastings. Thine ancestor did obtain there power, and title, and riches ; mine did win nothing but honour and his grave : the chance may be ours in another field. If valour and desert in arms had had their meed, the bastard of Normandy had never set foot upon the corpse of Harold.”

“ Thou errest, thou errest, good brother,” said Reginald unthinkingly. “ The single arm of King William was sufficient to beat down Harold and his brothers to boot. Thine ancestor himself, Sir Lothaire, was light in the balance when weighed with the least of our Norman chivalry !”

"Norman liar!" exclaimed Lothaire, and immediately giving his horse the spur, and causing him to make a demi-volte, which brought him close to his companion's side, he raised his ponderous arm, and dealt with his mailed hand so terrible a blow between the corselet and headpiece of his future brother-in-law, that Launcelot reeled upon his haunches, and his rider fell to the ground without sense or motion. Lothaire gazed for a moment upon the fallen Knight; and then, after beckoning to Robin to come up, put his horse into a hand-gallop, and continued his route.

Robin, when the formidable Saxon was out of sight, ventured to approach the scene of the fracas. Piteous was the sight which presented itself. Launcelot was standing beneath a neighbouring tree, still trembling with the shock he had received. Reginald lay motionless in the dust: his bright armour was soiled with earth and blood, which gushed out plentifully from his mouth and nostrils. Robin took off his helmet, and endeavoured, by throwing water over his features, to restore animation. After having spent a long time in the vain endeavour, he looked upon his fallen patron with an expression of utter despair, and muttered to himself, "My master is certainly dead;—and there will be no wedding, nor revel, nor wassailing." He continued for some minutes in deep contemplation, and then exclaimed, "An my project hold good, I will be revenged on the Saxon churl." And with these words he began to disarm his master.

While these incidents were taking place among those personages to whom our attention has been hitherto confined, the state of the inhabitants of Kennet-hold was such as calls for our notice. The MS., indeed, from which I draw this narrative, goes through all the minute particulars of Reginald's journey, until it sets him down at the gate of his father-in-law; but, to avoid greater prolixity than is necessary, I will reserve this explana-

tion for my denouement : and for the present leaving my hero on his bed of earth, I will introduce my reader, without further delay, to the hall at Kennet-hold.

Every thing seemed to be in a state of unusual confusion at the residence of the Saxon. This was, no doubt, partly to be attributed to the extraordinary preparations made by the cooks, and to the wish of the domestics to appear in the sprucest attire before the eyes of the Norman guest. But there was something more than this in the bustle which pervaded Kennet-hold. There seemed to be in every countenance, from the swineherd to the thane, the consciousness of some concealment, some unspeakable secret lingering on the lips, and awaiting a fit opportunity for disclosure. Many of the menials were staring at each other in silence, although they had abundant occupation before them ; and many were looking inordinately busy, although it was their chance to have nothing to do. The expression of their faces was various. In some you could perceive little more than a repressed desire to laugh ; but on the features of the higher sort of vassals you might read pride, contempt, resentment, together with a visible exultation, which plainly told that all these vindictive feelings were on the eve of gratification.

Leofwyn himself was seated on the chair of his hall, beneath a scarlet canopy, in all the rude state which his Saxon prejudices permitted. He was of short stature, with a round good-humoured face, which spoke, as plainly as face could speak, that its owner was willing to be upon friendly terms with the rest of the world, if the rest of the world would give him leave. In fact Leofwyn was of a disposition to prefer the beginning of a banquet to the conclusion of a broil ; and if he had been at liberty to consult his own inclination, there would have been much wine, and but very little blood, poured out annually by the retainers of Kennet-hold. Many causes however conspired to make these pacific qualities of no

effect. In the first place, the chief had an hereditary feud to support against the invaders of the land ; and although he himself saw nothing in these foreigners which should deserve his malediction, he deemed it his duty to hate them most religiously, because his father had done so before him. Secondly, his son Lothaire was of a terribly violent temper, and was always seeking an opportunity for embroiling his father with some Norman landholder, and thirdly, this opportunity was frequently afforded by the predatory attacks of the surrounding nobles.

In the retaliation which Leofwyn exercised for these outrages, he frequently put in practice some cunning and jocose device, which accorded ill with the professions of hate and enmity which he was perpetually making. For instance, it appears that when the vassals of Sir Robert de Vallice had made considerable depredations upon the Saxon's swine, he carried off the only son of the offender, and after confining him in company with the porkers for a night and a day, sent him back to Sir Robert, with a message that "he had sent him his swineherd also." Such freaks as these had among his dependents secured to him the reputation of having a right sharp wit : among his powerful neighbours he was considered little better than a madman, in consequence of which, amidst the oppressions to which his race was daily subject; he had been allowed to pass his days in despised security.

Upon the present occasion it seemed that he had some unusually clever design in view. He was perpetually giving some instructions to the domestics, in a tone of voice mysteriously low, and again relapsing into deep and silent meditation. In short, in the anxiety which he evinced for the approaching nuptials, he showed all the assiduity and precaution of a modern match-maker. Reginald did not come at the appointed time ; the old man began to grow impatient ; he asked for his son.

"Lothaire," replied one of the attendants, "bore forth thy message in the morning, being desirous of looking on the Norman guest. He hath not yet returned." "It is the better," said Leofwyn to himself. "His hastiness might defeat what my prudence hath devised. Nevertheless, I cannot but marvel at his stay. Is the bride apparelled?" "She is: the maidens have been busied about her headgear since noonday. Marry, they have no light task; for the hair they decorate hath been but little used to the operation." "Peace!" said Leofwyn.

Hours passed away in rapid succession: evening came gradually on; and still there were no traces or tidings of Reginald d'Arennes. The Saxon's choler began to rise in earnest. "Surely," he muttered inwardly, "surely, that hotbrained fellow Lothaire hath not overturned the structure my counsel hath been so long a-building; mischief light upon him if he hath dared to make or to meddle. The forward boy is ever at bullying and drawing of swords. Boys' play, boys' play; but it were a brave thing to put this slight upon the Norman. Marry, hang him if he hath despoiled my daughter of her husband."

Suddenly his soliloquy was interrupted by the blast of horn announcing the arrival of strangers. Leofwyn leaped from his seat in an ecstasy; but immediately resumed it, with a studied look of gravity, that restrained the inclination of merriment, which was predominant among his dependents. Every one, therefore, was silent, as the folding-doors were slowly unclosed; and the Major-domo introduced to the presence of his Lord—Sir Reginald d'Arennes.

He was greeted by his future father-in-law with cold and distant courtesy, which he returned in a manner of still greater reserve. "Sir Knight," said Leofwyn, "it is my will that thy nuptials be solemnized ere thou sittest down to the banquet. My son Lothaire is cholerick (his guest gave an involuntary motion of assent); and if he

should return before the wedding, I know not whether thy head might not lie in the castle-moat sooner than on the bridal pillow." The bridegroom shuddered.

"Is the Lady Elfrida attired?" continued Leofwyn, in a tone of mock gravity, which was exceedingly ludicrous. The attendants caught the infection, and many unrepressed jests circulated among them, as they departed to bear their Lord's summons to his daughter.

Presently Elfrida made her appearance. The bridegroom started as she entered the hall: perhaps the exterior qualifications of the Saxon beauty might not altogether correspond with the exaggerated reports which his ears had greedily drunk. Her figure might be called elegant, but was certainly too short to deserve the appellation of dignified; her face might be deemed pretty, but the pertness which was its prevalent characteristic, disqualified it for the epithet of beautiful. Instead of the soft yellow hair which her adorer had expected, he beheld a profusion of dark brown ringlets; and in lieu of the languishing blue eye, which he deemed would have dissolved him into rapture, he met the glance of a sparkling black one, in which there lurked a very strong inclination to laugh in his face. To his disappointment, however, if he felt any, Reginald gave no vent; he seemed to have a great reluctance to uncloze, in the presence of Saxons, either his vizor or his lips. Both parties betrayed a wish to have the ceremony performed as speedily as possible; and the nuptials of Sir Reginald d'Arennes with Elfrida, the daughter of Leofwyn of Kennet-hold, were accordingly celebrated in the chapel which was attached to the residence of the Saxon. The Lady Elfrida was splendidly attired; but, in other respects, the nuptial rites were graced with little pomp, save the attendance of a large body of Leofwyn's retainers, who, bearing in their hands each a flaming torch, cast an air of rude magnificence over the scene.

A sumptuous banquet awaited them upon their return

to the hall. The merriment of the vassals was loud and unremitting. The bridegroom, however, did not seem to enjoy the situation in which he found himself placed. He fidgeted upon his seat, and turned his eyes alternately to the ceiling and to the wall, as if he suspected that more than half the joviality of the party was at his expense. His embarrassment was increased by the malicious endeavours of his bride, who rallied him upon his gravity and look of despondency, in a style to which he had evidently no spirits to reply.

It must be confessed that the young man's suspicions were not altogether without foundation. The occupants of the lower part of the board, who, of course, were the most obstreperous in their mirth, were, from time to time, indulging themselves in very acute criticisms upon the figure and features of their master's son-in-law. These did not altogether answer their expectations. Much as they contemned the Normans, they had pictured to themselves, in the person of Reginald d'Arennes, a countenance noble even to sternness, and a bearing at once courteous and martial. They knew he was a Norman, but they also knew he was a handsome and a friendly Norman; in consequence of which they had made up their minds to hate him, and, at the same time, to find nothing in him worthy of hate. They were much surprised, therefore, when they found the young Knight so perfectly different from the image report had drawn. His face seemed perfectly void of all expression of mastery or valour. At present its predominant expression was embarrassment, mingled with a strong tincture of fear; but there was a slight curve upon the lips, and a quick twinkle under the eye, which betrayed a strong disposition to cunning and risibility. His figure appeared slender and diminutive, and a gorgeous steel harness hung dangling about it; as if the bark of the forest oak had been stripped off to give an appearance of strength to the willow. This was all very strange: the attend-

ants looked, and laughed, and wondered; and Leofwyn showed no disposition to check their humour. Indeed he seemed to participate cordially in their malicious propensities.

"Sir Knight," said he, "methinks there is in thy demeanour a greater degree of bashfulness than thy noble presence and thy lofty lineage do warrant."

"It is a feeling," replied the guest, "which I have inherited from my mother Bridget—I mean, from my mother the Lady Marie," he added, turning very pale,

"Ha! ha!" exclaimed his entertainer, "Now, by my verity, I dreamed not thy father had been so gay in his young days. What! play the Lady Marie false! Come, come, it was ill done, ill done; she was a lady of most excellent carriage; it was ill done. But be not cast down. The sin was not thine. Pledge me, noble Reginald. Thou standest in need of refreshment; for, in truth, thy look is weariness itself, and thou art as silent as the oaken board on which thou leanest. Come, come, the pigment is worth the tasting."

Reginald blushed, and seemed doubting whether it were not well to make a precipitate retreat. The Lady Elfrida turned away her head, and let down her veil, with a gesture of affected horror at the indelicate sallies of her father. Nothing daunted, the old man continued his pertinacious system of annoyance, while the domestics applauded, by ill-repressed acclamations, the surprising jocularities of their Lord.

"Thou art sparing of thy food, Sir Knight; but doubtless thou art used to other diet than this; the board of a Saxon Thane hath but little to tempt the palate of the son of a Norman Noble."

"Thou wrongest thine own hospitality, noble Thane," replied the other, collecting his spirits, and making an effort to be polite. "Womanly indeed should I be, if I were not used to harder fare than this! My father, the forester,—that is, I mean, my father, the Baron."

and again Reginald looked confused, and paused, and was silent.

"Cheer thee, noble Reginald," said his host; "thou art wearied with thy journey, and thy wits wander." "Perchance," said the fair Elfrida, "Sir Reginald hath lost them on the way!" The menials echoed applause, and Reginald looked yet more foolish than before. "Thou dost belie thy character strangely," continued the old man; "fame hath told us that, in the whole shire there is not a jollier boon companion, nor a truer lover of the cup." "It is true that Sir Reginald d'Arennes hath had that reputation," replied the Norman, "and his best friends have judged that he would do well to put it away." "By the holy Confessor," cried Leofwyn, "not upon his wedding day! Out upon the idea! What, ho! Osric, fill up for Sir Reginald. Pledge me, gallant Knight. The health of thy bride—of Elfrida!"

"I will do thee reason," said Reginald, raising the cup to his lips; but, at the mention of the name of Elfrida, some of the vassals burst into such a clamorous fit of laughter that he set it down in astonishment.

Leofwyn remarked his surprise, and endeavoured to dispel it. "Thou seest, good son, that there is a kind of pageant toward, at which these boors are marvellously pleased; but be not the less inclined to join in our banquet. We wait but for the arrival of my son Lothaire, and all disguise shall be stripped off." "Disguise!" cried the guest, dropping the cup, and starting from his seat, "a murrain on the tell-tale! How didst thou learn"—"Nay, my son," said the Saxon, as if endeavouring to retract an unguarded expression, "we are all somewhat disguised—in liquor."

Reginald resumed his seat, and, in a short time, began to drink most valorously, as if striving to drown in the rich pigment some unpleasant suspicions. By degrees, his head, which was evidently weaker than the one fame

had attributed to Reginald d'Arennes, began to be overpowered by the frequent potations which were forced upon him by his host ; and while Leofwyn, and his retainers, and even the modest Elfrida, were immensely amused by his awkward situation, the hapless bridegroom showed the effects of Saxon hospitality in rhapsodical and unintelligible exclamations.

“Of a truth, good Thane, thy drink is marvellous good!—marvellous good is thy drink! better have not I tasted since we rifled old Ambrose, the hermit of Torney-Low! Very rich was the old rogue: he had store of gold and of silver, and an admirable cellar withal. Right merry we were and jovial; and, for the hoary man, we made him sit by the board, and chaunt a merry stave. That did I; for truly my fellow thief had some quirks of conscience. Health to the old man! May his bags and his cellar be replenished before next Whitsuntide! What care I for abbot and friar, mitre and cowl! I roam through glade and greenwood, over hill, and rock, and stream, free as the hawk, free as the passing wind. Marry, I had forgot how I have linked myself to a wife! Kiss me, fair Elfrida! I love thee very much, Elfrida; but thou knowest, when war calleth us away, we soldiers leave ye like a whistle. How dost thou, old father-in-law, how dost thou? Of a verity, thy face is as black as a November cloud, and that spear by thy side is wondrous sharp: it is well I have a Milan corselet. Mark ye my Milan corselet, father and bride? The zecchins that were paid for it! It hath not borne blow yet. Certainly I like not blows; but the lace of my helmet is snapped in twain. Thy son, most noble Leofwyn, could explain unto thee the manner of it. Surely it was a mighty blow, and a perilous, given with a strong arm and a right good-will. Launcelot shook like an aspen leaf. Howbeit, noble Saxon, thy drink is marvellous good; it maketh a man valorous, and doth as it were put to flight the whimsies, and the visions, and the phanta-

es of the brain. Fill up, valiant Leofwyn! plague on
 em that flinch! Mine harness is much soiled for a
 adding-garment, but I shall wear a new doublet to-
 morrow: a blight upon the brambles in the coppice!
 ow now, good father-in-law, why dost thou not speak!
 y face is as round as the bowl, and as silent as the roasted
 lb that is floating within it. Fill up! off with care!
 all I not be merry, when steel, and nobility, and a wife,
 : put upon my shoulders?"

"My Lord groweth complimentary," said Elfrida,
 rdly able to speak for laughter. "I do feel afraid
 at the air of Kennet-hold, and the drink it affords,
 ve somewhat unsettled his brains!"

"Beautiful Elfrida," said the bridegroom, "true it is
 at the brains of Sir Reginald had a terrible knock this
 y, and thy brother knows whence it came; but we
 ll forget these quarrelsome topics, and give up the
 ening to merriment. My brains are as firm as thine
 n. Marry, the wine is marvellous good!" He was
 king gradually into intoxication.

"I marvel wherefore Lothaire delayeth his coming,"
 d Leofwyn.

"Truly," replied Elfrida, "it were well to conclude
 e farce without him. I am weary of this mummery."

"Mar-vel-lous good!" repeated the Norman, and
 sed his eyes.

"Girl," said Leofwyn, "thou speakest foolishly:
 til my son's return we will keep up the disguise."

"Disguise!" cried Reginald, recovering some little
 use of what was going forward. Who talked of dis-
 ise? was it thou, most rustic Leofwyn, or thou, most
 ack-browed Elfrida? Who talked of disguise? I
 re not. If I am not"—

A loud and piercing shriek interrupted the speaker.
 ou might have thought all the maidens of the shire had
 nspired to deafen the ears of the Saxon proprietor. A
 or was suddenly flung open, and a warder, with terror
 VOL. II.

and consternation pictured on every limb and feature, rushed up to the dais, and, bending his head as if to receive the chastisement which his negligence would call down, exclaimed, "the Lady Elfrida hath been taken away from the Castle!"

It were difficult to describe minutely the astonishment which pervaded the hall. Vassals and menials of every degree snatched their arms and fled from the apartment.

Nothing was heard but inquiries, and weeping, and imprecations. Nothing was known but that the lady had been within the last few minutes carried off by a strange knight mounted on a swift bay horse, and attended by one follower. It was supposed that he must have entered and departed by swimming the moat, which, as it was now midnight, was an attempt by no means impracticable. He had been seen by a peasant who was returning from an adjacent forest; his lovely prize was thrown across a led palfrey, and appeared to be in a swoon.

All was confusion. The retainers of Leofwyn ran to and fro in all directions but the right one. Armour resounded with a dismal clang, as it was hastily thrown over the shoulders of the domestics; torches were flinging their red glare in every direction; the voices of the pursuers were repeated by frequent echoes, as they shouted and called to one another through the darkness. In the meantime the chief personages in the hall were in a situation partaking strongly of the ludicrous. The black-eyed damsel, who had figured throughout the banquet as the daughter of Leofwyn, had cried out, as the warder had delivered his news, "my dear mistress, my poor mistress?" and fainted upon her throne. The bridegroom had been in some measure roused from his intoxication, but was still unable to collect his ideas, so as to form any idea of the origin or meaning of the tumult. Leofwyn appeared to be in a state of mental stupefaction. In spite of the

foibles of the old man's character, he was doatingly fond of his daughter; and the news of her loss, coming in the midst of revelry, seemed to have withered him like a thunderbolt. He sat still, looking on the confusion with a vacant gaze, and inquiring from time to time, "Is my daughter well? How fares it with the Lady Elfrida? Does she not come to her old father?" These three personages therefore remained quietly upon their seats, while every one around them was in commotion; like the bronzed images in modern halls, that hold their candelabras so calmly, while the guests are all in the bustle of departure.

Things remained in this disagreeable position for some minutes, when the blowing of a horn, and a loud talking and shouting without, announced that something had taken place. Presently, accompanied by a crowd of peasants half accoutred for the pursuit, Lothaire entered the hall. Leofwyn raised his head, and being in some measure recalled to his recollection by the sight of his son, repeated his inquiry, "is my daughter well?"

"She is well!" said Lothaire, "and I am well! no thanks to my new friend, the doughty Sir Richard de Mallory, from whom, to say truth, mine headpiece hath received a most mischievous contusion. Thanks to thee, good steel," he continued, taking off his helmet, and surveying the deep indenture which appeared on its summit, "had not thy temper been true, thy master's head had lain on the couch from which no man lifteth himself up." He was interrupted by a thousand interrogatories, a great proportion of which proceeded from Leofwyn, who had by this time recovered from the effects of his sudden shock, and began to feel great curiosity to know the particulars of the story.

"I know but little of the matter," said Lothaire, "ye see I have been overthrown in no light fashion, (they perceived for the first time that his apparel bore marks of a recent fall) and in truth had it not been for the in-

tervention of my good friend in the ragged doublet, I had hardly lived to tell ye the tale."

"Of whom dost thou speak?" said Leofwyn.

"That is more than I can tell," replied the young Saxon; "Not many paces hence did I encounter the valorous Sir Richard, who is now, peace be with him, no longer a man of this world. I had a heavy stroke, as ye may witness; nevertheless, it was my horse's fault, or I had not been so foiled. I believe another minute would have caught the last breath of Lothaire, but for the help of the aforesaid knight of the ragged doublet; by the sword of Harold! he overthrew that proud Norman as if he were wrestling with a child. I saw not his features, but by his apparel he seemed to be the esquire of thine hopeful son-in-law, Reginald d'Arennes. But ye will see him presently."

Lothaire was supported from the hall, and put under the care of the leech; for his wound, although he made so light of it in his story, wore a dangerous appearance.

As he retired, another loud acclamation announced the arrival of Elfrida's deliverer. A tall, well-made figure, advanced towards the dais, clad, as Lothaire had intimated, in a short ragged doublet, with a small cap which was quite insufficient to confine the long dark tresses that floated luxuriantly down his neck. His arm supported the real Elfrida, whose personal charms amply deserved the encomium which had been lavished upon them in the forest. Animation seemed hardly restored to that beautiful form. Her eyes were half closed and her cheek very pale.

"Providence be thanked," cried Leofwyn, "that my child is restored to me!"

Now it has been already hinted that Elfrida was possessed of a disposition somewhat untractable; in fact, loath as I am to speak aught ill of the fair sex, I must confess that the Lady Elfrida partook, in no trifling pegree, both of the fantastic whims of her father Leofwyn,

and the violent obstinacy of her brother Lothaire. The reader therefore will not be surprised when he hears that the Saxon beauty, bowing respectfully to her father, thus addressed him :—

“Not to thee, my father, not to thee is thy daughter restored ; in good and in evil, in life and in death, she shall abide with her preserver—with him who hath delivered her from the grasp of the spoiler.”

“Thou art mad, my child !” said the old man in astonishment, “the knight that sued for thee thou didst condemn and reject, and wilt thou now wed with his serving-man ?”

Elfrida appeared to recollect the circumstances which had preceded her capture ; the suitor who had solicited her hand ; and the deceit which she had conspired to put upon him : she looked up to the dais, and beheld Bertha, her waiting-woman, seated by the side of the Norman guest ; she glanced round and met the eye of her preserver turned upon her with an expression of the deepest adoration ; she looked no further, but immediately, addressing her father, said,

“Why should it not be so, my father ? To-day thou hast married thine handmaid to the Knight ;—to-morrow thou shalt marry thy daughter to the Knave.”

Her unknown deliverer, at these words, began to stare about him ; he gazed upon his dress, upon his attendants, upon Elfrida ; and then, with all the embarrassment of a performer who comes forward to play in a pageant without the smallest acquaintance with his part, observed, “this morning was I a Knight, mounted on a goodly steed, and clad in goodly apparel ; but whether I am now Norman or Saxon, Knight or Knave, by my grandfather’s sword—I doubt.”

Leofwyn stared ; his large eyes were dilated into a truly comic expression of astonishment. “Who art thou ?” he cried at last to the bridegroom : “art thou Reginald d’Arennes ? or must we hang thee for a rogue ?”

“Peace, good father-in-law,” said the sham Reginald,

shaking off his drunkenness, and leering around him with an arch look of self-satisfaction, "I am not Reginald d'Arennes, but yet as good a man! I am Robin, the son of Egwulph; truly a cunning Knave, and a wily."

"I do begin to perceive," said the waiting-woman, Bertha, looking on the sham Reginald with a disappointed air, "that our plot hath altogether failed."

"Mine hath fared no better!" said the Knave, returning a glance of equal disappointment upon the mock Elfrida. "In this I have been but a silly Knave, and a witless!"

Dost thou comprehend, gentle reader, the circumstances which led to these mistakes? or is it necessary for me to inform thee, that the Knave, Robin, proceeded to Kennet-hold in Reginald's apparel, with the purpose of revenging, by his wedding with the heiress, the death of his master, which he fancied had been occasioned by the heir; that at Kennet-hold the said Knave met with the counterplot which had been prepared by the jocose Saxon, and became the husband of the maid instead of the mistress; that Reginald, recovering from his swoon, after the departure of his attendant, advanced towards Kennet-hold, and encountered, in his way, his new acquaintance, Richard de Mallory; from whom he had the good fortune to rescue the life of Lothaire and the honour of Elfrida?

There is yet one point unexplained. The reader must be aware that a considerable interval took place between the memorable blow given by Lothaire, and his rencontre with de Mallory. Upon this point the MS. makes mention of Winifred—a certain arch-damsel, who—but Decorum puts her forefinger on her mouth—I have done.

Rather than desert a long established custom, I proceed to state that the personages of my Tale lived and loved to a green old age. Robin died before it was tho-

oughly decided whether he was more properly termed 'the Wily' or 'the Witless.' Reginald, it appears, never got rid of his old trick of hesitation, for it is upon record, that when he told the story of his adventures to Cœur de Lion, at the siege of Acre, and was asked by the humorous Monarch whether the Knight or the Knave were the more fortunate bridegroom, he scratched his chin for a few minutes, played with his sword for a few more, and replied slowly, "I have doubts as touching this matter."

SOMNIA MONTGOMERIANA.

NO. I.

TO ———

"I would not lose the thought that flies
 By me, that I shall see thee, dear,
 In the bright bowers of Paradise,
 As sweet (no more) as thou wast here;
 For all the promised joys that man
 Hath gather'd from the Ottoman."

BARRY CORNWALL.

I.

I KNEW that Death was stern and strong,
 That sceptred hand and helmed head,
 The fear'd on earth, the famed in song,
 Must sink beneath his silent tread;
 That Poet's brain, and Warrior's heart,
 And Beauty's most resplendent form,
 Glory, and pride, and strength, must part,
 To grace the banquet of the worm.

But tell not me—it cannot be,
That Death, my love, may alter thee.

II.

Oh! hast thou ne'er in fancy view'd
The shadows dark of days to come—
Their toils and cares, a hideous brood,
Strife with the world's fierce multitude,—
Pain, sickness, agony, distress,
When yearns the heart in weariness
Tow'rds absent friends, the dead, the lost,
And those by fortune tempest-toss'd

To some far-distant home?
Though many an hour of love and mirth
May cheer man's spirit here on earth,
And friends may meet in moments gay,
And the dancing heart keep holiday;
Yet oh! far oftener must it bear
Its solitary load of care,
Aching in anguish deep and lone,
For many a loved and loving one.—
I'll not believe that at his birth

To man such sympathies were given,
But that their joys, so few on earth,
Might be renew'd in Heaven.
Then tell not me—it cannot be,
That Death, my love, may alter thee.

III.

And hast thou ne'er, at fall of Even,
When moans the breeze in sounds of woe,
And stars begin to wink in Heaven,
And earth in twilight melts below,
And, in the stillness of the hour,
The voice of waters solemn seems—
Felt some unknown mysterious Power
Breathe o'er thee, from the woods and streams,
Steeping thy soul in tearful dreams;

Till wandering thoughts spring up on high,
As the soul would roam through the starry sky,
And the realms of the sainted dead explore,
Whom the living eye shall view no more,
In the crystal light of their calm retreat,
The look of Earth's affection bearing,
And still their radiant faces wearing
The smile we used to think so sweet?
Thou must have felt that witching hour,
Its deep, and calm, and silent power;
Thou must have felt that tearful gushing
From the heart's fresh and lonely springs;
And the charm'd soul through the blue sky rushing,
On the Spirit of Twilight's wings.
Then rise, each sense to rapture hushing,
Visions of unforgotten things,
And they who loved, whose spirits love us,
Float in the deep blue sky above us,
In dreamlike wanderings.
On every passing breeze float by
Voices we loved in infancy—
They tell of some untroubled land,
Where souls that love repose together,
And many a white and radiant hand
With gentlest motion waves us thither.
And oh! 't is sweet to rove on high
With that celestial company,
And feel, while yet we breathe beneath,
That hearts remain unchanged in Death.

IV.

In sleep I dream of happy days,
That smile beyond the tomb;
And fond imagination roves
Through wondrous valleys, fields, and groves,
Where gentle brooks that gush between,
And skies eternally serene,
Make one perpetual bloom.
And ever in those dreams divine,
Thy gentle spirit stands by mine;

Thy voice of music wanders by,
 Thy form is floating in my view;
 And still thy soft and earnest eye
 Smiles on me, as 't is wont to do.
 Then tell not me—it cannot be,
 That Death, my love, can alter thee.

 NO. II.

“This is merely the recollection of an actual dream.”

BARRY CORNWALL.

“Upon my soul a lie.”

SHAKESPEARE.

I HAD a wondrous dream—methought I stood
 Within the threshold of an ancient house,
 Which I had loved in childhood—forms well known,
 And old, familiar voices were around me,
 And happy thoughts, and half-forgotten feelings,
 And tearful recollections rose within me,
 Bathing each sense in ecstasy. I felt
 A gushing at the fountains of my spirit;
 My heart dissolved—I was a child again.
 Yet as I gazed on each remember'd face,
 A freezing pang shot o'er me—a chill sense,
 Of longing separation, and I knew
 That woe was deeply blended with my dream.

I gazed upon the forms around me. One
 (A matron) had methought been beautiful
 In other days, but now upon her cheek
 Sickness had set his seal, and wasting years,
 And sorrow, worst of all—yet still her mien
 Held its original sweetness. Piety,
 And gentleness, and charity, and faith,

Shone there, and from her soften'd eyes beam'd forth
Serenity which was not of the earth.
And all around that venerable form
Beautiful creatures floated—cheeks of bloom,
And eyes of watery light, on her alone
Fix'd with such fond and beaming earnestness,
That I might know their owners had no thought
Beyond that gentle lady's happiness.

My dream was darken'd. In that ancient house
There was a deathlike silence—one alone
Of all those young and lovely forms remain'd,
And she was traversing the silent hall,
With wild and hurried footsteps. Very pale
She look'd, and in her tremulous voice was sorrow
Mingled with dread—and yet she shed no tears.
There seem'd a settled spirit at her heart,
Triumphant o'er calamity,—a firm
And holy strength; yet ever and anon
Her lips, compress'd convulsively, betray'd
The struggle of her soul with agony.
Methought one told me that o'er that old house
Disease had spread his pinions, and that she,
That gentle mother, and her youngest child,
Were fading in Death's shadowy arms. Alone
That maid, the ruling image of my dream,
Tended their feverish beds, and sleeplessly
Was comforting the agonies of each.
Oh! 't was most piteous to see that pale form
Gliding from room to room; and when with faint
And tremulous accent either sufferer ask'd
How fared the other, writhing painful smiles,
And striving with deceitful hope to win
Each soul from half its suffering. And then
Methought the tramp of horses, and the whirl
Of chariot wheels kept sounding in my ear;
And, one by one, familiar forms pass'd by me,
In sad succession, to that house of woe.
They were my friends in childhood, and I sigh'd

To see how thus with pallid looks they came
To weep upon that lady's sepulchre.

My dream pass'd darkly on. Methought I stood
With her, the ruling image of the Vision,
Beneath the waning twilight— * *

* * * * *

Again my dream grew dark. We stood by night,
(I and that maiden) near the old abode,
But a new woe was on us. Doubt, and fear,
And thoughts of death, and undefined forebodings,
Hung heavy on our hearts. Then on a sudden
She had departed, and her wild farewell
Was ringing like a death-knell in my ear,
Which my heart echoed back.—I felt, that hour,
As she were gone for ever. My brain reel'd
Giddily, and dim shadows of dark thought
Throng'd through its bursting cells tumultuously.
I look'd up to the Heavens—their face was dark
With gathering tempest, and the silent moon,
In pale and melancholy loveliness,
Peep'd dimly through the clouds, whose shadowy forms
The winds, in rapid and tumultuous flight,
Hurl'd o'er Night's blue and starry firmament.

* * * * *

My dream was brighten'd. Sounds of love and joy,
And hymeneal songs, and rustic mirth,
Mix'd with the music of the village bells,
Broke gaily on my ear. From that old house
There pass'd a merry wedding-rout. The bride
Was that young maiden whom I late beheld
Pining in hopeless sickness. Holy love,
And chaste connubial raptures, fill'd her eyes,
Smiling through silent tears. And then I saw

That maid, the ruling image of my dream,
And she was leaning on a young man's arm
Whom I knew not; but in her eyes I read
That each was to the other all in all.

My Vision changed its aspect. Youth's bright hues
Had pass'd from all the faces which I loved,
And the calm pulses of maturity
Throughout my being throbb'd. I stood begirt
By beaming faces of time-honour'd friends,
Whose children play'd around us,—happy creatures,
With cheeks and eyes of brightness, some in youth's
More ripen'd bloom, maidens with downcast looks,
And boys of gallant bearing. Peace and joy
Dwelt with us; the bright soul of other days
Stole, like an exquisite dream, into our hearts,
And childhood's scenes lay round us. And, methought,
There lean'd a radiant form upon my bosom,
Dearer than all, from whose mild eyes I drank
Intoxicating bliss; all pleasant thoughts
Rose up within me, and each giddy sense
Reel'd in its own deep raptures; till, at last,
E'en with the beating of my heart, I woke.

MAD—QUITE MAD!

“ Great wits are sure to madness near allied.”

DRYDEN.

It has frequently been observed that Genius and Madness are nearly allied; that very great talents are seldom found unaccompanied by a touch of insanity, and that there are few bedlamites who will not, upon a close examination, display symptoms of a powerful, though ruined, intellect. According to this hypothesis, the

flowers of Parnassus must be blended with the drugs of Anticyra; and the man who feels himself to be in possession of very brilliant wits may conclude that he is within an ace of running out of them. Whether this be true or false, we are not at present disposed to contradict the assertion. What we wish to notice is, the pains which many young men take to qualify themselves for Bedlam, by hiding a good, sober, gentlemanlike understanding beneath an assumption of thoughtlessness and whim. It is the received opinion among many that a man's talents and abilities are to be rated by the quantity of nonsense he utters per diem, and the number of follies he runs into per annum. Against this idea we must enter our protest; if we concede that every real genius is more or less a madman, we must not be supposed to allow that every sham madman is more or less a genius.

In the days of our ancestors, the hot-blooded youth who threw away his fortune at twenty-one, his character at twenty-two, and his life at twenty-three, was termed "a good fellow," "an honest fellow," "nobody's enemy but his own." In our time the name is altered; and the fashionable who squanders his father's estate, or murders his best friend,—who breaks his wife's heart at the gaming-table, and his own neck at a steeple-chase,—escapes the sentence which Morality would pass upon him, by the plea of lunacy. "He was a rascal," says Common Sense. "True," says the World, "but he was mad, you know, quite mad."

We were lately in company with a knot of young men who were discussing the character and fortunes of one of their own body, who was, it seems, distinguished for his proficiency in the Art of Madness. "Harry," said a young sprig of nobility, "have you heard that Charles is in the King's Bench?" "I heard it this morning," drawled the Exquisite, "how distressing! I have not been so hurt since poor Angelica (his bay mare) broke down. Poor Charles has been too flighty." "His wings will be clipped for the future!" observed young

Caustic. "He has been very imprudent," said young **Candour**.

I inquired of whom they were speaking. "Don't you know Charles Gally?" said the **Exquisite**, endeavouring to turn in his collar; "Not know Charles Gally?" he repeated, with an expression of pity. "He is the best fellow breathing; only lives to laugh and make others laugh; drinks his two bottles with any man, and rides the finest mare I ever saw—next to my **Angelica**. Not know Charles Gally? why every body knows him! he is so amusing! ha! ha!—and tells such admirable stories! ha! ha!—often have they kept me awake (*a yawn*) when nothing else could." "Poor fellow!" said his Lordship, "I understand he's done for ten thousand!" "I never believe more than half what the world says," observed **Candour**. "He that has not a farthing," said **Caustic**, "cares little whether he owes ten thousand or five." "Thank Heaven!" said **Candour**, "that will never be the case with Charles: he has a fine estate in Leicestershire." "Mortgaged for half its value," said his Lordship. "A large personal property!" "All gone in annuity bills," said the **Exquisite**. "A rich uncle upwards of fourscore!" "He'll cut him off with a shilling," said **Caustic**.

"Let us hope he may reform," sighed the **Hypocrite**; "and sell the pack," added the **Nobleman**;—"and marry," continued the **Dandy**. "Pshaw!" cried the **Satirist**, "he will never get rid of his habits, his hounds, or his horns." "But he has an excellent heart," said **Candour**. "Excellent," repeated his Lordship, unthinkingly. "Excellent," lisped the **Fop**, effeminately. "Excellent," exclaimed the **Wit**, ironically. We took this opportunity to ask by what means so excellent a heart and so bright a genius had contrived to plunge him into these disasters. "He was my friend," replied his Lordship, "and a man of large property; but he was mad—quite mad. I remember his leaping a lame pony over a stone wall, simply because Sir **Marmaduke** bet him a dozen that he

broke his neck in the attempt; and sending a bullet through a poor pedlar's pack because Bob Darrell said the piece wouldn't carry so far." "Upon another occasion," began the Exquisite in his turn, "he jumped into a horse-pond after dinner in order to prove it was not six feet deep; and overturned a bottle of Eau de Cologne in Lady Emilia's face, to convince me that she was not painted. Poor fellow! the first experiment cost him a dress, and the second an heiress." "I have heard," resumed the Nobleman, "that he lost his election for ——— by lampooning the Mayor; and was dismissed from his place in the Treasury for challenging Lord C——." "The last accounts I heard of him," said Caustic, "told me, that Lady Tarrel had forbid him her house for driving a sucking-pig into her drawing-room; and that young Hawthorn had run him through for boasting of favours from his sister!" "These gentlemen are really too severe," remarked young Candour to us: "Not a jot;" we said to ourselves.

"This will be a terrible blow for his sister," said a young man who had been listening in silence. "A fine girl; —a very fine girl," said the Exquisite: "and a fine fortune," said the Nobleman. "The mines of Peru are nothing to her;" "Nothing at all," observed the sneerer: "she has no property there. But I would not have you caught, Harry; her income was good, but is dipped, horribly dipped. Guineas melt very fast when the cards are put by them." "I was not aware Maria was a gambler," said the young man, much alarmed; "Her brother is, Sir," replied his informant. The querist looked sorry, but yet relieved. We could see that he was not quite disinterested in his inquiries. "However," resumed the young Cynic, "his profusion has at least obtained him many noble and wealthy friends." He glanced at his hearers, and went on, "no one that knew him will hear of his distresses without being forward to relieve them. He will find interest for his money in the

hearts of his friends." Nobility took snuff; Foppery played with his watch-chain; Hypocrisy looked grave. There was long silence. We ventured to regret the misuse of natural talents, which, if properly directed, might have rendered their possessor useful to the interests of society, and celebrated in the records of his country. Every one stared, as if we were talking Hebrew. "Very true," said his Lordship, "he enjoys great talents. No man is a nicer judge of horseflesh. He beats me at billiards, and Harry at picquet; he's a dead shot at a button, and can drive his curricule-wheels over a brace of sovereigns." "Radicalism," says Caustic, looking round for a laugh. "He is a great amateur of pictures," observed the Exquisite, "and is allowed to be quite a connoisseur in beauty; but there (*simpering*) every one must claim the privilege of judging for themselves." "Upon my word," said Candour, "you allow poor Charles too little. I have no doubt he has great courage,—though to be sure, there was a whisper that young Hawthorn found him rather shy, and I am convinced he is very generous, though I must confess that I have it from good authority, that his younger brother was refused the loan of a hundred, when Charles had pigeoned that fool of a nabob but the evening before. I would stake my existence that he is a man of unshaken honour, though, when he eased Lieutenant Hardy of his pay, there certainly was an awkward story about the transaction, which was never properly cleared up; I hope that when matters are properly investigated he will be liberated from all his embarrassments; though I am sorry to be compelled to believe that he has been spending double the amount of his income annually. But I trust that all will be adjusted. I have no doubt upon the subject." "Nor I," said Caustic. "We shall miss him prodigiously at the Club," said the Dandy with a slight shake of the head. "What a bore!" replied the Nobleman with a long yawn. We could hardly ven-

ture to express compassion for a character so despicable. Our auditors, however, entertained very different opinions of right and wrong! "Poor fellow! he was much to be pitied: had done some very foolish things;—to say the truth was a sad scoundrel—but then he was always so mad." And having come unanimously to this decision, the conclave dispersed.

Charles gave an additional proof of his madness within a week after this discussion by swallowing laudanum. The verdict of the Coroner's Inquest confirmed the judgment of his four friends. For our own parts we must pause before we give in to so dangerous a doctrine. Here is a man who has outraged the laws of honour, the ties of relationship, and the duties of religion; he appears before us in the triple character of a libertine, a swindler, and a suicide. Yet his follies, his vices, his crimes, are all palliated or even applauded by this specious *façon de parler*—"He was mad—quite mad!"

F. G.

TO ELLEN,

ON HER DEPARTURE.

O! ASK me not, Ellen, why quickly starts
 The tear to my eye, when thine image is gone,
 You know when the light of the Sun departs,
 The dew-drop of Even comes swiftly on.

The Willow delights o'er the ruffled lake
 To grieve for the wave as it wanders by;
 Then bid me not cease, if thy smiles forsake,
 From the bosom of Sorrow to heave the sigh.

O! bid me not cease, for the dear delight
That enraptured each chord of the heart, is dead :
For my soul is entranced in a dreary night,
And the lovely delusion with Ellen is fled.

But the heart that adored, that each pulse attuned
To the frolicking smile, to the radiant glow
That thine eye shot around ;—O! it feels a wound,
On which Ellen alone can a balm bestow.

The worm that delights to illumine the dark,
When the mantle of Even descends in state,
But lights up the ray of her lonely spark,
To allure, by the splendor, her roving mate :*

Thus the spark of affection, all pure, all bright,
Though cruel afar from these arms you roam,
In this bosom shall burn with unfading light,
And O! may it lure thee, dear Wanderer, home.

X. C.

A SATURDAY EVENING IN THE COUNTRY.

"The toil-worn cotter frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly toil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes :
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend."

BURNS.

THERE are, perhaps, some among my readers who are accustomed to laugh at the idea of a country life, and treat it with ridicule ; but I confess I am one of its most

* The male glow-worm is a small fly, furnished with wings, without any of that luminous appearance, the property of the female.—*Dictionary of Natural History*.

enthusiastic admirers, and consider it not only possible to taste the enjoyments of life far distant from the tumultuous pleasures and gaiety of a town, but have myself passed some of the happiest days of my youth in the vicinity of a village, and at the mansion of its hospitable Rector—days that I shall always look back upon with feelings of the greatest delight: and very often do I now recur to the observations which it was formerly my greatest amusement to make upon the customs and inhabitants of the country. For in the country alone are to be found the genuine traits of the British character: whoever is desirous of seeing this in its original, national colours, must search for it among the humble cots of the peasantry, and draw it forth from its recesses, where it is moulded into life by the homely, but true hand of nature; where art has not ventured to deck it out in extraneous ornaments, and rob it of its native beauty. He must not expect to find the object of his scrutiny amid the ranks of polished life, where the true metal lies concealed beneath a weight of dross, and deformed by a thousand fanciful incumbrances: he will widely err, if he thinks he has recognized it in the halls of the opulent, or luxurious drawing-rooms of the great: he will carry off but a garbled deceptive knowledge of its most prominent and striking features; he will but have skimmed over the surface of the landscape, not examined or digested its beauties; he will resemble a person who thinks to find, in the monotonous arrangement of a flower-garden, embellished with its artificial waterfall and winding slope, the bold, striking, and majestic irregularity of nature, studded with its cloud-capped mountains, and resounding with the broken foaming waters of the cascade. My readers must pardon me for the digression I have been led into by my partiality for the country; and, the better to obtain their forgiveness, I will at once, without further preface, introduce them to a description of one

of the Saturday Evenings I passed during my short visit to the worthy Rector.

It was on one of these evenings, which generally seem to be accompanied with no small degree of anxiety and bustle to the notable housewife and her good man,—as they now prepare to settle accounts for the week, and decide whether the last seven days have increased their comforts, and added to their stock of pigs and poultry,—that I strolled out towards the village, in the '*Nescio quid meditans*' temperament of Horace, to pass away an idle hour, till tea-time; and, having reached the high road, found it enlivened by the joyous carols and noisy wit of the peasants, returning home from the market in the neighbouring town, with light hearts, light wickets, and those inspirers of mirth and festivity, heavy wickets. Followers of all trades were hastening home to their kitchen corners and evening repast; from the thin, restless, impatient tinker, with his last brazen kettle on his arm, whose rapid short steps indicated the fermentations of his mind, speculating upon the next week's profit, up to the jolly sturdy farmer, in his shaggy pearl-buttoned coat and hobnailed shoes, whose rosy bluff features seemed already distended in anticipation of his nightly jug of home-brewed. As he flourished his crabcake, and thundered along the causeway, he seemed to joy that happy temperament of mind which bespeaks that its possessor has always a blow for the proud oppressor, and a crust of bread for the needy supplicant. The beauties of the fair sex were not wanting to enliven and diversify the scene; for I was occasionally overtaken by a troop of the village matrons, of whose approach there were generally very sure and certain forerunners in the loud and frequent peals of laughter I heard rising in succession behind me, or the shrill-toned pipe of one of the party, drowning in triumphant squeaks the voices of her companions; with cloaks and bonnets floating in the

breeze. The substantial dames, having disposed of their breaded eggs and butter, came jogging on along the road-side at the discussing the history of the village, from its foundation and to the present occupiers; and, could any person of ability have noted down their discourse, he might have compiled up to from it such an authentic, interesting history, as should yield the palm to Mr. Knickerbocker's "New York" alone. Behind them might be seen their rosy-cheeked daughters, recounting the ribbons, cakes, or love-songs, each had received from her admirer; and it was no small amusement to watch the black-eyed lasses returning the glance of the youthful passenger with hidden smile and dimpled lip, or passing their jokes on some approaching gallant, in hopes perhaps that he would take punishment for their ridicule by ravishing a kiss. The nearer I approached the village, the more visible became every instant the signs of Saturday Evening; and, at the door of one of the first cottages, on a stone seat, overshadowed by jessamine and evergreens, sat the contented owner of this humble dwelling, puffing his pipe in listless ease, and watching the smoke that curled in cheerful eddies over his bronzed features, with as much gravity as a philosopher eyes the cloud passing over the face of the moon. On the opposite side of the fragrant doorway was seated the mistress of the mansion, busily employed in adjusting her Sunday's dress; and, in imagination, perhaps, already cutting no contemptible figure among her neighbours, and exulting over her little finery, which was arrayed in the very acmè of country fashion: but I must not forget to observe that her sober partner, as he occasionally shifted his tube, uttered several sagacious reflections on the folly of vanity. This seemed to be at present the principal feature in all the cottages in the suburbs of this village; the honest countrymen were drowning their cares in a refreshing tankard, or smoking them away in the newest tobacco; while their matrons were darning, or knitting, or dragging to bed some young

bareheaded urchins; who, casting a long and lingering look at their playthings, chewed their grief and their bread and butter in silence.

As I entered farther into the middle of the village, I came up to its two most important points, where all the perfection of its inhabitants was concentrated; the village alehouse, and the village churchyard. From the former a confused heterogeneous sound burst forth through the silence of even, which at first puzzled me as to its nature: but, on my coming nearer, all became comparatively silent for an instant; and in the next moment arose, in simple, soothing harmony, the squeaking of a cracked fiddle, accompanied by the powerful voice of its modulator. I confess I was tempted to play the character of a spy for once in my life; and, having forthwith ensconced myself by the side of the tap-room window, began to indulge in a contemplation of the choice spirits that composed this scene of festivity; who, seated round a substantial oaken table, were plying their rustic raillery, or gaping with delight at the soul-dissolving measures of their itinerant musician. The landlord himself, a short, punch-bellied, little fellow, with a Bardolphian nose, acted his part extremely well, as master of the ceremonies; and occasionally himself chiming in with a convivial stave, or retailing a story for the fiftieth time, seemed to bear a most fatherly attachment to his own ale; for which, perhaps, an extra item was added to the score of his guests; who, indeed, ought to pay well for mine host's amusing qualities. There were no other very striking characters at the table: they were all sturdy, jovial boors, whose distended grinning countenances bore witness to their minds' happiness; and that, for this evening at least, they were contented with themselves and all mankind. But the most interesting party was a *quartetto*, seated apart from the others, in a corner of the room, consisting of the Exciseman, Schoolmaster, and Clerk of the parish, with mine host's wife; who

were poring over some newspapers of no short existence, and discussing affairs of state in a most voluble, if not luminous, manner. The Schoolmaster appeared to be the oracle of these politicians; and, with a most dignified, authoritative look, was thumping on the table, as he explained the various faults in our constitution, and what he conceived to be the most admirable form of government; concluding with the consolatory affirmation, that it was by such means alone England could arrive at the highest summit of glory. The brilliance of his oratory seemed to have as much effect on his auditors, as his uplifted rod was accustomed to have upon the rising generation. They listened and admired in breathless astonishment; especially as he interspersed a few scraps of Greek and Latin amid the flowers of his rhetoric, which they took for granted were to the purpose; and might also be said to be paralyzed at the forcible ardour of his declamation. It must be confessed the Excise-man's eyes winked in a very suspicious manner; and that the Clerk had been wandering in thought, for he wound up the finish with an audible nasal Amen; while, at the same time, jolly Boniface interrupted a delicious reverie of his wife, with "Nan! another pot."

Leaving this scene of festivity and eloquence, I sauntered towards the churchyard, where a party of middle-aged rustics were amusing themselves with swinging on the gate, while a troop of riotous youngsters were playing at leap-frog over the tombstones, reckless of what was mouldering beneath their feet, and scampering over that turf which might be destined to bloom over their remains, as it had over the patriarchs of the village; who had faded away like their native oaks, and lived but in the remembrance of those who related their stories, and extolled their praises, with the same significant shake of the head, from generation to generation. The moon had just risen in all her splendor; and, when her pale, gentle light glimmered through the church windows, or

played over the ancient Gothic turrets, I felt an indescribable emotion pass rapidly over my mind, as I stayed to contemplate the short and simple annals of the poor, and mourned to think

“ For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their sire’s return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.”

Nor could I refrain from an intruding thought on human vanity, when I beheld the merry youths sporting over the sepulchres of their ancestors, heedless of what to me appeared the solemnity of the spot, and perhaps ridiculing my “brown study,” as I steadfastly contemplated their ivy-mantled church; and, pondering over the narrow homes of the departed dead, forgot, for an instant, the world and its cares.

I had scarcely shaken off the thoughts produced by my late contemplation, ere I came upon a scene that was little calculated to inspire lighter reflections, and will long remain vividly imprinted on my memory. Not many yards from the road, from which it was separated by a garden, laid out with the greatest taste, and arranged in the most beautiful, simple order, and close adjoining a path which led over the fields to the Rectory, appeared a handsome little cottage, fancifully adorned with windows in the Gothic style, around which, and the whole front of the cottage, a large, full-blooming vine wound its tendrils, clustering with fruit, and bending beneath the weight of the grapes, that shed a purple hue all around them, as they were glanced upon by the moonbeam. I had often heard the inhabitants of this cottage mentioned with respect, and even with tender affection, by their neighbours, as being persons of the most amiable character, and who, in addition to this, had a strong claim upon the sympathy and solicitude of all who knew

the tale of their sorrows and misfortunes, by which they appeared to have been reduced from a state of affluence to one almost of poverty. But lately they had been enabled, by the death of a wealthy relation, to purchase this humble, yet delightful residence, which they had rendered still more beautiful by their own taste and industry, and were now gliding down the stream of life in calm tranquillity, that was unruffled except by an intrusive thought of the past. The family only consisted of an aged couple and one daughter: of the misfortunes of the former I had heard but an imperfect sketch: to the mournful tale of the latter I had often listened with tears. During the sunshine of their prosperity, and while yet in early life, she had been betrothed to a young man of the most cultivated talents, and amiable disposition; and, in short, to sum up his good qualities, he was well worthy the tenderest affection of one who doted on him like Maria Congreve. When he was a child, he had the misfortune to lose his beloved parent, the familiar friend of the family of his intended. His guardians were entirely subservient to the will of his mother, and objected, on this account, to his marrying till he came of age, of which but one year was wanting, merely because his mother, from some caprice, was averse to the connexion. It was but a short time to stay, but it was too long for his ardent impetuous feelings; he could not bear every day to be allowed to raise the cup to his lips, but forbidden to taste; he could not endure to look upon his love, and still, still be unable to call her his own. The suspense was dreadful, and he resolved to tear himself from his tantalizing situation, and tranquillize his mind (if that were possible), by travelling. As the hour of separation drew nigh, he was almost tempted to give way to his foreboding fears, and give up the project. Would to Heaven he had! Suffice to say, he at length summoned up courage to take leave of his Maria. It were impossible for me to describe that scene,

which his mother beheld with calm indifference, while her son, wrung with agony as he parted from, and supported in his arms the fainting and dearest object of his soul, rushed from the house, and his native land, to return no more; for, at some town, near the banks of the Wolga, surrounded by foreigners, and far distant from any medical assistance, he fell a victim to an epidemical disease, common to those countries, and resigned his last breath in the arms of a friend that accompanied him. The ship that was to have wafted him back to happiness and the arms of his Maria, was the sad messenger of his death; and the sun that was to have risen on her a blooming bride, beheld her that day arrayed in the garb of bitterest woe. Few that were acquainted with Maria expected to see her much longer a survivor on earth; but her understanding and fortitude enabled her to withstand the violence of the shock, and she still lived, though scarcely to this world; she flitted before the eyes of men, like the shade of a beauteous angel: her thoughts, her soul, was with God, and with him whom death hath torn for a short time, to unite to her again in Heaven.

Such is the outline of the tale of Maria Congreve: it may not interest my readers, as described by my pen; but it often has drawn from me a tribute of sorrow, while related by her former friends; and, as she this evening was sitting, with her parents, on the lawn, in front of the cottage, it were impossible not to view the group with feelings of the strongest emotion. The old man was reading in the Bible, with his daughter on one side of him, and her mother on the other. I was concealed by the hedge, but near enough to hear him, and catch the sound of his deeply-impressive voice, which, breaking through the solemn silence that reigned all around, had an effect on me never to be forgotten: it chained me to the spot like enchantment; and, as his careworn, but yet highly-interesting, features were lit up with the pure, bright emanation of religious enthusiasm, which

seemed to illumine his whole countenance with an ethereal halo, I stood gazing on him as a being of a superior order, through whose lips breathed the true voice and spirit of the Deity; and I could have humbled myself at his feet, and worshipped his gray hairs. At this moment, his wife bestowed upon him a look of endearment expressive of the past, as if she recalled those days when they knew not sorrow or calamity; and then, raising her eyes slowly up to heaven, appeared, by the tremulous motion of her lips, to be uttering a short and fervent prayer of supplication for her husband and daughter. I hesitated, as I turned a trembling glance on that lovely sufferer; but that glance riveted my enchantment; the air of meek, gentle resignation that beamed in mellowed softness over the most beautiful, interesting features, ever allotted to woman, savoured not of earth. She was dressed with perfect simplicity and neatness, but without any ornament: her long unconfined hair flowed in graceful ringlets over her shoulders, and divided in front, partly discovered a forehead of snowy whiteness; the rest was concealed by her hand, on which her head rested, as she cast a pensive vacant glance upon the countenance of her father. On a sudden he unconsciously read a passage that touched upon the string of her sorrows; her tender frame trembled for a moment, and then, gently sliding one hand into her bosom, she drew from thence a portrait. I was not long in conjecturing whose that portrait could be, as she leant over it at first with intense, but melancholy delight; and then, with scarcely a perceptible motion, pressed it to her lips; then looked at it again, and appeared lost to all around her, while absorbed in the contemplation of his features, who in fancy stood before her. At this moment a hollow blast rustled through the trees, and the sound of approaching thunder was heard dying away in the distance. The old man hastily shut his book; and, turning round to summon his daughter, beheld her gazing on the portrait.

He instantly checked himself, and became mute as death: but it was too late; his movement had broken the chain of her thoughts; the dream of her imagination was over: she once more kissed those beloved features, and then, replacing the portrait in her bosom, sank down in prayer, with her eyes clasped in patient devotion over her bosom, and her still bright eye suffused with the rising tear, that all her fortitude could not suppress. The old man insensibly kneeled down by the side of her; but it was too heart-rending a scene to view any longer:—I drew my hat over my eyes, and hastily returned homewards; and never, never will that Saturday Evening fade from the recollection of

CHARLES BELLAMY.

PEREGRINE'S SCRAP-BOOK.

NO. III.

Feb. 5.—Transcribed some lines from an Elegy which I have had in my drawer for some time, and from which I intended to have made an extract in my last Scrap-Book.

In vain for me the flow'ret rears its head,
The warbling linnet pours her song in vain;
I shall not pluck the flow'ret from its bed,
I shall not listen to the song again.

In vain mild Spring dispels the wintry blast,
In vain the streams in babbling murmurs flow;
I am not what I was,—the die is cast,
And there is nothing left to me—but woe.

Grief comes around me in mine early years,
 Yet smiling faces round my hearth I see,
 And merry voices echo in mine ears—
 But what are these—what is the world to me?

O. J.

Feb. 10.—Received a letter from Baldwin, soliciting the co-operation of the Club, in the event of the discontinuance of "The Etonian." Shall be happy to oblige Mr. Baldwin, as far as I am concerned; but Montgomery is hand and glove with Mr. Christopher North; and Sir Francis and Sterling are severally under engagements to the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly*.

Feb. 12.—Received some stanzas "on Whistling," from R. S. I am quite puzzled by the extraordinary character of the lines, and half suspect that the author is only *bamming* us. However, there is something singular in the composition, and my readers shall therefore have a specimen. The verses are as wild as their subject:—

What! blame thee, child,
 Of the woodland wild,
 Who cherupest now so cheerily?
 Oh! warble again
 Your artless strain,
 That plays on my heart so merrily.

A crown I'll entwine
 Of eglantine,
 On your little brown head to glisten;
 Its pearl shall be dew,
 And ruddy its hue,
 For, my bard of the grove, I'll pluck it for you,
 E'er the Sun be awake and risen.

And bright though it be
 When I give it to thee,
 Sweet child of content simplicity!
 Its blush will lorn
 As the Moon at dawn,
 At the burst of thy soul's felicity.

14.—Valentine's Day. Surprised that I have
 ived any darts and flames. Still more surprised
 ave not received any "blackguards" and "scoun-

Had thoughts of writing a paper upon the cus-
 the day, but the subject is too trite.

o'clock, P.M.—All college is in commotion. In
 chamber there are consultations, and parties, and

I saw a gowmsman looking out complacently
 1 unfolded paper; like Alexander, he "sighed
 ked, sighed and looked, sighed and looked, and
 again." He became alternately as pale as the
 ost, and as black as the characters it bore. This
 stery to me!

15.—The mystery is unravelled. A young Gen-
 is displeased at receiving a billet-doux. This
 ising. But it is still more surprising that he
 s "The Etonian" of its manufacture. He
 ns us with a quire of paper for the sake of the
 e. I hope it may be blank. I shall be angry if
 bliged to pay and read too.

17.—I hope my readers will be pleased with the
 ng Song:—

Hark upon the passing gale
 Philomela's plaintive wail!
 Feelings how serene and tender
 Does the lonely music render!
 Lady, lift thy downcast eye,
 Leila, love, and tell me why?

Mark the tints of silver, made
 By the Moon on yon cascade;
 How those fleeting tints impart
 Consolation to the heart!
 Why can Nature thus control;
 Leila, say, my secret soul?

'Tis that in the trembling notes
 Love's pure spirit softly floats,

"T is that in the moonbeam's ray
 Love delights to hold his play;
 'T is that in the world I see,
 Leila, nought but love and thee.

Feb. 19.—Received from Oxford a large parcel of prose and verse. I am very much pressed for room, nevertheless I am particularly requested by the Club (on the immediate suggestion of Rowley), to insert the two contributions with which we are most pleased.

"A Collar of Brawn, with M. B.'s compliments."

"A Barrel of Sausages, with Lord N——'s best wishes."

Feb. 20.—The authorship of the above-mentioned Valentine is fixed, I understand, upon Gerard Montgomery. Mr. Bellamy fancies himself suspected, and is rather alarmed for the consequences. He has purchased a smart little pistol, nailed a sovereign to the wall of his apartment, and practises three hours a-day. He says he is not much afraid, for "he can hit George to a nicety."

Feb. 25.—Martin Sterling slanged me for being satirical. All the P. C. articles were attacked one after the other:—"Lovers' Vows," "Politeness and Politesse," "A Certain Age," "Not at Home."—Golightly came to my assistance. "Mr. Sterling," said he, "let me give you a little information. There is as little truth in your remarks as there is in Lovers' Vows; neither Politeness nor Politesse can bear you any longer: no one should talk in this style who is not of a Certain Age; and if you persist in it, I shall recommend to Mr. Courtenay to give you a flat Not at Home." Mr. Hodgson remarked that Mr. Golightly was a flat for supposing any thing flat could come from the President. Lozell laughed, and Oakley said "Pshaw."

Feb. 26.—Transcribed a few stanzas by E. M. They were written soon after the lady's marriage. They were composed in a more tranquil moment, and breathe a

more subdued spirit than those which were inserted in the Scrap-Book, No. I.

I do not weep—the grief I feel
Is not the grief that dims the eye ;
No accents speak, no tears reveal
The inward pain that cannot die.

Mary ! thou know'st not, none can know
The silent woe that still must live ;
I would not change that silent woe
For all the joy the world can give.

Yet, by thine hair so lightly flowing,
And by thy smiling lips, I vow,
And by thy cheek so brightly glowing,
And by the meekness of thy brow,

And by those eyes, whose tranquil beam
So joyfully is wont to shine,
As if thy bosom could not dream
Of half the woe that preys on mine,

I do not murmur that another
Hath gain'd the love I could not wake ;
I look on him as on a brother,
And do not hate him—for thy sake.

And, Mary, when I gaze on thee,
I think not on my own distress,
Serene—in thy serenity,
And happy—in thine happiness.

Feb. 27.—The King of Clubs has too much vanity to withhold from the world Miss Harrison's Valentine, although the habits of procrastination in which the fair Authoress indulges (habits by the way in which his Majesty occasionally participates) have caused it to reach him much after its day. The time I am sure is not far distant, when to the names of a Baillie, an Edgeworth, an Inchbald, and a Morgan, Criticism will add that of Fanny Harrison.

MISS HARRISON'S VALENTINE.

"Nec sum adeo informis."—VIRG.

Hail to his Majesty of Clubs!—all hail
 His manly figure, and his motley robe.
 Hail to his face—although it's much too pale;
 Hail to his faulchion, and his belted globe!
 I love his look, where fascinations rove;
 I love his crown, whatever ills betide it;
 I love the club that Fate hath fix'd beside it,
 Like Robur squatting by the side of Jove;
 I love his thin straight wig, and much I prize
 His great black eyebrows, and his small white nose,
 His stunted beard, the buckles in his shoes,
 His round mustachios, and his pointed eyes.
 I love his *tout ensemble*—e'en his crimes,
 His puns, his punch, his reasonings, and his rhymes!

Feb. 28.—Gerard gave us, from a Cambridge correspondent, the following whimsical imitation, or rather parody, of Horace:—

"Integer vitæ scelerisque purus," &c.—HOR.

The man, my GERARD, arm'd with native strength,
 And of his own worth conscious, needs no aid
 Of venal critic, or ephemeral puff
 Prelusive, or satiric quiver stored
 With poison'd shafts defensive: fearless he
 Sends forth his work, essay, or ode, or note,
 On crabb'd Greek play, or squib political.
 Him nor the fierce *Eclectic's* foaming page
 Aught troubles, nor the uncourteous *Times*, nor yet
 The *Journal*, which, misnamed of *Classics*, deals
 Its three-months' errors out. For me of late
 In Johnian walks sole wandering, while the thoughts
 Of Emily beyond my wonted bounds
 Drew me excursive, a reviewer stern
 Encount'ring, with kind words of courtesy
 Accosted bland, and me, though ill prepared
 For critic fight, assail'd not; scribe, like whom
 Oak-crown'd Germania from her warlike shore

Sent never, nor the realm of Wallace old,
Dry-nurse of critics. Place me on the earth's
Far limit, where, o'er sluggish Muscovy,
The winds blow frore, and mists of ignorance dark
O'erhang the north side of the world : beneath
Some Dey's stern nod, in torrid Barbary
Place me, where books are none : yet, fearless still,
I'll sing of Emily, and, in fit strain,
Record her tuneful voice and thrilling smiles.

W.

To-morrow our First Volume* is to be launched.—I remember, when I was last at Plymouth, I was present at the launch of a ship of war. It was a very fine sight: but our "Etonian" will be much finer, rigged out in gaudy Morocco, or odorous Russia, or unassuming calf.

Success to our weak vessel ! She has an easy voyage to run: the breeze of hope sends her briskly forward, and smiling faces shine upon her, as brightly as the sun on a July morning.

Off she goes !—Three cheers for "The Etonian !"

* In the present edition, a new arrangement of the Volumes has been adopted.



N° VI.

THE KING OF CLUBS.

SCENE—THE CLUB-ROOM.

(The President prologuizes from the Chair.)

I LOVE variety ; no book
From me obtains a second look,
In which I vainly seek to find
This salt, this pepper of the mind :
And aught that savours of precision,
Of sameness, or of repetition,
With more than Editorial hate
I scorn, detest, abominate.
Ergo, whereas the Reader knows
That Number I. began in prose ;
I think I'll change my note this time—
And—Number VI. begins in rhyme.
My friends, I vote him prosy quite,
Who speaks one word of prose to-night.

(Members testify astonishment. O'Connor opens his mouth wide—Musgrave shuts his close—Lozell nods with assent—Burton with drowsiness—Oakley takes out his tablets, and appears to be working hard.)

- MONTGOMERY. "I love to hear a clever rhymers rhyming
In learned measure, eloquent and strong!"
- GOLIGHTLY. "I love to hear a faulty timer timing
His horrid cadence, dissonant and wrong!"
- MONTGOMERY. "Good poetry's the noblest thing on earth!"
- GOLIGHTLY. "Bad is a strong provocative to mirth;
And, when a fool is sentimentalizing,"—
- STERLING. "Order! the worthy President is rising."
- COURTENAY. "My friends! I need not dwell upon
The vast success of Volume I.;
Suffice it, that its *tout ensemble*
Has made our worst revilers tremble;
That Censure owns at last she's wrong,
And Scandal almost holds her tongue.
Howbeit, 'midst our wreath of bays,
There sprout some

BRAMBLES OF DISPRAISE;

Which, when the precious leaves we snatch,
Inflict a most delightful scratch;
Too soft to make us cry about it—
And—we might go to sleep without it.
Here is a 'Senex,' cold and grave,
Quite puzzled by the 'Knight and Knave';
And thinking that it's all '*a flam*'
About our Publisher and Pam.
Then here's a little note from 'Jessy,'
Who 'can't abide that sober Essay!'
'A Fourth-form' thinks 't is best by far
To stick to the vernacular;
Our Muse goes limping on a patten,
Whene'er she's running after Latin.
'Amicus' is in monstrous pique
Because he isn't 'up to Greek.'"

- R. "As Gerard said, the other day,
Och! sure it's very clear, oh!
Non intelligibilia
Sed intellectum fero."
"Order! order! a bull! a bull!"
- R. "I'd knock you down, but my mouth is full."
- NE. "*Μητιν αειδε*"—
"I differ."
"Some beer."
- AY. "Silence! hark to the Chairman!"—(*Hear!*)*
"My head feels a sort of a dizziness,
I've written and spoke till it aches ;
So before we proceed to our business,—
We'll finish this dish of

BEEF-STEAKS.

- "I love a steak!—proudly it sweeps along;
Whether the kitchen broileth it or frieth,
And punsters tell that oftentimes it crieth,
'Chaucer, oh! Chaucer!'—He was Lord of
song
In Britain! Wrapp'd in doublet and in rhyme,
He walk'd the dear Metropolis, and tasted
Of meats multigenous, baked, broil'd, and
basted ;
The pride of taverns in that ancient time.
I wish that I could rhyme like him of old,
I wish that I could eat the food he ate ;—
But stop, Thalia, for you want a whet ;
The reader's tired—the steaks are getting
cold!
Stop! for my own, and for the reader's,
sake ;
But oh! I'm very partial to a steak!"
- r. "Perhaps you think you've made a Sonnet :
I'm sorry for you!—out upon it!

* "Silence! Hark to the signal!—fire."—BYRON.

You haven't got a rhyming phiz,
 And don't know what a Sonnet is,
 You ought to talk of May or June,
 Mary, and Music, and the Moon,
 Just mention Zephyrs in the dell,
 And give a hint of Philomel,
 Enlarge upon a blighted tree,
 A rock, a ruin, or the sea,
 Conclude with something energetic,
 Or a neat touch of the pathetic.
 This is the way, mistaken elf!
 To write—like Gerard—or myself!

GOLIGHTLY. "Oh! Charles!—who said you were a dunce
 I heard you read a sonnet once,
 And really I was so enchanted,
 With all you said, and all you chaunted,
 That home I hurried in delight,
 And sat me down in haste to write
 A little thing the Club shall see—

SONNET TO MR. BELLAMY.

"Oh! I am weary of thy minstrelsy;
 Thou claw'st the chords with such a clumsy gripe,
 And (straining still thy throat's discordant pipe)
 Fumblest, and fumblest on so dismally;
 Evermore drawling a dull sleepy air,
 Like that the old Cow died of. Cruel Bard!
 What have I done, that thou would'st have me share
 That poor Cow's fate? 'Twere not a task too hard
 (So I might 'scape the torture of thy lay)
 To read the *Post* or *Courier* day by day,
 To my deaf grandam. Oh! I could endure,
 Methinks, of harsh and grating sounds to die,
 So but thy song were spared, and I were sure,
 Bellamy, thou would'st not chaunt my elegy."

CHORUS. "Bravo! the Sonnet of Sonnets!—oh never
 Talk now of your Orpheus and Linus!"

BURTON. "I vow and declare that it's almost as clever
 As mine on the Pons Asininus!"

"Bravo—Golightly's the poet to please:"

"May I never drink beer if he's not!"

"Loaded and primed with such verses as these,
Number VI. will go off like a shot!"

"Libel and felony!"

Y. "Zounds! Mr. Bellamy!"

"How can I sit with this base charlatan?"

Y. "Lord! I'm afraid that his sisters he'll tell
o' me!"

"Mr. Golightly shall find I'm a man!"

R. "Murder and turf!"

"How I'll cut and assassinate!

Mr. Golightly shall smart for it soon!"

R. "Nate Mr. Bellamy, don't be so passionate!"

"Ignorant blockhead! I'll write a Lampoon!"

Exit in a passion!—All the Members much appalled.)

AY. "My friends! your spirits seem indeed

In most unusual excitation;

To cool them, I'll proceed to read

ARTICLES IN PREPARATION.

Two bits of prose from F. Golightly;

One 'On the Art of Dancing Lightly';

One 'On the Sense of Homer's Particles'—"

LY. "Two ~~very~~ neat and clever articles!"

AY. "'Reflections upon Human Troubles';

'A Dissertation upon Bubbles';

'Remarks upon the Fight of Ramillies';

'The Art of Cookery for Families';

'Biography of Mr. Wastle';

And 'Stanzas on Caernarvon Castle';

'A Country Sabbath,' neatly penn'd

By Bellamy, our departed friend;

'The Power of Steam'; 'A Tale of Bradgelah!'

'Pleasure'; 'Good Night'; 'Old Boots';

'The Bachelor.'

Lastly some Greek and Roman stories.—

I've burnt 'Sir Francis on the Tories,'

As also 'Martial's Ode to Paint:'

It has much humour, dry and quaint,

And there are pretty verses in 't;
But I must give the youth a hint,
That, when he wishes to be Lyrical,
He oughtn't to affect Satirical."

CHORUS. "Bravo! Bravo! look how it grows!
Beautiful bundle of verse and prose!
Jester and Moralist, on they come,
Poet and Sage, at the beat of our drum;
Puddings of precept, and pickings of pun,
Solid and syllabub, wisdom and fun,
Hurry and scurry they tumble in—
Poor Mr. Courtenay is up to the chin!
How can the merry ETONIAN fail,
Bless'd with these writers"—

NESBIT. "And bless'd with this ale

OAKLEY. "While the Club's in such good humour, I'm very
sorry to shock it;
But I've received an insult, which I really can't possibly
pocket:
Mr. Swinburne himself will allow that I've good reason
To prefer against him a charge, amounting to

HIGH TREASON.

Mr. Gerard, you've got a smile on your face, as much as to
tell
That I'm but an indifferent rhymers, but that I know very
well,
And I should be glad to tell my story in prose, if I might,
Only, as there's nothing of the kind to be spoken here to-
night,
I must say what I have to say in verse, as well as I am
able;—
Well then, here's Mr. Swinburne a-spilling all the tea upon
my table,
And making a mess and a slop with his impertinent hand,
Because he wants to paint the situation where Troy used to
stand;
And though I care a great deal more about my butter and
toast,
Than about *αυαξ ανδρων* and all his abominable host,

here he persists in spurting hot water upon my cheek, and, which is my detestation, quoting a bushel of Greek. And, 'here's the river Simois, and here's Xanthus,' says he, if either of them ever ran with Mr. Weight's best tea; and here's 'Achilles and his Myrmidons.' I think it's very harsh

clap Achilles and all his soldiers into a great boiling marsh;

though I tell him to be quiet, as loud as I can bawl, seems that he thinks me a blockhead, (*Hear, hear,*) for he don't mind me at all.

Before, as I don't like to be in this manner defied, say that the President will immediately decide, whether the rights of Members are to be protected, or whether

Swinburne is to go on upsetting propriety, tea-cups, and Trojans, all together."

SWINBURNE. "Larga quidem, Drance, semper tibi copia fandi--"

LEY. "If you talk any more lingo, you'll be fined and that won't be so handy."

SWINBURNE. "I scorn to talk English where Latin won't be heard,

And if I mayn't answer him classically, I won't answer a single word."

COURTENAY. "Guilty, guilty, the case is clear."

GRAVE. "The Swinburne coach is upset, I fear."

COURTENAY. "To give the Judges no defence
Argues or guilt or insolence;
Be it the first, or be it the last,
Dread is the doom that must now be pass'd."

GRAVE. "Guilty, guilty, the case is clear."

LEY. "Mr. Courtenay, and Gentlemen, I think you're decidedly wrong here,

for I differ from you in most matters, and I differ from you in this;

I say Mr. Swinburne is guilty;—now what if I don't think he is?"

GRAVE—(*testifying astonishment.*)

"Oh! Lord! did you ever?

Oh Lord! no I never!

The culprit was caught, the indictment drawn!
 Like a terrified child,
 Mr. Oakley grows mild,
 Peregrine's mock'd, and the charge withdrawn!"

OAKLEY. "Chairman and King,
 I meant no such thing;

CHORUS. Whence is this shouting and tumult drawn?"
 "You've gone in your track
 Too far to go back,
 Peregrine's mock'd, and the

CHARGE WITHDRAWN."

OAKLEY. "I don't wish or intend to transgress any proper
 rules,
 But I can't help observing that you're altogether
 a parcel of fools."

(Exit in the sullen.—Members testify congratulation.)

COURTENAY. "It's very late!"

O'CONNOR. "Let's have another cup!"

MONTGOMERY. "And sing a song,"

BURTON. "By way of *summing up*!"

CHORUS. "Late is the evening! hush'd is the song,
 Friendly Etonians—health, and good night!
 Be your fame and your 'Articles' equally long!
 Be your Ale and your Genius equally bright."
 The Members shouted *carmen hoc*,
 As sweet as linnet or canary;
 The Club adjourn'd at Six o'clock,

(Signed)

RICHARD HODGSON,

Secretary.

THE DEATH OF ALEXANDER.

FAREWELL to the Hero, whose chivalrous name
 Bade the land of his fathers rise highest in fame ;
 Farewell, Macedonia, to all that was dear ;
 Farewell to thy glory's unbroken career.
 The Triumphs of Empire have fled with a breath,
 And the Day-star of Conquest is faded in death.
 With the soul that once gave thee command over all,
 With the arm that upheld thee, proud land, thou must fall ;
 For the Spirit that warm'd thee for ever hath flown,
 And left thee to weep o'er his sepulchre's stone.

Time was that the lightning, which erst used to play
 From yon eyeball that glares with a powerless ray,
 Would have flash'd through the din, and the tumult of fight,
 As the meteor gleams 'mid the darkness of night.
 Time was, that yon arm would have dealt out the blow
 With the thunderbolt's force on the helm of the foe ;
 And Fancy might think, as the blood-reeking crest
 Of the King and the Warrior shone high o'er the rest,
 That the God of the battle was goading his car
 Through the ranks of the vanquish'd, the tide of the war.
 Time was,—but those glories have long pass'd away,
 Like the breeze of the North o'er the sea-ruffled spray ;
 Like the rose-bud of Summer they died in their bloom,
 And Memory pauses to weep o'er their doom.

Oh! Fiend of Ambition, look down on the shame
 That has darken'd the ray of thy Votary's fame ;
 And blush to confess that in yon low estate
 Lies the remnant of all that was mighty and great.
 And shook not the world, and its kingdoms with dread ?
 And quail'd not the sky as the parting life fled ?

And fell not the Hero where nations pursued,
In the heat of the battle, the toil of the feud?
Did no prodigy herald the last dying pain,
As his breath ebb'd away o'er the millions of slain?

Now, joy to ye, Thebans, whose heart's blood bedew'd
The desolate soil, where thine altars had stood!
Thou Genius of Persia! look down from thy throne,
The battle is won, and the proud are o'erthrown;
And the Spirit of Valour, the bosom of Fire,
That grasp'd at the world in its headlong desire,
Unworthy the fame of the Deified Brave,
Has sunk like the dastard luxurious slave.
Weep, Macedon, weep, o'er thine Hero's decay,
Weep, Macedon! slave of a foreigner's sway;
Give a tear and a frown to the page of thy story,
That tells of the darkness that shrouded his glory;
And lament that his deeds were unable to save
The son of thy love from so lowly a grave.

C. B.

ON THE WRITINGS OF JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE true spirit of criticism, as well as of poetry, has revived in our days; and when that spirit had once developed itself, it was not to be supposed that so fair and extensive, as well as peculiarly interesting a field for its exercise as that of modern poetry, should remain long unoccupied. Accordingly, it has been the fortune of our great contemporaries to have their great characteristic excellencies illustrated, and the interior sources of those excellencies developed, by minds more or less qualified for the task,—minds of various capacity, and which have exerted themselves in very different ways, but all endued with a deep sense of the beautiful in poetry, and

the power of embodying that sense in words. Of good criticism, indeed, as of other good things, we may have too much ; and we are almost tempted to wish, that, like the Dutch in their Spice Islands, we could consume one half of the precious commodity, in order to make the rest more valuable. I only mention this circumstance, however, as exonerating me from pursuing the track in which so many maturer and more highly-endowed intellects are engaged ; and as justifying me in confining my efforts to those little neglected corners of our contemporary literature, which, while the circumstance of their being yet untouched renders the task of their explorer more easy, may also, from the comparatively contracted grasp of mind which is required for their survey, appear more suited to the humble capacities of "The Etonian."

I mean not, however, to intimate, that the writings of James Montgomery have escaped the notice of the censors. It will be remembered that his earliest publication was the object of a severe criticism in the "Edinburgh Review." This was answered by a just and spirited article in the "Quarterly," which, from its style, appears to be the production of an individual, eminent for his efficient and unpretending patronage of youthful merit ; —an individual whose warm benevolence, no less than his unsullied integrity, his abilities, and his extraordinary learning, will be held in honourable remembrance, when the clamour, which the spirit of party and his own indiscretion have raised against him, shall have died away. Since that period, however, though the popularity of Montgomery, before considerable, has continued, or even increased, I am not aware of the appearance of any adequate critique on his writings, nor have I seen his name mentioned by any of the modern critics, except occasionally in a census of our whole poetical population, or as one of a particular class of writers. Feeling, therefore, as I sincerely do, my incompetency to the task of a regular review, and declining any such attempt, I yet

presume to hope that a summary of such detached remarks as have occurred to me on the writings of the author now before me may not be unacceptable to "The Etonian;" and, in the retrospective view of his various works which this will include, I may be permitted to make my most copious quotations from the last volume, as being less generally known than the rest.

It is more easy to comprehend than to define the peculiar genius of a writer; and that of Montgomery, though inferior in magnitude to those of most of his contemporaries, is sufficiently original. The character of his mind seems to be rather that of delicacy than of strength*; combining with a keen perception of the beauty inherent in the milder feelings of our nature, a power of embodying that beauty in language. There is a feminine beauty in his compositions, as well as a feminine weakness; and their effect, if I may be permitted to use a fanciful illustration, resembles the "sweet influences" of the evening star. All objects appear to him, through the medium of his own imagination, invested with a certain tender brilliancy peculiarly his own, and to which I have seen nothing exactly similar elsewhere. The Quarterly Reviewer happily compares him to Klopstock; but in his temper and sentiments, as displayed in his writings, he bears more resemblance to Cowper than to any other writer that I know. Differing from him in kind and degree of talent, almost as much as it is possible for one genuine poet to differ from another, he has all his delicacy, timidity, and acuteness of feeling, his high moral tone, his patriotic warmth, his enthusiastic love of nature, and his heartfelt and affectionate respect for the female sex. Like Cowper, too, a tinge of melan-

* It is of his poetry I speak. I have heard that his occasional articles in *The Sheffield Iris* (of which he is joint editor) are characterized by a vigour which is not visible in his poems. The few specimens I have seen confirm this opinion.

choly pervades his writings; but it is nothing more than a tinge: its effect is like a gentle shade diffused over all his works, chastening, and solemnizing, and resembling that so beautifully described in the picture of his antediluvian heroine:—

“ Time had but touch'd her form to finer grace,
Years had but shed their favours on her face,
While secret love, and unrewarded truth,
Like cold clear dew upon the rose of youth,
Gave to the springing flower a chasten'd bloom,
And shut from rising winds its coy perfume.”

Another feature of resemblance between Cowper and his successor is that which distinguishes the latter from all his contemporary poets—his peculiar religious system, which I allude to on account of the influence which it exerts upon his writings. It must be allowed that this system is, in some parts at least, highly favourable to poetry. The sublime purity, and, if I may so speak, *absoluteness* of its moral precepts, the devotional feeling which it inculcates, and the mysterious beauty which it throws around the most ordinary things, when viewed in its own light, are among its poetical features. We may observe everywhere, in the writings of our author, how a familiarity with religious subjects tinges the stream of the imagination, and converts the feelings of the mind and the beauties of nature into reflections and remembrances of the “things unseen.” To him the graces and glories of creation appear invested with an awful sanctity: she is, as it were, a chaste and transcendently beautiful bride, separate and consecrated to one. Amidst scenes which, to another mind, would suggest classical or romantic recollections, he is reminded of the marvellous histories and the sublime theology of Scripture.

———“ O'er eastern mountains seen afar,
With golden splendor, rose the morning star,
As if an Angel-centinel of night,
From earth to heaven, had wing'd his homeward flight,—

Glorious at first, but lessening by the way,
And lost insensibly in higher day."

"The smiling star, that lights the world to rest,
Walk'd in the rosy gardens of the west,
Like Eve erewhile, through Eden's blooming bowers,
A lovelier star amidst a heaven of flowers."

—"From the east the moon with doubtful gleams
Now tipp'd the hills, now glanced athwart the streams;
Till, darting through the clouds her beauteous eye,
She open'd all the temple of the sky."

—"Oft o'er these cliffs the transient storm
And partial darkness lower,
While yonder summits far away
Shine sweetly through the gloom,
Like glimpses of eternal day
Beyond the tomb."

In like manner, the charms and enjoyments of domestic life acquire a new and nameless endearment, when consecrated by religion; and the cause of liberty assumes additional dignity from the express interposition of the God of Justice in its behalf. And even where the effect of an habitual communion with religious thoughts and feelings is not thus palpable, it may be discerned in its collateral manifestations, pervading the whole of the writer's moral system, and diffusing a visible purity and benevolence wherever it extends. Even his melancholy seems transmuted by its influence; deep and perennial as its springs appear to be, it never darkens into despondence or repining; the spirit of hope, and thankfulness, and humble rejoicing, is perpetually breaking forth through the incumbent gloom,

—"Turning the dusky veil
Into a substance glorious as her own."

We are reminded of Cowper's description of David in the Wilderness:

"Hear the sweet accents of his tuneful voice,
 Hear him, o'erwhelm'd with sorrow, yet rejoice;
 No womanish or wailing grief has part,
 No, not a moment in his royal heart;
 'Tis manly music, such as martyrs make,
 Suffering with gladness for a Saviour's sake."

Whether these advantages may not be counterpoised by the influence of a different nature; whether the influence of a particular system may not be such as to produce habitual timidity of mind, unfavourable to the full development of the faculties; or whether, from a certain rigidity and over-scrupulousness, it may not circumscribe the poet unnecessarily in his choice of subjects, hang a dead weight upon his imagination; are questions which I do not feel myself qualified to discuss, and which, indeed, I have not time to enter upon; although they form part, as I think, of a curious and interesting subject.

I had prepared to survey the poems before me in various other points of view; my time, however, allows me to advert in general to what I have more than once said already, the noble tenor of his sentiments, in which he has proved himself no unworthy successor of the eminent reformer in poetry and poetical morals, with whom I have in some respects compared him. He has said of himself,

No!—to the generous Bard belong
 Diviner themes and purer song:
 —To hail Religion from above,
 Descending in the form of Love,
 And pointing through a world of strife
 The narrow way that leads to life:
 —To pour the balm of heavenly rest
 Through Sorrow's agonizing breast;
 With Pity's tender arms embrace
 The orphans of a kindred race;
 And in one zone of concord bind
 The lawless spoilers of mankind:

—To sing in numbers boldly free
 The wars and woes of liberty;
 The glory of her triumphs tell,
 Her nobler suffering when she fell,
 Girt with the phalanx of the brave,
 Or widow'd on the patriot's grave,
 Which tyrants tremble to pass by,
 Ev'n on the car of Victory.

These are the Bard's sublimest views,
 The angel-visions of the Muse,
 That o'er his morning slumbers shine;
 These are his themes,—and these were mine."

Mr. Montgomery's first publication, "The Wanderer of Switzerland," was written to commemorate the gallant resistance of the Swiss patriots to the aggressions of revolutionary France; and is an instance of that *true* consistency, common to our author with many greater men, who, like him, were in early youth seduced into an acquiescence in the great delusion of the world. With this poem I am not ashamed to own myself almost totally unacquainted; having perused it at an age when I was incapable of understanding its beauties, and having never since re-perused it. From my indistinct recollections, however, and the opinions of others, I gather that it was brilliant, animated, and enthusiastic, overflowing with high-wrought sentiment and youthful tenderness, and all the luxuriances of heart and intellect, which characterize the productions of a poet whose genius is not yet fully developed. The "Edinburgh Review" entitled it "a mixture of the epic, lyric, and dramatic:" this is a description which would more aptly apply to Milman's "Samor;" it is certain, however, that Montgomery's strong lyrical propensities, as in the case of Campbell's "Gertrude of Wyoming," gave a tinge to his narrative style. As a lyrical writer, indeed, he is superior to almost all his contemporaries. Of this the poems annexed to the "Wanderer of Switzerland" give signal proofs;

to these, however, as to the work itself, I can only at present refer my readers.

His next poem, "The West Indies," was written on occasion of the abolition of the Slave-trade. This work will be best characterized by observing, that those who read it with the express purpose of being pleased will be greatly disappointed, but that if read as a task, it will afford them much gratification; seeing that the pleasures which we meet with in the performing of a laborious duty, are to us so much clear gain, and have accordingly the more effect. Its great deficiency is a want of plan, and a consequent want of interest: it has less the air of a system than of a succession of parts. Its descriptions are brilliant, its language glowing even to extravagance, and its sentiments generous, though perhaps tinged slightly with ultra-philanthropy. The poems annexed to it are among his most beautiful compositions. The "Harp of Sorrow," somewhat resembling in the thought the first of the Anacreontic Odes, and which is equally appropriate as a preface to the rest, is a fine expression of individual feeling. We extract two stanzas on the *Æolian* harp:—

" Thus o'er the light *Æolian* lyre
The winds of dark November stray,
Touch the quick nerve of every wire,
And on its magic pulses play;—

Till all the air around,
Mysterious murmurs fill,
A strange bewildering dream of sound,
Most heavenly sweet,—yet mournful still."

I must also recommend to my readers an exquisite little piece entitled, "A Walk in Spring;" "The Dial;" "Bolehill Trees;" a fine ballad on the Loss of the *Britannia*; and a poem on the death of a young lady, who, in her last illness, had been soothed by the perusal of his poems. One of these pieces, "The Molehill,"

bears a strong resemblance, in the idea, to a piece of Barry Cornwall's, called "The Dream:" in each the poet calls up, in imagination, the forms and scenes in past history, on which his mind has been accustomed to dwell; and the contrast is curious. One surveys the "mighty past" through a medium like that of a cheerful and lightsome summer morning; to the other, the view seems overshadowed by a calm and gentle twilight. One calls up the shades of olden love, and beauty, and mirth, the wood nymphs, and youthful gods, and festive monarchs, and heroes who lost all the world for love: the other evokes the legislators, and patriots, and inventors, and poets of old time; and if he deviates from his own course it is in his own way:—

" With *moonlight* softness Helen's charms
Break through the spectred gloom."

The one, when once his vision of life, and joy, and beauty is broken by a sound of terror, wakes and sleeps no more; his view is bounded by the sprightly and happy world before him: the other, as the "vision of the tomb" dissolves, looks beyond—his thoughts revert to his own immortal hopes and fears, and he concludes in a strain of pensive hope and humble triumph.

The "World before the Flood" is, we think, the first of Montgomery's performances. The subject is happy; it is connected with high and beautiful associations; the age of the patriarchs, as has been well observed, is one golden age; the *beau idéal* of simplicity and happiness; and the spirit of gentleness and affection which the poet has breathed through all his delineations of the domestic life of the patriarchs, imparts to them a beauty which, in its kind, I know not that I have seen equalled. Southey sometimes approaches to it. The Second Canto, in particular, is one piece of chaste and delicious magic

from beginning to end; a consecrated fairy ground—a picture of innocent love, touched with an ærial tint, which makes it the more enchanting. I shall quote the address to Twilight from the Sixth Canto:—

“ I love thee, Twilight ! as thy shadows roll,
The calm of evening steals upon my soul,
Sublimely tender, solemnly serene,
Still as the hour, enchanting as the scene.
I love thee, Twilight ! for thy gleams impart
Their dear, their dying influence to my heart,
When o'er the harp of thought thy passing wind
Awakens all the music of the mind,
And Joy and Sorrow, as the spirit burns,
And Hope and Memory sweep the chords by turns,
While Contemplation, on seraphic wings,
Mounts with the flame of sacrifice and sings.
Twilight ! I love thee ; let thy glooms increase
Till every feeling, every pulse is peace ;
Slow from the sky the light of day declines,
Clearer within the dawn of glory shines,
Revealing, in the hour of Nature's rest,
A world of wonders in the Poet's breast :
Deeper, O Twilight ! then thy shadows roll,
An awful vision opens on my soul.”

Among the poems subjoined, I am struck particularly with “ The Peak Mountains,” “ A Daughter to her Mother,” and “ Departed Days.”

Of “ Greenland” I have scarce time to say any thing in want of system, and an air of historical detail, it resembles “ The West Indies ;” but it contains many gorgeous descriptions of icy scenery, and sweet touches of domestic tenderness. The last Canto, which relates the destruction of the Colony of East Greenland by a succession of calamities, is one rapid succession of magnificent and mournful phantasms—the glories of Nature being introduced, as it were, to throw a splendid pall round the departing hopes of man. The poem opens thus :—

"The moon is watching in the sky ; the stars
 Are swiftly wheeling on their golden cars ;
 Ocean, outstretcht with infinite expanse,
 Serenely slumbers in a glorious trance ;
 The tide, o'er which no troubling spirits breathe,
 Reflects a cloudless firmament beneath ;
 Where poised as in the centre of a sphere,
 A ship above and ship below appear ;
 A double image, pictured on the deep,
 The vessel o'er its shadow seems to sleep ;
 Yet, like the host of heaven, that never rest,
 With evanescent motion to the west,
 The pageant glides through loneliness and night,
 And leaves behind a rippling wake of light."

The concluding lines in the following description of Moravian settlement strike us as of extreme beauty:—

"Soon, homes of humble form, and structure rude,
 Raised sweet society in solitude :
 And the lorn traveller there, at fall of night,
 Could trace from distant hills the spangled light,
 Which now from many a cottage window stream'd,
 Or in full glory round the chapel beam'd ;
 While hymning voices, in the silent shade,
 Music of all his soul's affections made."

The following is from the last Canto:—

"Comes there no ship again to Greenland's shore ?
 There comes another ;—there shall come no more ;
 Nor this shall reach a haven :—What are these
 Stupendous monuments upon the seas ?
 Works of Omnipotence, in wondrous forms,
 Immoveable as mountains in the storms !
 Far as Imagination's eye can roll,
 One range of Alpine glaciers to the pole
 Flanks the whole eastern coast ; and, branching wide,
 Arches o'er many a league th' indignant tide,
 That works and frets, with unavailing flow,
 To mine a passage to the beach below ;
 Thence from its neck that winter-yoke to rend,
 And down the gulph the crashing fragments send.
 There lies a vessel in this realm of frost,
 Not wreck'd, nor stranded, yet for ever lost ;

Its keel embedded in the solid mass ;
 Its glistening sails appear expanded glass ;
 The transverse ropes with pearls enormous strung,
 The yards with icicles grotesquely hung.
 Wrapt in the topmast shrouds there rests a boy,
 His old seafaring father's only joy ;
 Sprung from a race of rovers, ocean-born,
 Nursed at the helm, he trod dry land with scorn :
 Through fourscore years from port to port he veer'd,
 Quicksand, nor rock, nor foe, nor tempest fear'd ;
 Now cast ashore, though like a hulk he lie,
 His son at sea is ever in his eye,
 And his prophetic thought, from age to age,
 Esteems the waves his offspring's heritage :
He ne'er shall know, in his Norwegian cot,
 How brief that son's career, how strange his lot ;
 Writhed round the mast, and sepulchred in air,
 Him shall no worm devour, no vulture tear ;
 Congeal'd to adamant his frame shall last,
 Though empires change, till time and tide be past.

On deck, in groups embracing as they died,
 Singly, erect, or slumbering side by side,
 Behold the crew !—They sail'd, with hope elate,
 For eastern Greenland ; till, ensnared by fate,
 In toils that mock'd their utmost strength and skill,
 They felt, as by a charm, their ship stand still ;
 The madness of the wildest gale that blows
 Were mercy to that shudder of repose,
 When withering horror struck from heart to heart
 The blunt rebound of Death's benumbing dart,
 And each, a petrification at his post,
 Look'd on yon father, and gave up the ghost ;*
 He meekly kneeling, with his hands upraised,
 His beard of driven snow, eyes fix'd and glazed,

*The *Danish Chronicle* says, that the Greenland colonists were tri-
 y to the kings of Norway from the year 1023 ; soon after which
 embraced Christianity. In its more flourishing period this province
 ed to have been divided into a hundred parishes, under the super-
 lence of a bishop. From 1120 to 1408 the succession of seventeen
 s is recorded. In the last-mentioned year, Andrew, ordained
 p of Greenland, by Askill, Archbishop of Drontheim, sailed for his
 e ; but whether he arrived there, or was cast away, was never
 1. To his imagined fate this episode alludes."

Alone among the dead shall yet survive,
 —Th' imperishable dead that seem alive ;
 —Th' immortal dead, whose spirits, breaking free,
 Bore his last words into eternity,
 While with a seraph's zeal, a Christian's love,
 Till his tongue fail'd, he spoke of joys above.
 Now motionless, amidst the icy air,
 He breathes from marble lips unutter'd prayer.
 The clouds condensed, with dark, unbroken hue
 Of stormy purple, overhang his view;
 Save in the west, to which he strains his sight,
 One golden streak, that grows intensely bright,
 Till thence th' emerging sun, with lightning blaze,
 Pours the whole quiver of his arrowy rays ;
 The smitten rocks to instant diamond turn,
 And round th' expiring saint such visions burn,
 As if the gates of Paradise were thrown
 Wide open to receive his soul ;——'t is flown.
 The glory vanishes, and over all
 Cimmerian darkness spreads her funeral pall.

Morn shall return, and noon, and eve, and night
 Meet here, with interchanging shade and light :
 But from this bark no timber shall decay,
 Of these cold forms no feature pass away ;
 Perennial ice around th' encrusted bow,
 The peopled deck, and full-rigg'd masts, shall grow,
 Till from the sun himself the whole be hid,
 Or spied beneath a crystal pyramid ;
 As in pure amber, with divergent lines,
 A rugged shell emboss'd with sea-weed shines.
 From age to age increased with annual snow,
 This new *Mont Blanc* among the clouds may glow,
 Whose conic peak, that earliest greets the dawn,
 And latest from the sun's shut eye withdrawn,
 Shall from the zenith, through incumbent gloom,
 Burn like a lamp upon this naval tomb.
 But when th' Archangel's trumpet sounds on high,
 The pile shall burst to atoms through the sky,
 And leave its dead, upstarting, at the call,
 Naked and pale, before the Judge of all."

Among the concluding poems there are some of ex-
 ing beauty. The lines entitled "*Incognita*" are
 racteristic (in the conclusion almost too characterist

author. There is a sweetness in the stanza beginning "Somewhere," which reminds me of more than one age of Burns:—

"Image of One, who lived of yore!
Hail to that lovely mien,
Once quick and conscious; now no more
On land or ocean seen!
Were all earth's breathing forms to pass
Before me in Agrippa's glass,*
Many as fair as thou might be,
But oh! not one,—not one like thee.

Thou art no Child of Fancy;—thou
The very look dost wear,
That gave enchantment to a brow,
Wreathed with luxuriant hair;
Lips of the morn embathed in dew,
And eyes of evening's starry blue;
Of all who e'er enjoy'd the sun,
Thou art the image of but One.

And who was she, in virgin prime,
And May of womanhood,
Whose roses here, unpluck'd by Time,
In shadowy tints have stood;
While many a winter's withering blast
Hath o'er the dark cold chamber pass'd,
In which her once-resplendent form
Slumber'd to dust beneath the storm?

Of gentle blood;—upon her birth
Consenting planets smiled,
And she had seen those days of mirth
That frolic round the child;
To bridal bloom her strength had sprung,
Behold her, beautiful and young!
Lives there a record, which hath told
That she was wedded, widow'd, old?

* Henry Cornelius Agrippa of Nettesheim, counsellor to Charles V. of Germany,—the author of 'Occult Philosophy,' and other works,—is said to have shown to the Earl of Surrey the image mistress Geraldine, in a magical mirror."

How long her date, 't were vain to guess ;
 The pencil's cunning art
 Can but a single glance express,
 One motion of the heart ;
 A smile, a blush,—a transient grace
 Of air, and attitude, and face ;
 One passion's changing colour mix ;
 One moment's flight for ages fix.

Her joys and griefs, alike in vain
 Would fancy here recall :
 Her throbs of ecstasy or pain
 Lull'd in oblivion all ;
 With her, methinks, life's little hour
 Pass'd like the fragrance of a flower,
 That leaves upon the vernal wind
 Sweetness we ne'er again may find.

Where dwelt she ?—Ask yon aged tree,
 Whose boughs embower the lawn,
 Whether the birds' wild minstrelsy
 Awoke her here at dawn ;
 Whether beneath its youthful shade,
 At noon in infancy she play'd :
 —If from the oak no answer come,
 Of her all oracles are dumb.

The dead are like the stars by day ;
 —Withdrawn from mortal eye,
 But not extinct, they hold their way
 In glory through the sky :
 Spirits, from bondage thus set free,
 Vanish amidst immensity,
 Where human thought, like human sight,
 Fails to pursue their trackless flight.

Somewhere within created space,
 Could I explore that round,
 In bliss or woe there is a place,
 Where she might still be found ;
 And oh ! unless those eyes deceive,
 I may, I must, I will believe,
 That she, whose charms so meekly glow,
 Is what she only seem'd below ;—

An angel in that glorious realm,
 Where God himself is King;
 —But Awe and Fear, that overwhelm
 Presumption; check my wing;
 Nor dare Imagination look
 Upon the symbols of that book,
 Wherein eternity enrolls
 The judgments on departed souls.

Of her of whom these pictured lines
 A faint resemblance form;
 —Fair as the *second* rainbow shines
 Aloof amid the storm;—
 Of Her, this “shadow of a shade,”
 Like its original must fade,
 And she, forgotten when unseen,
 Shall be as if she ne’er had been.

Ah! then perchance this dreaming strain,
 Of all that e’er I sung,
 A lorn memorial may remain,
 When silent lies my tongue;
 When shot the meteor of my fame,
 Lost the vain echo of my name,
 This leaf, this fallen leaf, may be
 The-only trace of her and me.

AN AFTER-THOUGHT.

With one who lived of old, my song
 In lowly cadence rose;
 To one who is unborn, belong
 The accents of its close:
 Ages to come, with courteous ear,
 Some youth my warning voice may hear,
 And voices from the dead should be
 The warnings of eternity.

When these weak lines thy presence greet,
 Reader! if I am bless’d,
 Again, as spirits, may we meet
 In glory and in rest:

If not,—and I have lost my way,
 Here part we ;—go not *Thou* astray;
 No tomb, no verse my story tell !
 Once, and for ever, fare thee well."

I have just time to point out the " Little Cloud" as one of the most finished pieces with which I am acquainted; and extract part of a patriotic effusion addressed to Britain :

"I love thee, O my native Isle :
 Dear as my mother's earliest smile,
 Sweet as my father's voice to me .
 Is all I hear, and all I see,
 When, glancing o'er thy beauteous land,
 In view thy *Public Virtues* stand,
 The guardian angels of thy coast,
 Who watch the dear *domestic Host*,
 The *Heart's Affections*, pleased to roam
 Around the quiet heaven of home.

I love thee,—when I mark thy soil
 Flourish beneath the peasant's toil,
 And from its lap of verdure throw
 Treasures which neither Indies know.

I love thee,—when I hear around
 Thy looms, and wheels, and anvils sound,
 Thine engines heaving all their force,
 Thy waters labouring on their course,
 And arts, and industry, and wealth
 Exulting in the joys of health.

I love thee,—when I trace thy tale
 To the dim point where records fail;
 Thy deeds of old renown inspire
 My bosom with our fathers' fire ;
 A proud inheritance I claim
 In all their sufferings, all their fame ;
 Nor less delighted when I stray
 Down history's lengthening, widening way,
 And hail thee in thy present hour,
 From the meridian arch of power,
 Shedding the lustre of thy reign,
 Like sunshine, over land and main.

I love thee,—when I read the lays
Of British bards in elder days,
Till, rapt on visionary wings,
High o'er thy cliffs my spirit sings ;
For I, among thy living' choir,
I, too, can touch the sacred lyre.

I love thee,—when I contemplate
The full-orb'd grandeur of thy state ;
Thy laws and liberties, that rise,
Man's noblest works beneath the skies,
To which the Pyramids were tame,
And Grecian temples bow their fame ;
These, thine immortal sages wrought
Out of the deepest mines of thought !
These, on the scaffold, in the field,
Thy warriors won, thy patriots seal'd ;
These, at the parricidal pyre,
Thy martyrs sanctified in fire,
And, with the generous blood they spilt,
Wash'd from thy soil their murderers' guilt,
Cancell'd the curse which vengeance sped,
And left a blessing in its stead.
—Can words, can numbers count the price
Paid for this little paradise ?
Never, oh ! never be it lost ;
The land is *worth* the price it cost.

I love thee,—when thy Sabbath dawns
O'er woods and mountains, dales and lawns,
And streams that sparkle while they run,
As if their fountain were the sun :
When, hand in hand, thy tribes repair,
Each to their chosen house of prayer,
And all in peace and freedom call
On Him, who is the Lord of all.

W.

THE COUNTY BALL.

" Busy people, great and small,
Awkward dancers, short and tall,
Ladies, fighting which shall call,
Loungers, pertly quizzing all."

ANON.

THIS is a night of pleasure ! Care,
I shake thee from me ! do not dare
To stir from out thy murky cell,
Where, in their dark recesses, dwell
Thy kindred Gnomes, who love to nip
The rose on Beauty's cheek and lip,
Until, beneath their venom'd breath,
Life wears the pallid hue of Death.
Avaunt ! I shake thee from me, Care !
The gay, the youthful, and the fair,
From " Lodge," and " Court," and " House," a
" Hall,"

Are hurrying to the County Ball.
Avaunt ! I tread on haunted ground,
And giddy Pleasure draws around,
To shield us from thine envious spite,
Her magic circle ! nought to-night
Over that guarded barrier flies
But laughing lips and smiling eyes ;
My look shall gaze around me free
And like my look my line shall be ;
While Fancy leaps in every vein,
While love is life, and thought is pain,
I will not rule that look and line
By any word or will of thine.

The Moon hath risen ! Still and pale
Thou movest in thy silver veil,

Queen of the night; the filmy shroud
Of many a mild transparent cloud
Hides yet adorns thee—meet disguise
To shield thy blush from mortal eyes.
Full many a maid hath loved to gaze
Upon thy melancholy rays;
And many a fond despairing youth
Hath breathed to thee his tale of truth:
And many a luckless rhyming wight
Hath look'd upon thy tender light,
And spill'd his precious ink upon it,
In Ode, or Elegy, or Sonnet.
Alas! at this inspiring hour
I feel not, I, thy boasted power!
Nor seek to gain thine approbation
By vow, or prayer, or invocation;
I ask not what the vapours are,
That veil thee like a white cymar;
Nor do I care a single straw
For all the stars I ever saw!
I fly from thee, I fly from these,
To bow to earthly Goddesses,
Whose forms in mortal beauty shine,
As fair, but not so cold, as thine!

But this is foolish! Stars and Moon,
You look quite beautiful in June;
But, when a Bard sits down to sing,
Your beauty is a dangerous thing;
To muse upon your placid beam
One wanders sadly from one's theme,
And when weak poets go astray,
The stars are more in fault than they.*
The Moon is charming! so, perhaps,
Are pretty maidens in mob-caps;

* And when weak women go astray,
The Stars are more in fault than they."

But, when a Ball is in the case,
They're both a little out of place.

I love a Ball ! there's such an air
Of magic in the lustres' glare,
And such a spell of witchery
In all I hear, and all I see,
That I can read in every dance
Some relique sweet of old romance :
As fancy wills, I laugh and smile,
And talk such nonsense all the while,
That when Dame Reason rules again,
And morning cools my heated brain,
Reality itself doth seem
Nought but the pageant of a dream :
In raptures deep I gaze, as now,
On smiling lip, and tranquil brow,
While merry voices echo round,
And music's most inviting sound
Swells on mine ear ; the glances fly,
And love and folly flutter high,
And many a fair romantic cheek,
Redden'd with pleasure or with pique,
Glow with a sentimental flush,
That seems a bright unfading blush ;
And slender arms before my face
Are rounded with a statue's grace ;
And ringlets wave, and beauteous feet
Swifter than lightning part and meet ;
Frowns come and go ; white hands are press'd
And sighs are heard, and secrets guess'd,
And looks are kind, and eyes are bright,
And tongues are free, and hearts are light.

Sometimes upon the crowd I look,
Secure in some sequester'd nook,
And while from thence I look and listen,
Though ladies' eyes so gaily glisten,
Though ladies' locks so lightly float,
Though music pours her mellow'd note,

Some little spite will oft intrude,
Upon my merry solitude.

By turns the ever-varying scene
Awakes within me mirth and spleen ;
By turns the gay and vain appear—
By turns I love to smile and sneer,
Mixing my malice with my glee,
Good humour with misanthropy :
And while my raptured eyes adore
Half the bright forms that flit before,
I notice with a little laugh
The follies of the other half.
That little laugh will oft call down,
From matron sage, rebuke and frown ;
Little in truth for these I care—
By Momus and his mirth I swear !
For all the dishes Rowley tastes,
For all the paper Courtenay wastes,
For all the punch his subjects quaff,
I would not change that little laugh.*

Shall I not laugh, when every fool
Comes hither for my ridicule,
When every face, that flits to-night
In long review before my sight,
Shows off unask'd its airs and graces,
Unconscious of the mirth it raises ?

Skill'd to deceive our ears and eyes
By civil looks and civil lies,
Skill'd from the search of men to hide
His narrow bosom's inward pride,
And charm the blockheads he beguiles
By uniformity of smiles,

* ————— "Hoc ego opertum,
Hoc ridere meum, tam nil, nullâ tibi vendo
—Iliade."

The County Member, bright Sir Paul,
Is Primo Buffo at the Ball.

Since first he long'd to represent
His fellow-men in Parliament,
Court'd the cobblers and their spouses,
And sought his honours in mud-houses,
Full thirty springs have come and fled ;
And though from off his shining head
The twin-destroyers, Time and Care,
Begin to pluck its fading hair,
Yet where it grew, and where it grows,
Lie powder's never-varying snows,
And hide the havoc years have made
In kind monotony of shade.

Sir Paul is young in all but years ;
And when his courteous face appears,
The maiden wall-flowers of the room
Admire the freshness of his bloom,
Hint that his face has made him vain,
And vow " he grows a boy again ;"
And giddy girls of gay fifteen
Mimic his manner and his mien,
And when the supple Politician
Bestows his bow of recognition,
Or forces on th' averted ear
The flattery it affects to fear ;
They look, and laugh behind the fan,
And dub Sir Paul " the young old man."

Look ! as he paces round, he greets
With nod and simper all he meets :—
" Ah ! ha ! your Lordship !¹ is it you ?
Still slave to beauty and *beaux yeux* ?
Well ! well !—and how 's the gout, my Lord ?—
My dear Sir Charles ! upon my word
L'air de Paris, since last I knew you
Has been Medea's cauldron to you :

William ! my boy ! how fast you grow !
 Yours is a light fantastic toe,
 Wing'd with the wings of Mercury !
 I was a scholar once, you see !
 And how 's the mare you used to ride ?
 And who 's the Hebe by your side ?—
 Doctor ! I thought I heard you sneeze !
 How is my dear Hippocrates ?
 What have you done for old John Oates,
 The gouty merchant with five votes ?
 What ! dead ! well ! well ! no fault of yours !
 There is no drug that always cures !
 Ah ! doctor ! I begin to break !
 And I 'm glad of it, for *your* sake—”

As thus the spruce M. P. runs on,
 Some quiet dame, who dotes upon
 His speeches, buckles, and grimace,
 Grows very eloquent in praise.
 “ How can they say Sir Paul is proud ?
 I 'm sure, in all the evening's crowd,
 There 's not a man that bows so low ;
 His words come out so soft and slow ;
 And, when he begg'd me ‘ keep my seat,’
 He look'd so civil and so sweet.”—
 “ Ma'am,” says her spouse, in harsher tone,
 “ He only wants to keep his own.”
 Her Ladyship is in a huff,
 And Miss, enraged at *Ma's* rebuff,
 Rings the alarm in t'other ear :
 “ Lord ! now, Papa, you 're too severe ;
 Where in the county will you see
 Manners so taking and so free ? ”
 “ His manners free ? I only know
 Our votes have made his letters so ! ”
 “ And then he talks with so much ease—
 And then he gives such promises ! ”
 “ Gives promises ? and well he may !
 You know they 're all he gives away ! ”

"How folks misrepresent Sir Paul!"
 "'Tis he misrepresents us all!"
 "How very stale! but you'll confess
 He has a charming taste in dress;
 And uses such delightful scent;
 And when he pays a compliment—"
 "Eh! and what then, my pretty pet?
 What then?—he never pays a debt."

Sir Paul is skill'd in all the tricks
 Of politesse, and politics;
 Long hath he learn'd to wear a mien
 So still, so open, so serene,
 That strangers in those features grave
 Would strive in vain to read a knave.
 Alas! it is believed by all
 There is more "Sir" than "Saint" in Paul;
 He knows the value of a place;
 Can give a promise with a grace;
 Is quite an adept at excuse;
 Sees when a vote will be of use;
 And, if the Independents flinch,
 Can help his Lordship at a pinch.
 Acutely doth he read the fate
 Of deep intrigues and plans of state;
 And if perchance some powder'd peer
 Hath gain'd or lost the Monarch's ear,
 Foretels, without a shade of doubt,
 The comings in and goings out.
 When placemen of distinguish'd note
 Mistake, mislead, misname, misquote;
 Confound the Papist and the Turk,
 Or murder Sheridan and Burke,
 Or make a riddle of the Laws,
 Sir Paul grows hoarse in his applause:
 And when in words of equal size
 Some Oppositionist replies,
 And talks of taxes and starvation,
 And Catholic Emancipation;

The Knight, in indolent repose,
Looks only to the Ayes and Noes.
Let youth say "Grand!" Sir Paul says "stuff!"
Let youth take fire!—Sir Paul takes snuff.

Methinks amid the crowded room
I see one countenance of gloom;
Whence is young Edmund's pain or pique?
Whence is the paleness of his cheek?
And whence the wrathful eye, that now
Lowers, like Kean's, beneath the brow;
And now again on earth is bent,
'Twixt anger and embarrassment?
Is he poetical—or sad?
Really—or fashionably—mad?
Are his young spirits colder grown
At Ellen's—or the Muse's frown?
He did not love in other days
To wear the sullens on his face,
When merry sights and sounds were near;
Nor on his unregarding ear
Unheeded thus was wont to fall
The Music of the County Ball.

I pity all whom Fate unites
To vulgar Belles on Gala Nights;
But chiefly him who haply sees
The day-star of his destinies—
The Beauty of his fondest dreaming
Sitting in solitude, and seeming
To lift her dark capricious eye
Beneath its fringe reproachingly.
Alas! my luckless friend is tied
To the fair Hoyden by his side,
Who opens, without law or rule,
The treasures of the boarding-school:
And she is prating learnedly
Of logic and of chemistry,
Describing chart and definition
With geographical precision,

Culling her words, as bid by chance,
 From England, Italy, or France,
 Until, like many a clever dunce,
 She murders all the three at once.
 Sometimes she mixes by the ounce
 Discussions deep on frill and flounce,
 Points out the stains, that stick, like burrs,
 To ladies' gowns,—or characters ;
 Talks of the fiddles, and the weather,
 Of Laura's wreath, and Fannia's feather ;
 All which obedient Edmund hears
 With passive look, and open ears,
 And understands about as much
 As if the Lady spoke in Dutch ;
 Until, in indignation high,
 She finds the youth makes no reply,
 And thinks he's grown as deaf a stock
 As Dido,—or Marpesian rock.*

Ellen,—the lady of his love,
 Is doom'd the like distress to prove,
 Chain'd to a Captain of the wars
 Like Venus by the side of Mars.
 Hark ! Valour talks of conquer'd towns,
 See ! silent Beauty frets and frowns ;
 The man of fights is wondering now
 That Girls *won't* speak when Dandies bow ;
 And Ellen finds, with much surprise,
 That Beaux *will* speak when Belles despise.
 " Ma'am," says the Captain, " I protest
 I come to ye a stranger guest,
 Fresh from the dismal dangerous land,
 Where men are blinded by the sand,
 Where undiscover'd things are hid
 In owl-frequented pyramid,

* " Dido—non magis—sermone movetur
 Quam si dura silex, aut stet Marpesia cautes."—VIRG.

And mummies with their silent looks
 Appear like memorandum-books,
 Giving a hint of death, for fear
 We men should be too happy here.
 But if upon my native land
 Fair ones as still as mummies stand,
 By Jove—I had as lieve be there!"—
 (The Lady looks—"I wish you were.")
 "I fear I'm very dull to-night"—
 (The Lady looks—"You're very right.")
 "But if one smile—one cheering ray"—
 (The Lady looks another way.)
 "Alas! from some more happy man—"
 (The Lady stoops and bites her fan,)
 "Flattery, perhaps, is not a crime,"
 (The Lady dances out of time,)
 "Perhaps e'en now, within your heart,
 Cruel! you wish us leagues apart,
 And banish me from Beauty's presence!"
 The Lady bows in acquiescence,
 With steady brow, and studied face,
 As if she thought, in such a case,
 A contradiction to her Beau
 Neither polite—nor a-propos.

Unawed by scandal or by sneer
 Is Reuben Nott the blunderer here?
 What! is he willing to expose
 His erring brain to friends and foes
 And does he venturously dare,
 'Midst grinning fop, and spiteful fair,
 In spite of all their ancient slips,
 To open those unhappy lips?

Poor Reuben! o'er his infant head
 Her choicest bounties Nature shed;
 She gave him talent, humour, sense,
 A decent face, and competence,
 And then to mar the beauteous plan,
 She bade him be—an absent man.

Ever offending, ever fretting,
 Ever explaining, and forgetting,
 He blunders on from day to day,
 And drives his nearest friends away.
 Do Farces meet with flat damnation?
 He's ready with "congratulation."
 Are friends in office not *quite* pure?
 He owns "he hates a sinecure."
 Was Major —— in foreign strife
 Not *over* prodigal of life?—
 He talks about "the coward's grave :"
 And "who so base as be a slave?"
 Is some fair cousin made a wife
 In the full autumn of her life?—
 He's sure to shock the *youthful* bride
 With "forty years, come Whitsuntide."

He wanders round! I'll act the spy
 Upon his fatal courtesies,
 Which always gives the greatest pain,
 Where most it strives to entertain.
 "Edward! my boy! an age has pass'd
 Methinks, since Reuben saw you last;
 How fares the Abbey? and the rooks?
 Your tenants? and your sister's looks?
 Lovely and fascinating still,
 With lips that wound, and eyes that kill?
 When last I saw her dangerous face,
 There was a lover in the case—
 A pretty pair of epaulettes!—
 But then, there were some ugly debts!—
 A match? Nay! why so gloomy, boy?
 Upon my life I wish 'em joy!"

With arms enfolded o'er his breast,
 And fingers clench'd, and lips compress'd,
 And eye, whose every glance appears
 To speak a threat in Reuben's ears,

That youth hath heard ; 't is brief and stern
 The answer that he deigns return ;
 Then silent on his homeward way,
 Like Ossian's ghosts, he strides away.

Astonish'd at his indignation,
 Reuben breaks out in exclamation.
 " Edward ! I mean—I really meant—
 Upon my word—a compliment ;
 You look so stern !—nay, why is this ?
 Angry because I flatter'd Miss ?
 What ! gone ?—The deuce is in the man !
 Explain, Sir Robert, if you can." —
 " Eh ! what ? perhaps you haven't heard !—
 Excuse my laughing !—how absurd !
 A slight faux pas !—a trifle—merely !
 Ha ! ha !—egad you touch'd him nearly."

All blunderers, when they chance to make
 In colloquy some small mistake,
 Make haste to make a hundred more,
 To mend the one they made before.
 'T is thus with Reuben ! through the throng
 With hurried step he hastes along ;
 Thins, like a pest, the crowded seats,
 And runs a muck at all he meets ;
 Rich in his unintended satire,
 And killing, where he meant to flatter.
 He makes a College Fellow wild
 By asking for his wife and child ;
 Puts a haught Blue in awful passion
 By disquisitions on the fashion ;
 Refers a knotty case in Whist
 To Morley the philanthropist ;
 Quotes to a Sportsman from St. Luke,
 Bawls out plain " Bobby " to a Duke ;
 And while a Barrister invites
 Our notice to the Bill of Rights,
 And fat Sir John begins to launch
 Into the praises of a haunch,

He bids the man of quibbles pause
 By eulogizing "Spartan Laws ;"
 And makes the epicure quite wrath
 By eulogizing "Spartan broth."
 Error on error grows and swells,—
 For, as a certain proverb tells,
 "When once a man has lost his way,—"
 But you have read it,—or you may.

Girt with a crowd of listening Graces,
 With expectation on their faces,
 Chattering, and looking all the while
 As if he strove to hide a smile
 That fain would burst Decorum's bands,
 Alfred Duval, the hoaxer, stands.
 Alfred ! the eldest-born of Mirth ;
 There is not on this nether earth
 So light a spirit, nor a soul
 So little used to all control.
 Frolic, and Fun, and Jest, and Glee,
 Burst round him unremittingly ;
 And in the glances of his eyes
 Ever his heart's good-humour flies,
 Mild as the breezes of the South ;
 And while, from many a wiser mouth,
 We drink the fruits of education,
 The solid Port of conversation,
 From Alfred's lips we seem to drain
 A ceaseless flow of bright Champagne.
 In various shapes his wit is found ;
 But most it loves to send around,
 O'er half the town, on Rumour's gale,
 Some marvellously-fashion'd tale,
 And cheat the unsuspecting ear
 With groundless hope, or groundless fear.
 To speak in civil words—his bent
 Lies sadly to—Embellishment.
 "Sir," says Morality, "you know
 You shouldn't flatter Falsehood so :

The Nurse that rock'd you in your crib
Taught you to loath and scorn a fib,
And Shakspeare warns you of the evil,
Saying, 'tell truth, and shame the Devil !'
I like, as well as you, the glances
Where gay good-humour brightly dances ;
But when a man tells horrid lies—
You shouldn't talk about his eyes."
Madam ! you'll think it rather odd
That, while I bow me to the rod,
And make no shadow of defence,
I still persist in my offence :
And great and small may join to blame
The echo of the Hoaxer's fame ;
But be it known to great and small,—
I can't write sermons at a ball.

'T is Alfred fills the public prints
With all the sly ingenious hints
That fly about begirt with cares,
And terrify the Bulls and Bears.
Unrivall'd statesman ! war and peace
He makes and breaks with perfect ease ;
Skilful to crown and to depose,
He sets up kings, and overthrows ;
As if apprenticed to the work,
He ties the bowstring round the Turk,
Or makes the Algerine devout,
Or plagues his Holiness with gout,
Or drives the Spaniard from Madrid
As quick as Bonaparte did.
Sometimes at home his plots he lays,
And wildly still his fancy plays.
He pulls the Speaker from the chair,
Murders the Sheriffs, or the Mayor,
Or drags a Bishop through the mire,
Or sets the Theatres on fire,
Or brings the weavers to subjection,
Or prates of mobs and insurrection.

One dash of his creative pen
Can raise a hundred thousand men :
They march ! he wills, and myriads fall ;—
One dash annihilates them all !

And now, amid that female rout,
What scandal doth he buz about ?
What grand affair or mighty name
Entrusts he to the gossip Fame ?
Uncheck'd, unstay'd, he hurries on
With wondrous stories of the Ton ;
Describes how London ladies lose
Their heads in helmets, like the Blues ;
And how the highest circles meet
To dance with pattens on their feet !
And all the while he tells his lie
With such a solemn gravity,
That many a Miss parades the room,
Dreaming about a casque and plume ;
And vows it grievously must tire one
To waltz upon a pump of iron.

Jacques, the Cantab ! I see him brood,
Wrapp'd in his mental solitude,
On thoughts that lie too deep, I wis,
For such a scene and hour as this.
Now shall the rivers freeze in May,
Coquets be silent at the play ;
Old men shall dine without a story
And mobs be civil to a Tory !
All miracles shall well befall,
When Youth is thoughtful at a ball.

From thoughts that grieve, and words that vex,
And names invented to perplex ;
From latent findings, never found ;
And mystic figures, square and round ;
Shapes, from whose labyrinthine toil
A Dædalus might well recoil ;

He steals one night—one single night,
And gives its moments to delight.
Yet still upon his struggling soul
The muddy wave of Cam will roll,
And all the monsters grim, that float
Upon that dark and murky moat,
Come jabbering round him—dark equation,
Subtle distinction, disputation ;
Notion, idea, mystic schism,
Assumption, proof, and syllogism ;
And many an old and awful name
Of optic or mechanic fame.
Look ! in the van stern Euclid shows
The Asses'-Bridge upon his nose ;
Bacon comes forward, sage austere,
And Locke and Paley both are there ;
And Newton, with a spiteful hiss,
Points to his "*de Principiis*."
Yet often with his magic wand
Doth Mirth dispel that hideous band ;
And then in strange confusion lost
The mind of Jacques is tempest-toss'd.
By turns around it come and flee
The *dulce*, and the *utile* ;
By turns, as Thought or Pleasure wills,
Quadratics struggle with quadrilles ;
And figures sour, and figures sweet,
Of problems—and of dances—meet ;
Bisections fight with "*down the middles*,"
And chords of arcs with chords of fiddles ;
Vain are the poor musician's graces ;
His bass gives way to given bases—
His studied trill to shapely trine—
His mellow'd shake to puzzling sine :
Each forming set recalls a vision
Of some enchanting proposition,
And merry "*Chassez-croisés huit*"
Is little more than Q. E. D.
Ah ! Stoic youth ! before his eye
Bright beauties walk unheeded by ;

And while his distant fancy strays
 Remote through Algebraic maze,
 He sees, in whatsoe'er he views,
 The very object he pursues,
 And fairest forms, from heel to head,
 Seem crooked as his x and z .
 Peace to the man of marble!——

Hush !

Whence is the universal rush ?
 Why doth confusion thus affright
 The peaceful order of the night,
 Thwart the musicians in their task,
 And check the schoolboy's *pas de basque* ?
 The Lady Clare hath lost a comb !——
 If old Queen Bess from out her tomb
 Had burst, with royal indignation,
 Upon our scandalous flirtation,
 Darted a glance immensely chilling
 Upon our waltzing and quadrilling ;
 Flown at the fiddlers in a pet,
 And bade them play her minuet ;
 Her stately step, and angry eye,
 Her waist so low, her neck so high,
 Her habit of inspiring fear,
 Her knack of boxing on the ear,
 Could ne'er have made the people stare,
 Like the lost comb of Lady Clare !
 The tresses it was wont to bind
 Joy in their freedom ! unconfined
 They float around her, and bedeck
 The marble whiteness of her neck,
 With veil of more resplendent hue,
 Than ever Aphrodite threw
 Around her; when unseen she trod
 Before the sight of man or God—
 Look how a blush of burning red,
 O'er bosom and o'er forehead spread,
 Glances like lightning ; and aside
 The Lady Clare hath turn'd her head,

As if she strove in vain to hide
 That countenance of modest pride,
 Whose colour many an envying fair
 Would give a Monarch's crown to wear.
 Persuasion lurks on woman's tongue—
 In woman's smile, oh ! raptures throng—
 And woman's tears compassion move—
 But oh ! 't is woman's blush we *love* !

Now gallantry is busy round !
 All eyes are bent upon the ground ;
 And dancers leave the cheerful measure
 To seek the lady's missing treasure.
 Meanwhile some charitable Miss,
 Quite ignorant what envy is,
 Sends slowly forth her censures grave,
 " How oddly beauties will behave !
 Oh ! quite an accident !—last year
 I think she sprain'd her ancle here ;
 And then there were such sudden halts,
 And such a bringing out of salts"—
 " You think her vain ?" " Oh gracious ? no !
 She has a charming foot, you know ;
 And it's so pretty to be lame—
 I don't impute the slightest blame—
 Only that *very* careless braid !—
 The fault is with the waiting-maid !
 I merely mean—since Lady Clare
 Was flatter'd so about her hair,
 Her comb is always dropping out—
 Oh ! quite an accident !—no doubt !"

The Sun hath risen o'er the deep,
 And fathers, more than half-asleep,
 Begin to shake the drowsy head,
 And hint "it's time to be in bed."
 Then comes chagrin on faces fair ;
 Soft hands are clasp'd in mimic prayer ;

And then the warning watch is shown,
 And answers in a harsher tone
 Reply to look of lamentation,
 And argument, and supplication :
 In vain sweet voices tell their grief,
 In speeches long, for respite brief;
 Bootless are all their " lords !" and " las !"
 Their " pray papas !" and " do papas !" "
 " Ladies," quoth Gout, " I love my rest !
 The carriage waits !—*cundum est.*"
 This is the hour for parting bow,
 This is the hour for secret vow,
 For weighty shawl, and hooded cloak,
 Half-utter'd tale, and whisper'd joke.
 This is the hour when ladies bright
 Relate th' adventures of the night,
 And fly by turns from truth to fiction,
 From retrospection to prediction :
 They regulate, with unbought bounty,
 The destinies of half the county,
 With gipsy talent they foretell
 How Miss Duquesne will marry well,
 And how 't is certain that the squire
 Will be more stupid than his sire,
 And how the girl they cried up so
 Only two little months ago,
 Falls off already, and will be
 Really quite plain at twenty-three.
 Now scandal hovers laughing o'er them,
 While pass in long review before them
 The Lady that my Lord admires—
 The gentleman that moves on wires—
 The youth with such a frightful frown—
 And " that extraordinary gown."
 Now characters are much debated,
 And witty speeches are narrated ;
 And Criticism delights to dwell
 On conquests won by many a belle,
 On compliments that ne'er were paid,
 On offers that were never made,

Refusals—Lord knows when refused,
 Deductions—Lord knows how deduced ;
 Alas ! how sweetly scandal falls
 From lips of beauties—after Balls.

The music stops,—the lights expire,
 The dance is o'er—the crowds retire ;
 And all those smiling cheeks have flown !
 Away !—the rhymer is alone.
 Thou too, the fairest and the best,
 Hast fled from him with the rest ;
 Thy name he will not, love ! unite
 To the rude strain he pours to-night,
 Yet often hath he turn'd away
 Amidst his harsh and wandering lay,
 And often hath his earnest eye
 Look'd into thine delightedly,
 And often hath his listening ear——
 But thou art gone !—what doth he here ?

• A PARTY AT THE PELICAN.

MR COURTENAY,—On a bitter snowy day I have
 had to take our Poet Laureat's advice to "write
 level," and have positively sat down, with the most
 diligent and solicitude for your amusement, to
 give you an account of a most delightful party at which
 I present the other day ; and, if the description
 gives you one quarter as much as the more substantial
 I pleased me, you may be assured that I shall be
 well satisfied.

I begin *à principiis*, as Allen Le Blanc would say ;
 of a gentleman who had resided some time in the
 neighbourhood, and had accepted every body's invitation
 without giving any himself, luckily for me, just before

my arrival, was seized with a sudden and miraculous impulse of hospitality, and determined, out of a proper regard both to economy and good fellowship, to pay all his debts at once, in a general and grand entertainment. The good people here made many very charitable conjectures upon this extraordinary spirit which animated Mr. Hudson. However, as the slander of the place ought not to be circulated too widely, I will only tell you the most unexceptionable of them, that Christmas had its wonted and proper effect in opening his purse-strings. You see this only hints at some supernatural agency, as being necessary for such an important circumstance. To speak to you as a learned man, "*Dignus vindice nodus.*" Well! to proceed regularly in these important matters, the above-mentioned gentleman, after he had resolved to feast his friends upon this extended scale, next began to consider where the collected company could possibly be received, and upon examination discovered that he had no room in his house large enough to hold them. In this terrible emergency he called his housekeeper to his assistance, and, after much consideration, they agreed upon a contrivance; namely, that he should hire the three best rooms in the Pelican, and send out his cards accordingly. This plan she alleged would give great consequence and notoriety to the party; and he acquiesced in it from other and more feeling motives, that he could probably supply a great part of the necessaries from home, and, by contracting with Monsieur the Innkeeper, save a considerable loss to his pocket, and a proportionable bustle and confusion to his household; nor did he forget that by these means he could avoid betraying the imperfections or deficiencies of his establishment.

These preliminaries, I assure you, are all authentic; having been partly collected from Mrs. Whitehurst, the old dame who manages every thing, and partly from himself, for he is very communicative in these respects;

much more so, indeed, than most of his acquaintance desire. I dare say you will have thought me dreadfully odious in these calumnious accounts, which so little concern me; so now, with your leave, I will introduce to you Mr. F. Golightly, in his proper dress and character, not forgetting his quizzing-glass, taking the place of a cousin fortunately absent; and, with his natural impudence, by a sort of self-invitation, proceeding in a royal cavalcade to the Pelican. And prithee, good Courtenay, do not disdainfully regard this Pelican. Take my word for it, it is a house of the very first respectability; renowned far and wide for every sort of excellence; and decorated, as all inns should be, with an effigy of its patron bird, remarkable for its size, its variety of plumage, and, in short, for its total defiance of any resemblance to nature. Here we arrived in very decent and fashionable time; that is to say, after everybody else: but scarce had I set my foot within the door, when I was surrounded by a multitude of harpies: one snatched away my hat, another my gloves, another my newly-mounted shag-coat, and so on, till I really fancied myself beset by pickpockets, particularly after the terrible instances we have lately heard of their audacity. This, I afterwards understood, proceeded from Mr. Hudson's particular desire that everybody should be expressly attended to at his coming, and ushered into the drawing-room with proper ceremony and respect. I am sure we had no reason to complain of any neglect;—two or three smart-looking fellows, in a sort of livery, escorted us up the stairs; and two more, standing like sentinels at the door, introduced us to the whole assemblage of company, not forgetting our names and titles. My uncle, who, of course, together with his family, was pretty well known to his neighbours, took the trouble to make apologies to the Host for my unexpected appearance, which, I assure you, were most graciously received; and he was pleased to express his happiness at having the honour of seeing

Mr. F. Golightly. What a fine thing it would be, thought I to myself, if I could but be a Lord just for a few hours: that little augment to my name would sound so well for an introduction, and carry off any kind of singularity; for what is impudence in a Commoner is nothing but condescension in a Nobleman. I did not continue in this fancy very long, but put up my glass, and took a regular, but rapid, reconnoitre; by which I discovered, to my great pleasure, that there were a vast number of people whom I knew nothing about; and I was still more gratified to see one person on the other side of the room, whom I determined, in half a minute, to make my oracle. This was a young man of the name of Brooke, who had been at Eton, and was just released from Oxford, and to whom I had taken a great fancy when I met him a few days before at my uncle's. I was by his side in less than a moment, although I was necessarily impeded by several bows and salutations which I was obliged to make in the course of my passing from one side of the apartment to the other. After we had both settled that we were as well as we possibly could be, I took the liberty to ask him the names of several people, both male and female, which will not interest you very particularly; for the greatest part of them were only remarkable for having long noses, high feathers, odd voices, or something particular either in dress or figure. You cannot imagine how much I missed my old Rawsdon Court Friend, Mr. Ormsby. My new substitute was but a very indifferent one, compared to him; for he could not, or would not, give me half the information I desired. In spite of my endeavours to keep him to the subject, he was continually flying off to know how we managed different things at Eton now: how the boats were manned; whether Collegers or Oppidans beat the last match at Football; and several other matters of equal importance: to all of which I had the patience to return becoming answers. I have

uniformly observed that old Etonians are very like old men, inasmuch as they always maintain the superiority of things as they existed in their time ; and argue that every alteration must be for the worse, although frequently they know nothing about it. Pray do not suspect that I mean to impute any uncharitableness to our predecessors, for whom I entertain the greatest respect and veneration, as well as for all their institutions. It is really a natural sort of feeling which we ourselves begin to hold towards the rising generation in our "little World," which we suspect will be neither half so big, nor half so clever, as the one which went before it.

I had long wished to know the name of a little man, with piercing grey eyes, shaggy red eyebrows, and a cast of countenance altogether more strongly indicative of cunning than any I ever remember to have seen. After I had heard, with due fortitude, many very severe remarks upon our deficiency in divers points, about which, to tell you the truth, I cared not a farthing, such as having no bonfire on the 5th of November, being locked up in our houses at five o'clock instead of six, and several others which I cannot remember, I returned to the charge, and demanded some particulars of the above-mentioned gentleman, who was evidently smiling, to the best of his endeavours, and, in fact, playing the agreeable to a fat old lady of a most portly presence, his next neighbour. "That," answered young Brooke, "is a lawyer of this place, the learned Mr. Jobson. He has the credit of having a great deal of money ; but nobody pretends to say where it ever came from. In addition to this qualification, he has interest enough with his fellow-citizens to persuade them to elect for their Members whomsoever he likes best ; and it is said that he always likes those best, who have no objection to fee their legal advisers handsomely. This, of course, is as much a secret as things of that sort generally are. However, he keeps a good table, and will give you a fine dinner,

without charging you 6s. 8d. for your entertainment. Somebody must pay; but it is not our business to inquire who are the victims. Our good host, Mr. Hudson, has, I dare say, tasted his good cheer pretty often."

We were relapsing fast into a discourse about the merits of a neighbouring pack of hounds, when the master of the feast, who, by-the-by, had been running about the room the whole time, came up to a gentleman seated very near us, and said, loud enough to be plainly heard, "Mr. Bradshaw, will you do me the favour to sit next to me at dinner? I have got a haunch of venison there, I assure you the very best that I could possibly procure; and I am sadly afraid that, unless I profit a little by your good instruction, it will suffer much by my awkward carving." "Certainly, Mr. Hudson," was the reply. Our host was quite satisfied; and, with frightened visage, bustled away to pay his attention to some highly-favoured person on the opposite side of the room. Strangely did I wish to learn the character and vocation of this Mr. Bradshaw; and I was afraid to ask, lest he should overhear our conversation. It was very evident that he had a great share of humour in his composition, for he kept all the company around him, ladies and gentlemen, in a perpetual titter.

A most grotesque figure of a man made a very conspicuous appearance at some distance from us: his lips, his arms, in fact his whole body, moved about in unison with his words; so much so, that I began to suspect that he was some foreigner or other, for I never saw any of our cooler-blooded nation who used such extravagant action. If you, Courtenay, were to figure in such a way at the next election speeches, I positively think the audience would be thunderstruck: the experiment, perhaps, might be worth while. He had, too, a most particularly loud and silly kind of laugh, which uniformly followed every word of his own, though I could not perceive that any body else joined in it, which argued badly

for his powers of amusing. My companion perceived the object of my abstraction, and readily gave me a little account of them. "Pray," said he, "are you looking at that buffoon who is standing opposite to us? He is Mr. Wise; a man, I assure you, of vast notoriety in this neighbourhood; some absolutely think him agreeable; an opinion which I could never accede to: however, it is not his fault if he is not so, for he spares neither himself nor his hearers in accomplishing this worthy purpose. You cannot conceive a greater bore than finding yourself seated next to him at dinner, with the consciousness that you cannot possibly escape from him for a whole hour. Such a compound of bad puns, stale stories, and conceit, I really believe never existed. His mouth is always open, and always to utter something foolish; and even in spite of the better and readier occupation of eating and drinking, he would not cease five minutes together from dinning your ears with some account, carefully collected from the newest Book of Anecdotes; or with some of those miserable twists and perversions of words, such as you would never understand, unless he were to inform you by his laugh that he has cut, what we used to call at Eton in my time, a joke. This is a sufficient caution; do pray beware of getting near him." I assure you, my dear Courtenay, as I told you in my letter of condolence, I intend not to start a single pun after my arrival at the Club; and the example of this hero has fully confirmed me in my resolution.

If I were so disposed, I could tell you a number of torments to which a professed punster or self-named wit voluntarily submits himself; such as his disappointment when people don't choose to understand his efforts, or to laugh at them; the danger he incurs of displeasing people, and making himself ridiculous: but all this Essay will keep very well till my arrival. At present we must talk of Sir John Carter, who attracted my no-

tice from the very important manner with which he walked across the room. I was told that he was the son of a substantial Yeoman, who got a good deal of money, and spent very little, being determined to make his son a Gentleman, or at least to give him the means of being one. Accordingly the young Squire did nothing in the world but amuse himself, and at twenty-one was the best shot and the best rider in the country, without being able to read or write. Soon after this, he became ambitious of Shrievalty ; and as that is a sort of dignity which almost every body wishes to escape, if possible, he soon obtained the desired honour. With a good deal of tutoring, he managed to get through his business, and most fortunately happened to present an address to his Majesty, for which he received the distinguished mark of Knighthood. In process of time he became a Magistrate, and as he always takes very good care to have Mr. Jobson or his clerk at his elbow, I have not heard that he has as yet made any very notorious blunders. He has amazing ideas of his own consequence, and preserves a most dignified silence, scarcely ever opening his mouth ; I suppose because he is afraid of betraying his country accent. I forgot to tell you that he is a Captain in the Yeomanry, and I have no doubt gives the word of command to his Troop in the finest provincial twang. In addition to this, he is Commissioner of the Turnpike Roads, and is so bigotted to the old plan, that he will never hear of any new one—the consequences of which obstinacy I felt by a pretty severe jolting on my way to the Pelican. Lady Carter is infinitely worse than her husband, for she is more ridiculously conceited than you can possibly imagine. I understand that she once turned away a footman because he forgot to call her by her proper title at a party. I overheard her exclaiming how she would fit up the apartment we were sitting in, if it were her own, just after the plan she had adopted at Yatton Lodge. You won't expect me to re-

member all the particulars of elegant curtains, mirrors, and suchlike. I can only tell you, that her Ladyship's dress did not give me a very high idea of her taste.

Scarcely had I made the above-mentioned resolution, when dinner was announced, to the very visible joy of most of the company. I was very much surprised that nobody began to move; and more so, when I saw the worthy Mr. Hudson, with the greatest confusion depicted in his countenance, going from one side to another, instead of escorting his chosen fair one to her place at the dinner-table. At last he ran up to Mr. Bradshaw, his never-failing oracle in time of trouble it appears, and asked what he should do under the following circumstances:—There were two Baronets, with their Ladies, in the room (a thing I forgot to mention before), and the question at present was, to which of these two he should give his arm? Mr. Bradshaw's first advice was, that he should take the oldest. Now this was an impossibility: first of all, because the truth could never be ascertained; as nobody could think of questioning a Lady upon so jealous a point; and secondly, because the one who was preferred, if she were to find out the reason, would probably consider it as any thing but an honour. They spoke a few more words in whispers, and the end was, that Mr. Hudson walked boldly up to Lady Upton, and led her off in triumph; while her rival followed next, and as far as I could see, appeared to be very well contented with the arrangement. I brought up the rear. Mr. Bradshaw sat, as had been before arranged, on the host's right hand; and I had the satisfaction of taking my place next but one to him—a terrible hungry-looking man separating us. He had a long hollow face, and eyes nearly starting out of his head; with which he stared round upon every thing upon the table, just as if he longed to have it in his plate. I afterwards learnt that his name was Mandle, and that he, and his wife, who was opposite to us, a vulgar woman

to outward appearance, kept up a very respectable character for stinginess. I had taken very good care, in the preceding part of the day, that my appetite should not be overpowering in the evening; as I had proposed to myself another occupation than that of eating. However, I very much suspect that my friends about me had not taken the same precaution. In fact, if we may judge by the newspapers, we seem to be peculiarly a dinner-eating nation. There is no meeting, however insignificant, which has not a dinner at the end of it: witness the glorious entertainment of which Mr. Hunt and the Friends of Liberty partook, after that hero's triumph at Manchester; and for the expenses of which Dr. Watson was so unwarrantably clapped into prison. No great event can be celebrated so well as by a dinner: we dance for Charity, speak for Charity, but, more than all, we eat for Charity's sake. No wonder, then, as I thought to myself at the time, that Mr. Hudson should have chosen so substantial and so truly English a method of returning his obligations. You must suppose this reverie to have gone on (as was really the case) while the fish and soup had both disappeared, and a huge piece of beef, and no less haunch of venison, had taken their places; the latter of which Mr. Bradshaw and the host were busily employed in carving, and the rest of the company in eating; among whom Mr. Mandle cut a conspicuous figure. Indeed I believe that his voracity was very well accordant with his ideas of economy; for I verily think he laid in enough to serve him for a fortnight. His wife every now and then shot some terrible glances at him from the other side of the table; but in this respect, at least, he did not appear to regard very much the good Lady's frowns. Mr. Bradshaw took very good care that his neighbour's plate should never be empty; and loaded it to that degree that at last he was obliged to cry—enough. You may imagine that he was very unsociable, as his mouth was too well occupied to be opened for any minor con-

sideration: however, this defect of his was amply made up for by a Maiden Lady past a "certain age." But, I assure you, five-and-fifty years had taken away nothing from the gaiety of her dress, or the volubility of her tongue. I, as in duty bound, did every thing that was civil to her; and, to all of my attentions she returned the most engaging looks possible;—and talked a vast deal about indifferent subjects: I thought she would never have left off questioning me about Eton, as unluckily she had seen the First Number of "The Etonian." Of course she wanted to know if you were not a very clever boy—whether I was not a mischievous one, as she guessed by the character I bore in the Club. I assured her that it was a namesake of mine who figured so conspicuously; upon which she begged pardon, and intimated her surprise that there should be two people at school together with such a singular designation. Dear me! I never knew any lady with such a numerous acquaintance: her inquiries after the various young ones whom she knew at Eton were really unceasing, such as, "How does young Stone go on? His aunt, Mrs. Knipe, was my most intimate friend when we lived at Wimbledon. Is Sir William Roby still at Eton? His friends had thoughts of taking him away," &c. Then she was so curious about their characters, abilities, natures, and other things, that I really believe nobody in the world could possibly have satisfied her. She was wonderfully astonished that I should not know all these particulars; and, in fact, the whole conversation put me very much in mind of what our friend Swinburne has justly considered one of the principal of his Christmas miseries. Well, after a short interval, she wished me to tell her whether there were not two boys of the name of Swinburne at Eton; and what sort of a person I considered the eldest to be? "The very man I was thinking of," said I to myself: however, I answered her, that there was; and, for his character and manners, I took the liberty of re-

ferring her to N° V., in which I knew our friend Hodgson wished to insert that full-length portrait he drew before we went home. "I have always," replied she, "considered him as a particularly good sort of young man, and not deficient in sense too, when you know a little of him, but he is very odd in his ways. He is on a visit very near here at present, and Mr. Hudson asked him to dine with us, but he would not hear of it: poor fellow, he is very shy indeed: I wish he had known of your coming; I dare say he would have been glad to have met you. But I wonder very much, with his natural timidity, that he should like to be put in print; of course he gives his consent to the publication." "Oh no," said I, "for the very best of all reasons, that it never was asked. Most probably the first notice he will receive of this unexpected honour will be when he sees the new Number, and I have no doubt he will wish himself out of the Club again; but then it will be too late, as 750 copies are not easily recalled." At this time the fair Lady's attention was, happily for me, called off by an old Dowager, who insisted that some fashion of the female dress, which they called perfectly new, and one of the boldest strokes of the most famous Parisian mantuamaker, had positively been in vogue in England about thirty years ago, and declared that she well remembered wearing a costume of that sort in 1789. Of course this fact was strongly combated by all the younger part of the company; and, at last, Mrs. Marchmont was obliged to call in Miss Jones as a witness to her veracity. I wonder she could be so cruel as to expose the blooming maid in so unfeeling a manner,—to make her blush, to the danger of all the rouge that was spread upon her face,—to talk of such a thing as age in the presence of such a company. Poor Miss Jones! I sympathized most heartily with her.

In the mean time, Mr. Bradshaw was employed, as I before told you, in carving the haunch, and in finding

with several things, in all of which it appeared that Cook had totally forgotten himself. I admired his command of speech particularly, and it was done with so humoured an air that it was impossible any body be offended. "Here's a dish," said he, "excellent self, but totally spoiled by ignorance. I'll be whip-a common expression of his) if I could not make it as good myself." Then he specified the ingredients correctly that I really took him for a regular *bon vivant*, a man who delighted in cooking; in which I afterwards found that I was entirely mistaken, as well as supposing that what he found fault with was in any deserving his censure; for it appears he makes a game of picking every thing to pieces, and informing himself in all sorts of matters which you never would think of. In fact, he always has a way of doing every thing superior to himself, and infinitely superior to that of any other person. I should like very much to pay him a visit at his house; for I understand the variety of novel notions there is extraordinary. You are every day surprised by the application of some undiscovered principle, some wonderful contrivance or experiment, for which he deserves his Majesty's Letters patent much more than half the folks who have them. By-and-by, a Patent is the very last thing that he would care for; for he is so far from keeping any of these plans to himself, that he advises every body he knows to adopt them, and is always prepared to argue in their defence and support with great vehemence and ingenuity. I should like to know what he thinks of the Club. If I had the pleasure of knowing him, I am sure he would tell me sincerely, for he likes declaring what he thinks in a straight-forward sort of way, though without any affectation or rudeness. Perhaps he would call us disorderly. You must know that want of order is a crime of the first magnitude in his eyes, for he observes it himself most scrupulously. Stepping on a border, or tread-

ing down a gooseberry bush, is a very great offence ; and if you were to come into his house without cleaning your shoes properly, I really think he would turn you out again. One must excuse him in these matters, for, from all accounts, he has the best heart in the world, and withal is very clever ; but he is a bachelor, and that is sufficient reason for a good many oddities. I have really been taken up so long with talking about this gentleman, that I have no time or inclination to record all the important small talk which took place till the cloth was removed ; nor is it of much use to tell you what you may see in any newspaper, that every delicacy of the season abounded, and that the whole did infinite credit to Monsieur the Landlord, his Cook, and Mr. Hudson.

You must take just the same account of the dessert and the wines, which latter, as far as I could judge, did not appear to have proceeded from the inn cellar. I miss Rowley very much in these particulars ; for, at Rawsdon Court, he instructed me in such matters to admiration. You will pity me, I think, when I tell you that I got into the clutches of that odious Miss Jones again, and was so provoked that it almost tempted me to be uncivil. Luckily I restrained some very short answers, which were at the top of my tongue, and carried on the conversation with all imaginable decency, till at last I was released by her departure for the drawing-room.

Of course a great revolution took place immediately on the ladies' dismissal ; and I had the satisfaction not only of getting nearer the fire, but also of observing and hearing several people I had totally passed over before. Among these, a gentleman (a Mr. Morton, I believe,) made himself conspicuous by the wonderful extent of his acquaintance. If any body happened by chance to mention a particular character in the course of conversation, he would immediately interrupt him without

the least sort of ceremony, in some such way as this:—"Mr. ——! ay, I knew him well, a distant connexion of the —— family: he was accused of selling his vote to the Minister, and to be sure one day he forgot his principles—but he was a charming soul, a delightful creature, the most good-natured fellow in the world—I knew him well, Sir." Whether the object of his sallies was a Nobleman or a Commoner, it did not seem to make the least alteration. The first one I heard I was very near laughing at, but I observed the rest of the company kept their gravity unmoved, so that probably they were used to these sort of impromptu sketches. He regularly first began with some bitter stroke of satire, and then appeared to be ashamed of what he had said, and determined to make his victim amends, by his unmeaning sort of panegyric.

After a little time the conversation principally turned upon Agricultural Distress, and matters relating to that weighty question—a topic which seemed to be admirably well understood by all the company, but unfortunately each had his own way of remedying it, and of course each thought his own the best. I fancied myself transported on a sudden into the House of Commons, or at least some body of Legislature; and, if there is a meeting on this subject in the county, I shall attribute it all to Mr. Hudson's party. 'Tis true our good host seemed rather out of his element during the discussion; in fact, I believe in his early days he spent much of his time in a counting-house, and no doubt at present has a leaning to the mercantile interest, though it would have been madness to have declared it at that time, as any opposition would have made the farming party furious, especially as some of them were rather in their cups, among whom was my worthy neighbour, Mr. Mandle. Upon this latter gentleman the invigorating effect of the wine was very evidently displayed. I think I told you before that he spoke not a word during the whole of dinner,

but now he vociferated beyond all bounds, talked about the country groaning under taxation, national bankruptcy, and things of that sort, which one of Mr. Hume's speeches will readily supply you with. The Ministers he determined to be a set of hypocrites, rascals, and pickpockets, and those who favoured them not many degrees better. Of course every body saw his derangement, and let him have his own way.—I do think, for many reasons, that the Neapolitan tumult is the happiest thing that has for a long time taken place, for it has led away people's thoughts from domestic affairs, of which they have had some slight acquaintance, and has led them into the most delightful and innocent political speculations, upon concerns of which they are totally ignorant. My opinion is the more strengthened from the very opportune assistance which it gave us at the Pelican. One person called the Neapolitans heroes; another confidently argued that they were mere rebels and poltroons, and that the Carbonari were pure radicals and sans culottes; while the opposite party affirmed that they were a brave and a liberal-minded set of men. Mr. Bradshaw stood forth most vehemently on the former side, adding that he had lived a year or two in Italy, and that their character then was that he now gave them. I thought it was better to be, in such conflicts, as England is—neutral.

I dare say you will find the dinner an uncommonly long one, as I assure you I did myself, and was not at all sorry when we joined the ladies—a proposition which Mr. Hudson at last made, by Mr. Bradshaw's special advice. Mr. Wise gave forth a vast number of miserable witticisms, which I would not disgrace my paper with, or with the tea-table talk, which I could have got very accurately second-hand from my aunt. There were plenty of card tables, and plenty of players. I watched Miss Jones down to a party of loo, with a parcel of

dames all looking as sharp as needles. I would not have been with them on any consideration.

Some of the company joined in different games, just as they liked. I had seated myself on a sofa next to my friend Mr. Brooke, and prepared to talk Eton matters over again, in return for which I expected him to give me an account of various Oxford Horrors, Examinations, Proctors, &c., besides different adventures, which he had encountered himself, for I verily believe him to be a bit of a pickle; when Mr. Bradshaw advised the young folks to get up a dance. We agreed to this very readily; so they showed us into an empty room, and we performed to admiration, till we were called away, very unwillingly, to go home, about twelve o'clock. Now, my dear Courtenay, at last there is an end "*longæ chartæque viæque*;" and I assure you I am much more glad to have finished this letter, than I was to depart from the Party at the Pelican.

Yours ever,

F. G.

THE MARCH TO MOSCOW.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

WE take it for granted that all the world, that is all those who read and buy "The Etonian," are well acquainted with that sagacious critique on a certain poem called the "Queen of Hearts," which may be seen in the valuable volumes of the first of our venerated predecessors, Gregory Griffin, of the College of Eton. We

doubt as little that many have drawn their first principles of judging of works of genius from that respected source ; and that few or none will deny that they were thence instructed in the art of detecting latent beauties, which, do what we may, will often escape our notice under the disguise of puerility or nonsense. Yet feeling, as we certainly do, the utmost deference for the authority of Mr. Griffin, and acknowledging with pleasure the ingenuity of his observations, still we must own that at times a sort of suspicion has arisen in our mind, that what that gentleman attempted to maintain was in fact not maintainable ; that the object of his admiration was not worthy of it ; that in short his real intention throughout was to see how much he could make the boys swallow, and that he himself enjoyed the joke heartily, at the expense of the perverted judgments of hundreds of aspiring Poets and Reviewers. Far be it from us to impute the real consequences as the motives of his conduct ;—we believe that it was meant as a pleasant piece of bantering, and that the implicit faith with which most men have received it since, was what he could not be expected to reckon upon. Our chief reason for our suspicion is this, that we cannot think the Poem itself at all worthy of such commendation from so dignified a critic ; and that, talk as he may about its epic artifice and admirable plot, he will never persuade us that there is any imagination, or fancy, or wisdom in it, which deserves to raise it from its legitimate habitation—the Nursery. These are novel and startling objections, and we know the difficulty and danger of attacking ancient prejudices ; yet we thought it a part of our duty to speak our honest opinion, and certainly, on the supposition of our being in the right, no place could be more proper for the destruction of an error than that in which it arose, and none such legal executioners as the heirs of him who begot it.

We had another motive for giving this opinion. We were apprehensive lest the "March to Moscow," upon which we propose saying a few words, should be erroneously estimated; one party degrading it below the standard of the "Queen of Hearts," and another equally degrading it, by supposing that it was intended to complete the *par nobile* of lauded childishness. We declare we have no such intention: let the "Epic" of "The Microcosm" be still considered by those, who choose it, a unique, without equal or second; but for the "Song" of "The Etonian," we intreat but a little patience from our readers, and we will wager the price of this present Number, that we prove its immeasurable superiority over its celebrated antagonist. We invite Mr. Griffin himself to take notice of our arguments in its favour, and we leave the decision to Doctors Keate or Goodall, as the appellee pleases; or, in default of either of those much-respected Judges, we will lay the case before the Visitor. We shall avoid the indelicacy of answering, point by point, the positions of our opponent, and shall set at once about showing, to the satisfaction, as we dare hope, of every candid mind, that what we have advanced boldly we are able to defend reasonably.

In the first place, then, the "March to Moscow" is a Song; and hence in its very nature, as we shall soon show, a nobler creation than an Epic Poem. The fact is, in modern times the character of Songs has been greatly depreciated, and perhaps with some justice, when reference is had to the shoals of *things* called, or calling themselves, by that name; but we should not therefore forget that the essence still remains the same, though not successfully substantialized in the imperfect attempts which we condemn.

A Song is that which was first sung before the jargon of epic, or tragic, or comic, was thought of by a parcel of plodding grammarians: it was the free and sponta-

neous poetry of the soul, couched in multiform images, dressed in a thousand robes, and comprehending all things, even as the soul itself comprehended them. A Song is the original and natural organ of Genius; and for this we have the greatest authority; for when the wisest man that ever lived on earth turned his universal mind to Poetry, what did he write? An Epic Poem? A Tragedy? A Comedy? A Melo-drama? A Satire? A Sonnet? An Epigram? By no means! He instantly saw, or rather felt, how Poetry best showed itself to men; in what dress it least suffered from the imperfection and material touch of language; and in what form it would be most popular, most comprehensive, most penetrating, most melodious. He wrote a Song—and verily, a man must be gifted with a more than usual proportion of impudence, who denies or underrates the authority of King Solomon.

But we cite this mighty name, not to crush the question with its weight, nor even to prove the truth of our position, but simply to demonstrate the primitive and almost sacred descent of the Song, in its proper sense. We shall show, in the instance of the “March to Moscow,” in what manner it comprehends every kind and degree of beauty of all sorts and names; and who will deny that what possesses the particular excellences of all, must be more excellent than each particular, or that the whole is more than its parts? In the mean time, we cannot refrain from adducing, in confirmation of our argument,—and as a test that we are not playing the same trick, of which we take the liberty to suspect Mr. Griffin,—the opinion of an acute Italian, the Abbé Salvini, who concludes his examination and eulogy of this species of composition in these words:—“But where does it ever become a Poet to display himself in all his poetical riches, in his invention, his powers of arrangement, his musical variety of metres, which affect the soul

diversely, in his brilliant sentences, and his great and magnificent figures, *if not in a Song?*"*

Having shown that we had some grounds for our assertion of the superior nature of the Song in the abstract, we will now, without further delay, proceed to the examination of the "March to Moscow" itself; when we will endeavour to demonstrate its great and indeed transcendent merits, to the confusion of the most determined sceptic.

To do this effectually, we crave the loan, Gentle Readers, of your ears and imaginations; be for ten minutes but so old as the winter of 1812 will make you; revive all the terrible sentiments of anxiety, or even despair, which at that time agitated the breast of the most sanguine statesmen; consider the Emperor of France, the armed leader of countless armies, springing on from victory to victory; Holland incorporated, Italy enslaved, Spain deluged with blood, Germany crouching, Sweden playing double, and the despatches of the dreadful defeat of Smolensko overtaken by news of the slaughter of the Russians at Moskwa, and the Capital of the North in the possession of France—and we alone are left!—But Providence interferes; the conquerors are conquered and exterminated, and their Leader runs away. Remember the joy, the delight, the happiness of England; our old prejudices against soup-maigre and wooden shoes all alive; we are feasting, we are dancing, we are triumphing, when at length a true Englishman gets on a table, calls for silence, says he has a bit of a song for the occasion, drinks the King's health with a "God

* "Ma dove mai vale a mostrarsi il Poeta con tutte le ricchezze poetiche, coll' invenzione, colla disposizione, colla musicale varietà de' metri, che l'anima variamente percuotono, co' lumi delle sentenze, colle figure grande, et magnifiche, *se non nella Canzone?*"

Prose Foscari di A. M. Salvini, Firenz. 1715, p. 219.

bless him," is received with three tremendous cheers, and then, half air half recitative, commences thus :—

“ Bonaparte he would set out
For a summer excursion to Moscow ;
The fields were green, and the sky was blue,
Morableu ! Parbleu !
What a pleasant excursion to Moscow !

Four hundred thousand men or more,
Heigho ! for Moscow !
There were Marshals by dozens, and Dukes by the score,
Princes a few, and Kings one or two,
While the fields are so green, and the sky so blue,
Morableu ! Parbleu !
What a pleasant excursion to Moscow !

There was Junot and Augereau,
Heigho ! for Moscow !
Dombrowsky, and Poniatowsky,
General Rapp, and the Emperor Nap,
Nothing would do,
While the fields were so green, and the sky so blue,
Morableu ! Parbleu !
But they must be marching to Moscow.”

Now let us pause here for a moment, and examine the varied qualities of the preceding lines. Consider them in whatever light you please, still, as in a well-drawn face, the eye is ever upon you. And not merely do they address themselves *to you* ; but if a hundred people, each with different feelings, gaze upon them, they answer each one look for look, and respond to the heart with an expression which every individual feels is his own. You are expecting an Epic?—Good :—Show us, in Homer or Virgil, Tasso or Milton, any thing superior to the apt arrangement of the foregoing exordium :—the attacking forces are first numbered in a mass ; Homer, we are aware, does not so state their gross amount, but forces the reader to have recourse to a very long and somewhat intricate calculation to arrive at this most important pre-

liminary ; and moreover, he dissipates the energy of the idea in a heap of particular resemblances, and by telling you that they were as numerous as leaves, as noisy as geese or cranes, as thick as flies, he succeeds in the end in leaving upon the mind a most confused, uncertain, and unsatisfying accumulation of whimsical similitudes. This might have been easily avoided by that noble and decisive plainness which Mr. Southey has used : he does not distract the attention with a vast number of little sums, or disgust the enthusiasm of his readers by the puerilities of flies and ganders, but at once, with no sort of shuffling, as if he was ashamed of his "rascals," he declares the truth, makes no comment, and adds no simile.

" Four hundred thousand men or more."

Have we ever seriously meditated upon the magnitude of this complex image ? That elegant captive, Mr. Hunt, said, that a meeting of not one-fifth of this number was "tremendous." What then would be the impression created by this army, covered with glory and helmets, and of course drums and fifes playing ? But it was just possible that some reader of "King Cambyzes' vein" might not think this astounding multitude sufficiently great. The Poet foresaw this, and guarded against the contingency ; and by saying

" Four hundred thousand men *or more*,"

he has left every reader to choose for himself, *ad libitum*, any number not less than the specified sum.

Are we in a tragic mood ?—What can be so terrible, so fearful to the imagination, as the circumstance of this enormous army of gallant soldiers marching away from a home which they were never to see again, fondly enjoying the charms of the landscape and the climate, and all this attributed to the despotic will of one bad individual ?

The inexorable destiny of the Greek Tragedy was not so awful as this.

“Bonaparte he *would* set out”—

“*would set out*,” in spite of advice, in the teeth of treaties. Nobody had injured him, no one provoked him; a sanguinary caprice urges him on, and, as it seems, the fine weather encourages his hopes. Remark also his profane, yet humorous execrations, clearly arising from a habit of swearing, for as yet nothing has irritated him—“Morableu ! Parbleu !” He is very jocund—and out it comes. Thus far may be considered as the Protasis of the Tragedy.

Must it be a Comedy?—But we see that if we go on thus, pointing out all the various lights in which this wonderful “Song” may be viewed; we shall exhaust ourselves and our readers. We will then proceed quickly through the remainder of the Poem, and only confine ourselves to the two points of Epic and Tragedy.

The action now begins; the Poet reserving the catalogue of the Russians in order to combine it with their exploits, and so save the tedium of two dry lists of names. This is a vast improvement upon the ancients. We owe it to our English genius. Well:—

“But then the Russians they turn’d to,
All on the road to Moscow;
Nap had to fight his way all through;
They could fight, but they could not *parlez vous*;
But the fields were green, and the sky was blue,
Morableu ! Parbleu !
And so he got to Moscow !”

He is still conqueror, has met with some hard blows, but yet the fine weather continues: he swears again, and gets into Moscow. This is the Epitasis.

Now follows immediately, without the distraction of Episode, the Peripateia and Russian catalogue; and we

venture to pronounce it as our opinion, that more
 ible ridicule, more rapid and continuous accumula-
 of fearful vicissitudes, and altogether any thing
 e in Homer's best manner, or nearer Pindar's im-
 ous eagerness, or Shakspeare's fashion of overwhelm-
 his victim, by repeated blows of mischance, towards
 end of a play, as in Richard III., Othello, King
 n, &c., has never appeared in the English or any
 er language. But let the song speak for itself:—

“ They made the place too hot for him,
 For they set fire to Moscow;
 To get there had cost them much ado,
 And then no better course he knew,
 While the fields were green, and the sky was blue,
 Morbleu ! Parbleu !
 Than to march back again from Moscow.

The Russians they stuck close to him,
 All on the road to Moscow .
 There was Formazow and Temalow,
 And all the others that end in *ow*.
 Rajefsky and Noverefsky,
 And all the others that end in *efsky* ;
 Schamcheff, Souchosaneff, and Schepeleff,
 And all the others that end in *eff* ;
 Wasiltschikoff, Rostomanoff, and Tchoglokoﬀ,
 And all the others that end in *off* ;
 Milarodavitch, and Talaclovitch, and Karatchkowitch,
 And all the others that end in *itch* ;
 Oscharoffsky, and Rostoffsky, and Kazatichkoffsky,
 And all the others that end in *offsky* ;
And last of all an Admiral came,
A terrible man, with a terrible name ;
A name which you all must know very well,
Nobody can speak and nobody can spell:
 And Platoff he played them off,
 And Markoff he marked them off,
 And Touchkoff he touched them off,
 And Kutusoff he cut them off,
 And Woronzoff he worried them off,
 And Dochteroff he doctored them off,
 And Rodinoff he flogged them off,—

They stuck close to him with all their might,
 They were on the left, and on the right,
 Behind and before, by day and by night,
 Nap would rather *parlez vous* than fight;
 But *parlez vous* will no more do,
 Morbleu ! Parbleu !
 For they remember'd Moscow !”

Upon this splendid passage we have a few remarks to make. The taking of Troy ended the Trojan war, and the taking of Jerusalem ends the Epic of Tasso ; but here the taking and subsequent conflagration of a city five times as large as either of the two former, is so far from concluding the war or poem, that it is used only as the commencement of the revolution of a fortune : it is, in fact, nothing, when compared with what follows, except apparently as the matrix of thousands of horrible beings, who seem to have sprung up from its flames, arrayed in names which leave Homer's skill in onomatopoeia far behind, and each of which is mentioned merely as a sample of unknown numbers, called by the same names, who are supposed to follow after. We are aware the liberty taken by the Poet on this head is unwarranted by authority ; nor are we prepared to defend it by any arguments : but we may be allowed to suggest its great utility and poetical beauty as an excuse at least ; and, since the Song combines all kinds of composition, perhaps it is here that the comic and satirical vein prevails, with reference always to that Pindaric fervour, which would not give the Poet leisure to go deliberately through all the names of his heroes, but prompted the happy idea of concluding them all under similar terminations. We persuade ourselves that no one will deny the merit of the lines in italics ; they possess that indistinctness and appalling uncertainty which the best Critics and Poets have declared to be the truest source of the sublime. The passage can be paralleled only by Milton's Death : there is the same vague terror excited by

the hideous half-conceived phantasm, with this advantage on the side of our author;—that Milton has at length yielded to his curiosity, and let slip the real name of the spectre; whilst Mr. Southey gives no clue to a name, “which is a terrible name,” which, he declares they all must know very well, but that nobody can speak it or spell it. What can be more awful than this certain uncertainty—this unspeakable, unspellable, nameless name? We may be enthusiastic; but, upon mature deliberation, we can remember nothing finer than this passage. The following lines, independent of the wit and skill, are defended by the common habit of the Greek Tragedians, who sometimes pun upon the names of their characters beyond all measure. We need not specify the manner in which poor Ajax is so eternally twitted about his unfortunate syllables, because such liberties with men’s names are common throughout the Greek plays; but Æschylus refrains not even from the ladies, and is rude enough to speak of fair Helena in these vile and graceless puns:—*ἑλένας, ἑλανδρος, ἐλέπολις*. This, therefore, the greatest authority, is on the side of our Song.

We now hasten on to the mortal catastrophe; desiring the reader to observe the singular consonance of the change of Nap’s oaths with the change of his affairs. It is no longer the sportive Morbleu! but the dreadful and despairing “Sacrebleu!” the “bleu” in both painfully reminding him of the colour of the sky, which was now his enemy; remarking also the fearful draft which the runaway Emperor gives his Satanic Majesty upon his rear guard; his utter nonplus in the midst of snow, and frost, and Cossagues; and, at length, his ignominious flight, which is the legitimate exit of the Hero.

“ And then came on the frost and snow,
 All on the road from Moscow!
 The Emperor Nap found as he went
 That he was not quite omnipotent;

And worse and worse the weather grew,
 The fields were so white, and the sky so blue,
 Sacrebleu ! Ventrebleu !
 What a terrible journey from Moscow !

‘ The Devil take the hindmost,
 All on the road from Moscow,’
 Quoth Nap ; who thought it small delight
 To fight all day, and to freeze all night ;
 And so, not knowing what else to do,
 When the fields were so white, and the sky so blue,
 Morbleu ! Parbleu !
 He stole away, I tell you true,
 All on the road from Moscow ! ”

Here, no doubt, Homer, or Virgil, or Tasso, would have ended their Epic ; Sophocles or Shakspeare their Tragedy ; Aristophanes, or Jonson, or Shakspeare, or Moliere, their Comedy ; Mr. Dimond or Mr. Terry their Melodrama. Be the whole composition what you please, still the hero is decidedly done up ; and when such a hero runs away upon a turnpike road, who would be able, or if able, who would have the face to bring him on the stage again ? Mr. Southey saw all this, and yet does not end here : original in this, as in all the other parts of his poem, he does not let his victim loose ; the wand of the enchanter is still upon the runaway ; and, with a terrible boldness, to be found only in Dante’s Inferno, he pronounces prophetically what will be his doom in another world. This exertion of poetical prerogative, like all others, will be viewed by many of the Whigs with great jealousy, and even indignation ; but besides our having, as we must needs confess, a Tory twist, we think the “ Divina Commedia ” sufficient warrant for any Poet against the charge of unauthorized novelty. *Mais chacun a son goût*—and we must leave this post-obituary denunciation to its fate.

" 'Twas as much too cold upon the road
 As it was too hot at Moscow ;
 But there is a place which he must go to,
 Where the fire is red, and the brinstone blue,
 Morbleu ! Parbleu !
 He'll find it much hotter than Moscow !

We hinted before, that as a Song this Poem requires, for the full developement of its beauties, the accompaniment of music and voice. By the particular favour of Mr. Southey we are able to state that this is likely to be accomplished soon : we have been informed of the plan, and we will shortly explain it to the Public. It is to be performed by a grand convention of all the Theatrical Talent in London ; Bishop has submitted the scheme of an overture, which is to consist of three parts. The first an *agitato* movement in A, expressive of the troubled state of Nap's mind, before he has finally determined on his expedition. This is followed, secondly, by a *minor*, in the manner of the old *chacone* in which the case is decided, and Nap is quiet again : and this movement dies away in five bars of *minims*, *diminuenda* from *dolce* to *piano*—to *p.p.*—to *p.p.p.* ; and the last bar is not to be heard, but understood—for Nap hath fallen asleep. He is instantly awakened by a fine splendid *Marcia en grand chœur*, which concludes the overture. We cannot charge our memory with an exact account of all the *ariette* and *recitativi*, and their performers : Matthews, we think, was to execute the Russians ; Macready to act the lines on the Admiral, with blacked eye-brows, amid thunder and lightning ; the " heigho for Moscow," by Miss Stephens ; and the " Morbleu, Parbleu," by Miss Wilson. Angrisani was to be taught to pronounce one line, but we forget which ; and Braham was to hold a *D forte* through six bars without shaking, to give some idea of the long shout of the Cossaque. Mr. Southey is to sit

in the middle of the pit with a wreath of laurel on his head, and to prompt the performers. Towards the end Nap will be produced, and a very correct representation of Pandemonium, upon a more improved plan than that in "Don Giovanni;" Nap will try to coax Nick, but Nick will not stand bamboozling;—after a short struggle, and two kicks on the shins, Nap is floored and unlaced, and shown to be all slush; and then he will descend, in his Majesty's arms, to a mournful dirge, expressive of justice, brimstone, pain, nitre, and birches.

This is all we know of the intended exhibition; but of course the Public will be more particularly informed of the place, and time, and price of admittance, by printed hand-bills. We do not mean to offer any remarks on the design, though we think it liable to objection in many parts; we will only suggest to Mr. Southey the expediency of the representation taking place on Easter Monday, instead of that stupid stuff, "George Barnwell." But we have written so much that we must needs stop here; intreating our Readers, if they have met with any thing odd or unaccountable in this Article, not immediately to suppose that we are in the wrong, but take it for granted that some deep meaning lies concealed under the text; or, if they are dying for the secret, to write privately to us; and, if they appear worthy of confidence, we promise to gratify their curiosity. For, Messieurs the Critics, there are more things in Heaven and Earth (and *par consequence* in "The Etonian") than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

G. M.

SONNET.

TO —————

MAIDEN! that bloom'st in solitude so still,
And through those eyes so gentle, yet so bright,
Pourest a soft and melancholy light,
Thou should'st be one, methinks, whose virgin will
Knows not temptation, nor the taint which ill,
Committed or design'd, doth leave, in spite
E'en of Religion's self. Thou, in the might
Of primal Innocence, hath gazed thy fill
Of the Earth's beauties, and hast felt the power
And harmony intense of this great Whole;
Hence never on thy brow doth Anger lour,
Nor Laughter loved bely thy peaceful soul;
But sighs or smiles, in sad or happy hour,
And Saintlike aspirations round thee roll.

G. M.

A WISH.

TO A YOUNG RELATION.

THOU bid'st me write! in vain I call
The Muses to the welcome task;
Good wishes, little Friend, are all
That I can give, or thou should'st ask.

May'st thou go on in quiet bliss,
Thy tranquil way to Virtue's shrine;
Sung in happier strain than this,
Dear to a nobler heart than mine!

May Kindness shed her cheering ray,
As now, upon thy sinless years !
And may thy future praise repay
The fondness of our hopes and fears !

VISIT TO A COUNTRY FAIR.

I HAVE been so emboldened, my dear Peregrine, by your approbation of my last *petite morceau* from the Country, that I have again determined to shock the ears of my fashionable Readers with one more description of rural manners and simplicity. Without further preface, then, I one evening, during my stay at the Rectory, started for a solitary walk soon after dinner, which had been earlier than usual. The sky was without a cloud, and the Sun, still almost arrayed in his meridian glory, displayed his honest countenance receding through the wide expanse of the clear transparent hemisphere. Many an Exquisite would drawl out an affected titter at the idea of a rural walk till sunset ; but, in spite of all the domineering power of fashion that affirms nothing is so beautiful as dusky walls and smoke-dried towers, and can conceive no fragrance equal to the delightfully varied odours of a town, I found sufficient and even abundant objects of enjoyment. As I strolled along through fields of the richest fertility, or lingered under the shade of blossoming verdant hedge-rows, alive with the music of a hundred songsters, most deeply should I have pitied the man that delighted not in such a scene. I should pity him almost as much as a person who has so little taste for the Novels by the Author of Waverley, and is so miserably unable to digest their extraordinary

beauties, as to affirm that they resemble high-flaunting descriptions copied from some gaudy picture. I know not how such a spirit of perverseness as this, or how a perfumed Fashionable would have liked my ramble ; and care not, so long as they didn't interrupt me in it, or disturb my meditations ; which continued in full force during my wanderings over several fields, notwithstanding the uncereemonious appearance of an ungentlemanly animal called a bull. He certainly appeared inclined to pay very little regard to my love of country scenery ; but a neighbouring hedge enabled me to bid a rapid farewell to this unpleasant visitor ; and I journeyed onwards, without further interruption, till I was led, by frequent shouts of merriment, to a scene unusual, perhaps, to some of my readers. It was a Village Wake, or Fair, one of Nature's holidays ; where she throws aside jerkin and spade to indulge in uncurbed festivity ; or rather, where all the inhabitants of a village meet annually to feast, drink, play, make love, and break heads. Such was the scene I now entered upon, though not quite unexpectedly, as I had gained some notice of it beforehand by several noisy groups of peasants hastening past me to this attracting point of all that is pre-eminent, beautiful, or interesting in the country circle. For this is the Emporium of Village Fashion ; the Hyde-Park of the Rustics ; where the Farmer doffs his leather buskins and nail-studded boots for decent worsted hose, set off by shoes ornamented with the same gleaming buckles that bespangled the legs of his forefathers. The huge shaggy coat, the faithful companion of his labours through all weathers, is ejected this one day for verdant green, or russet brown. In addition to this, the rarely-used red waistcoat rises in roseate splendor across his muscular chest, leaving just room enough at the neck to permit the snow-white cravat to be seen ; which his good Dame herself has adjusted with the utmost care. He is not less metamorphosed than his neighbours, who all

start forth from their cottages on this anxiously-expected day, arrayed in their best habiliments ; as on some beautiful May morning a troop of butterflies gaily start from their flowery couches, and display to the rising Sun their little pinions variously adorned with a thousand splendid hues. The scene of these rural Saturnalia was a fine verdant lawn, extending like an amphitheatre towards a wood skirting the village. I was not long in finding an eminence from whence I might reconnoitre this motley scene, as well as the tumultuous hubbub of showmen and visitors would allow. I found, to my sorrow, that I had come too late for Donkey-racing, and various other sports ; and, at present, found the most conspicuous objects to consist of some youths breaking each other's heads with true English courage, and certain parties in swings, hanging between heaven and earth, at what appeared to me no very pleasant height. But, doubtless, they were as ambitious to soar as some of our superiors ; and, I am afraid, as liable to fall to the dust. To those who were tired of their sports delicacies were not wanting, from the new-made gingerbread to the inviting plumb ; amongst the booths also were seen some few decorated most splendidly with toys, where the rustic gallant might purchase a thimble or pair of garters for his fair adorable. One or two showmen might be observed amongst the crowd, offering their cap for contributions to the by-standers ; some of whom shrunk from it as if it contained a pestilence within its shattered carcase. At another time they made the skies 're-echo as they shouted out the murdered names of the grandees, displayed through a glass hole to their visitors. The latter always appeared to retire with great satisfaction from having seen the mighty potentates of the world in embryo, and reduced from their thrones to a rickety caravan. Alas ! poor crowned heads, what scurvy tricks Fortune plays

with you ! what a pity it is you cannot exterminate rascally showmen at the edge of the bayonet, who hawk your High Mightinesses about like so many baboons in kingly robes ! Turning a moment from the sports of the Fair, I beheld, beneath the shade of some gigantic oaks, a band of venerable fathers that might remind us of the patriarchs of old. Too old to engage in more robust exercises, these contented elders reclined there to view the activity of their sons ; and, as they applauded the skill of the present generation, waxed strong in tales of former times ; previously clearing their throats with a jug of the best village ale. At some distance from these a circle of aged dames were seated round a polished deal table to indulge in a dish of the best green tea. Like their lords and masters, they were arrayed in their best gowns and boddices, that had lain in the neatly-composed drawer at home for many a day, and were now drawn forth in all their rustling splendor and profusion of puckers. There were some healthy fat-looking souls laughing at some good joke till the tears came in their eyes ; while a few steadier matrons turned one eye to the tea-table, and, with the other, watched the motions of their daughters, who seized this opportunity to flirt with their lovers. Cupid, indeed, must have emptied his quiver ; for the various love-presents I saw borne off in triumph, must have had a powerful effect on hearts hitherto impregnable. At this moment my eye was caught by some smoke that rose curling over the tops of the trees in another part of the wood, and throwing a dusky hue over the surrounding foliage ; and, on a more curious inspection, I discovered a group of gipseys stationed there, like the tutelar deities of the forest, to utter their oracles from the native oak. These wanderers, equally with many others, had come to take advantage of the Fair, and were dealing out pottery-ware and fortunes by wholesale. They were bargaining pots and pans, killing

some damsels and marrying others, in quick succession; and, urged by my innate spirit of curiosity, I approached to take a nearer view of them. In the midst sat two sibyls hanging over the fumes of a pot, containing their evening's repast, and feeding the slender fire from time to time with sticks they had gathered in the wood. Near them were playing two or three bareheaded and barefooted urchins, that had perhaps known a better fate and better living. But the most conspicuous figures were two black-eyed lasses, with red cloaks flung with an air of negligence over their shoulders, while their sunburnt, though impressive and handsome features, were partly shrouded by a capacious hood and bonnet. They were apparently the Prophetesses of the party, and doubtless no unpleasing ones to their rustic customers. At this moment one of them, stretching out her long uncovered arm, was accurately inspecting the hand of an antiquated maiden, and promising her connubial felicity and a numerous offspring. It was amusing enough to see the one, who might be nearly called a dame, chuckling at this promise, and secretly admiring her own obsolete charms, and already captivating the hearts of youth in her imagination; while the other assumed a pretended appearance of mystic gravity, as her laughing eye betrayed her inward ridicule of the object standing before her. Her sister prophetess was unrolling the page of his destiny to a half-witted countryman, who seemed fearful of trusting his hand within that of the gipsy, thinking perhaps she might carry him to the Devil in a high wind. His doubting idiotic look was powerfully contrasted by the half-scornful fiery glance of the maiden, who seemed to regard him much in the same manner as a hawk eyes a trembling pigeon ere he pounces on it. Doubtless he considered her oracles infallible; but whether he returned to his farm-yard with a giggle of gladness, or a presentiment of approaching

death, I stayed not to unravel, but I suspect the black-browed damsel was inclined to play some severe joke upon him. The other members of the gipsey settlement bore nothing very remarkable in their appearance; there were two or three men engaged in selling knives, &c., whose countenances seemed to have manfully endured and opposed every extremity of weather, and might perhaps, to a better physiognomist than myself, have borne a sinister cast of expression, indicative of a mind capable of foraging in the neighbouring hen-roosts. But leaving these, the prophetesses, and a tattered old man, apparently the ruler of the tribe, to their profitable avocations, I once more returned to the Fair itself. Here there were decisive marks of the approach of even, and of the finishing of this grand gala. The swings, relaxing in their rapid motion, moved heavily and slowly to and fro, like the pendulum of a huge family clock, that may be seen in the corner of some fragrant kitchen, gleaming in all its rich japannery, and, with one mighty well-known tick, informing the ruddy-faced perspiring scullion, that the potatoes have boiled enough. The lately stentorian voices of the showmen died away in their throats, with a gurgling murmur resembling the sound of distant waters. The venerable patriarchs were rising one by one, with slow gravity, from their verdant seats, and, with one last look at the empty jug, each buttoned up his capacious flowing doublet, raised with a shrug the waistband of his breeches, shouldered his club stick, the rusty supporter of his steps, and wended on his way homeward. The tea-pot of the merry dames, drained to its lees, stood idly on the table, the cups and saucers ceased to rattle, and silence was reigning over that festive board, that had lately resounded with the laugh of pleasure and delight, as some well-fraught tale was ended, or some acute observation burst forth with a wink and a nod from the lips of the company. The bustling

matrons themselves were reclining on the still stout arm of their spouses, or dragging away their giggling daughters, who on every possible opportunity turned their heads to catch one last glance of, or blow a kiss to, their affianced lovers. These might be seen too, some with an air of merriment, others with an expression which strove to be genteelly melancholy, wandering back to their humble cots, with thoughts divided between the hardship of to-morrow's ploughing, and the enumeration of how many pigs, how many fowls, and how much stock, they must possess, ere they can hope to have their ardent passion rewarded, and their liberty subjected to the bonds of Hymen. The cudgels lay shattered on the grass; their owners had retired to meditate on the broken head which they had given or received. The birds were slumbering in the woods, the sheep-bells tinkled no more over the plain, and I was left alone and unregarded under the shade of the forest-trees, that waved with a hollow, tremulous murmur, as if admonishing me to be gone, lest by my loitering I should disturb the nocturnal gambols of Mab and her fairy train. I lost no time in obeying them, and being enabled to find my way through the wood by the light of the Moon, soon found myself far distant from the theatre of my evening's amusement, of which, as I looked back for a parting farewell, not a vestige remained save the smoke of the gipsy fire flitting in fantastic forms over the verdant branches of the trees, and opposing itself to the rays of the bright orb above me.

C. BELLAMY.

THE BOGLE OF ANNESLIE ;

OR, THE THREE-CORNERED HAT.

A TALE.

AN' ye winna believe i' the Bogle ?" said a pretty g lassie to her sweetheart, as they sat in the door of father's cottage one fine Autumn evening :—" Do hear that, mither, Andrew 'll no believe i' the bogle ?"

Gude be wi' us, Effie !" exclaimed Andrew,—a fair and delicate youth of about two-and-twenty,—"sonny time I wad hae o't, gin I were to heed every wife's clatter."

His words "auld wife" had a manifest effect on her, and she bit her lips in silence. Her mother immediately opened a battery upon the young man's prejudice, narrating how that on Anneslie Heath, at ten o'clock at night, a certain apparition was wont to appear, in the form of a maiden above the usual size, with a wide three-cornered hat. Sundry other particulars were mentioned, but Andrew was still incredulous. "He'll rue it dearly will he rue't !" said Effie, as he departed.

Many days, however, passed away, and Effie was exceedingly much disappointed to find that the scepticism of Andrew had gathered strength. Nay, he had the audacity to mock, by gibes and jests, the true believers, and to reproach them for the reasons of their faith. Effie was of a terrible passion.

At last, however, her prophecy was fulfilled. Andrew was passing over the moor, while the clock struck ten ; for

it was his usual practice to walk at that hour, in order to mock the fears of his future bride. He was just winding round the thicket which opened to him a view of the cottage where Effie dwelt, when he heard a light step behind him, and, in an instant, his feet were tripped up, and he was laid prostrate on the turf. Upon looking up he beheld a tall muscular man standing over him, who, in no courteous manner, desired to see the contents of his pocket. "De'il be on ye!" exclaimed the young forester, "I hae but ae coin i' the world." "That coin maun I hae," said his assailant. "Faith! I'se show ye play for't then," said Andrew, and sprung upon his feet.

Andrew was esteemed the best cudgel-player for twenty miles round, so that in brief space he cooled the ardour of his antagonist, and dealt such visitations upon his skull as might have made a much firmer head ache for a fortnight. The man stepped back, and, pausing in his assault, raised his hand to his forehead, and buried it among his dark locks. It returned covered with blood. "Thou hast cracked my crown," he said, "but yet ye sha' na gang scatheless;" and, flinging down his cudgel, he flew on his young foe, and, grasping his body before he was aware of the attack, whirled him to the earth with an appalling impetus. "The Lord hae mercy on me!" said Andrew, "I'm a dead man."

He was not far from it, for his rude foe was preparing to put the finishing stroke to his victory. Suddenly something stirred in the bushes, and the conqueror, turning away from his victim, cried out, "The bogle! the bogle!" and fled precipitately. Andrew ventured to look up. He saw the figure which had been described to him approaching; it came nearer and nearer; its face was very pale, and its step was not heard on the grass. At last it stood by his side, and looked down upon him. Andrew buried his face in his cloak: presently the apparition spoke—indistinctly indeed, for its teeth seemed to chatter with cold:—

"This is a cauld an' an eerie night to be sæ late ou Anneslie Muir!" and immediately it glided away. Andrew lay a few minutes in a trance; and then arising from his cold bed, ran hastily towards the cottage of his mistress. His hair stood on end, and the vapours of the night sunk chill upon his brow as he lifted up the latch, and flung himself upon an oaken seat.

"Preserve us!" cried the old woman. "Why, ye are mair than aneugh to frighten a body out o' her wits! To come in wi' sic a flaunt and a fling, baresconced, and the red bluid spatter'd a' o'er your new leather jerkin! Shame on you, Andrew! in what mishanter hast thou broken that fule's head o' thine?"

"Peace, mither!" said the young man, taking breath, "I hae seen the bogle!"

The old lady had a long line of reproaches, drawn up in order of march, between her lips; but the mention of the bogle was the signal for disbanding them. A thousand questions poured in, in rapid succession.—"How old was she? How was she dressed? Who was she like? What did she say?"

"She was a tall thin woman, about seven feet high!"

"Oh Andrew!" cried Effie.

"As ugly as sin!"

"Other people tell a different story," said Effie.

"True, on my Bible oath! and then her beard"—

"A beard! Andrew," shrieked Effie, "a woman with a beard! For shame, Andrew!"

"Nay, I'll swear it upon my soul's salvation! She had seen saxty winters and mair, afore e'er she died to trouble us!"

"I'll wager my best new gown," said the maiden, "that saxteen would be nearer the mark."

"But wha was she like, Andrew?" said the old woman. "Was she like auld Janet that was drowned in the burn forenaint? or that auld witch that your maister hanged for stealing his pet lamb? or was she like—"

"Are you sure she was na like *me*, Andrew?" said Effie, looking archly in his face.

"You—Pshaw! Faith, guid mither, she was like to naebody that I ken, unless it be auld Elspeth, the cobbler's wife, that was blamed for a' the mischief or misfortunes o' the kintra roun', and was drowned at last for having "sense aboon the lave."

"And how was she dressed, Andrew?"

"In that horrible three-cornered hat, which may I be blinded if ever I seek to look upon again! an' in a lang blue apron."—

"Green, Andrew!" cried Effie, twirling her own green apron round her thumb.

"How you like to teaze ane!" said the lover. Poor Andrew did not at all enter into his mistress's pleasantry, for he laboured under a great depression of spirits, and never lifted his eyes from the ground.

"But ye hae na tauld us what she said, lad!" said the old woman, assuming an air of deeper mystery as each question was put and answered in its turn.

"Lord! what signifies it whether she said this or that! Haud your tongue, and get me some comfort; for, to speak truth, I'm vera cauld."

"Weel mayest thou be sae," said Effie, "for indeed," she continued, in a feigned voice, "*it was a cauld an' an eerie night to be sae late on Anneslie Muir.*"

Andrew started, and a doubt seemed to pass over his mind. He looked up at the damsel, and perceived, for the first time, that her large blue eyes were laughing at him from under the shade of a huge three-cornered hat. The next moment he hung over her in an ecstasy of gratitude, and smothered with his kisses the ridicule which she forced upon him as the penalty of his preservation.

"Seven feet high, Andrew!"

"My dear Effie!"—

"As ugly as sin!"—

"My darling lassie!"—

"And a beard!"—

"Na! na! now you carry the jest o'er far!"

"And saxty winters!"

"Saxteen springs; Effie! dear, delightfu', smiling springs!"

"And Elspeth, the cobbler's wife! oh! Andrew, Andrew, I never can forgie you for the cobbler's wife!—and what say you now, Andrew! is there nae bogle on the muir?"

"My dear Effie! for your sake I'll believe in a' the bogles in Christendie!"

"That is," said Effie, at the conclusion of a long and vehement fit of risibility, "that is, in a' the year 'three-cornered Hats.'"

A. M'F.

THE SERENADE.

"The maiden paused, as if again
She thought to catch the distant strain,
With head upraised, and look intent,
And ear and eye attentive bent,
And locks flung back, and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art."

SCOTT.

"ANNA, list! the zephyrs play
Over the blue wave fleetly;
And the boatman's distant roundelay
Breaks on the still night sweetly.

“ Ope the casement—open wide—
Let us drink the moonbeam’s light ;
Like a proudly-glitt’ring bride,
Rides she through the clouds of night.

“ O ’t is sweet—the hour I love—
The lovely hour of placid Even,—
Thus to let our spirits rove,
And mingle with the stars of Heav’n.

“ Nature sleeps—and all around
A holy silence spreads her reign ;
Save the sheep-bell, not a sound
Is heard along the tranquil plain.

“ While the halcyon calm we view,
Anxious cares and troubles fly,
We the bliss that ’s past renew—
Breathe to absent love a sigh.

“ Hark ! a lute—I heard its tone—
Again the sound salutes my ear :
Who the Wand’rer late and lone,
Thus that joys rude night to cheer ?

“ List thee, Anna ; list, I pray—
Softly steals the melody—
Sweet the voice, and sweet the lay,
Floating o’er the silent sea :”—

“ The dew-drop that shines on the violet’s bed,
Or the stars that are glitt’ring in Heav’n above,
Or the diadem gracing a conqueror’s head,
Are never so bright as the eyes of my Love.

The odour exhaled from yon opening rose,
Or the breezes that play round Arabia's grove,
Or when labour is over, the peasant's repose,
Is never so sweet as the kiss of my Love.

Selina, thou fair one, O! list to my tale,
'Mid her heaven of purple rides blithely the Moon;
O! waft me that kiss on the wings of the gale,
Or waft me thyself—a far lovelier boon."

" 'Tis he, 't is he—I know the strain
His flatt'ring tongue was wont to sing—
That lute—which could my heart enchain,
When Lona touch'd the pliant string.

" Dear youth, I come—but no!—my soul,
While love entwines his flowery bands,
Forgets a father's stern control—
Forgets his oft-renew'd commands.

" But O! I love—shall bolts or bars,
Shall all restrictions out of number,
Impede the light of kindred stars?
Keep hearts that Love has join'd asunder?"

She said, and o'er her downy cheek
There stole a tinge of deeper dye,
And 'prison'd Love would try to speak
Its anger through her twinkling eye.

She flung away, in trembling haste,
The ringlets of her flowing hair;
And Zephyr left the billow's breast,
To frolic and to nestle there.

Then look'd on Anna --and a sigh
Unheeded from her bosom fled—
And then—in speechless apathy,
Gazed on the ocean's tranquil bed.

The minstrel youth, who, ling'ring nigh,
A lover's hopes and fears had proved,
Thought ev'ry breeze that murmur'd by
Brought news of bliss from her he loved.

But all was silent—all was still—
Again he waked the trembling lyre;
Again, obedient to his will,
It utter'd love and soft desire.

A voice arose, whose every word
Fell sweet as Hybla's honey tear,
And plaintive as that lonely bird
That tells her woes in Evening's ear.

“ Can the river flow on in a unison stream,
If the fountains that feed it with waves are suppress'd?
The sun-flower withers, if reft of the beam
Of the God that enlightens and nurtures her crest.

“ Then pity the lover, who sighing implores
One smile to disperse his soul's lowering shade;
If bereft of the light of those eyes he adores,
Like the flower when blighted, he'll sicken and fade.

“ O can that fair bosom, Selina, O can it
Be deaf to the cries of the wretched? O no!
As the billow bends down to the breezes that fan it,
So woman's soft heart bends to accents of woe.

'hen bid me but hope, and my wandering lute
Again shall sound cheerly, again shall be gay,
But frown on me, loved one, but frown on my truth,
And then silent the Wand'rer, then hush'd is the Lay."

The maid had heard—her bosom heaved,
And passion sparkled in her eye;
E'en for a while of sense bereaved,
She stood entranced in ecstasy.

For music, with its magic pow'r,
Each fibre of the soul can move;
But doubly charms at lonely hour,
When warbled by the lips of love.

With gentle blandishment it woos,
And weaves a chain the heart around,
Till every pulse the strain pursues,
And beats responsive to the sound.

But short the bliss that wrapt her soul,
And short that visionary calm;
She spurn'd her Anna's soft control,
And flung away the lifted arm.

That image, which in Fancy's eye
She saw to touch the trembling lyre,
Raised in her breast Love's tempest high,
Usurp'd Affection's softer fire.

There was but one—one heart alone,
That moment all the world within,
That she would wish to call her own,
That she would care to lose or win.

And still the strain her Lona sung
Would vibrate on her list'ning ear;
Each airy accent of his tongue
Seem'd still as if 't was warbling near.

She stood awhile—but passion's tide
Was pour'd along her eddying soul!
And, springing from her Anna's side,
She darted, reckless of control,

Through that fair window's open frame,
And gain'd the balcony—her form
Shone lovely as some fairy dame,
Or white-robed spirit of the storm.

She saw the much-loved youth beneath,
While kindled love her bosom warms;
And hardly daring to take breath,
She rush'd to meet her Lona's arms.

I know no more—a little bark,
Whene'er the moon illumed the tide,
Was seen amid the billows dark
In bounding playfulness to glide.

And there was heard the murm'ring sound
Of oars, that dash'd the briny spray;
And when the zephyr play'd around,
It bore along this simple lay:

“O smile, Love, to-night, for together we trace
The rude ocean of billows, deriding its ire;
I'll warm thee, when cold, in a lover's embrace,
And lull thee to sleep with the sound of the lyre.

smile, Love, to-night—for the breast of the wave
 seems to sparkle aneath the rude dash of the oar ;
 the Nereids laugh in their coralline cave,
 and speed us away to some happier shore."

X. C.

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

I.

grine Courtenay to "*Coll. apud Cantab. Soc.*"

DEAR SIR,—Your letter has afforded me so much
 content in my closet, that I should consider myself
 unpardonable if I made no return for the favour
 and, since you have opened to me no means of
 communication, I am compelled to acknowledge
 obligations to you publicly.

I am really quite charmed with your epistolary style.
 There is a something of ease and *jauntiness* about it,
 [I would almost give his Majesty's crown to ac-
 But "what's impossible can't be"—I must scrib-
 vell as I may!

Your description of your breakfast-table, on the first
 month, quite enraptured me. "Your paper-
 always accompanies your breakfast apparatus ;
 I leisurely inspect the *Nugæ Literariæ*, which you
 ly take in." I had the whole picture before me in
 ment ! The mahogany table,—the clean cloth,—the
 d toast,—the chocolate,—the spruce serving-man,
 icer serving-maid, and *Coll. apud Cantab. Soc.*

seated in a great arm-chair, almost as big as my own, looking by turns at the breakfast and the *Nuga*, and gaping for both with the appetite of an Ogre. Beside him, on a little spider-legged table, legions of periodical worthies repose; but I pass them all over to come to his "chiefest delight." "My chiefest delight, Sir, I readily confess, is drawn from the pages of 'The Etonian.'"—My dear Sir, you are the best Critic that ever drank chocolate. So far we have gone on smoothly, but the catastrophe is shocking!

It is the first of March.—The servant enters:—"Sir! I have been to Mr. Warren's"—(*Coll. apud Cantab. Soc. testifies impatience.*)—"The Etonian' is not arrived"—(*Coll. apud Cantab. Soc. looks black.*)—"It is not expected."—(*Coll. apud Cantab. Soc. is in a passion.*)—He calls for pen, ink, and paper; he indites, yea! he indites a grievous letter! He taketh up the cudgels, and he will no more take in the work; he giveth us his sage advice, and he will no more give us his two shillings.

And you really think, my dear Sir, that "the vaunted extension of 'The Etonian's' sale must not be relied upon!" I think this an unfair insinuation, and I shall be serious about it; which I very seldom am. I will lead you into our Printing-Office;—put you quite behind the scenes. In this work we have no view to individual reputation; and therefore we do not wish to dispose of more than a limited number of copies. We print 750 copies of every Number; we shall continue to do so; and we shall sell them all! Mark me, Sir! I cannot prevent your "inferences" or your "fears;" but, by his Majesty's whiskers, *we shall sell them ALL.*—Our sale will never be "extended."

To proceed.—"You had intended to offer me a few criticisms upon the Review of Wordsworth's Poetry, and on a few other passages in 'The Etonian' which appear to favour the profession of principles, which you would willingly persuade yourself its conductors do not

entertain." How unfortunate! you have never found out that the sentiments contained in the said Review have been repeatedly disavowed by the said conductors. Vide Vol. I. pp. 213, 323.

After all, my dear "*Coll. apud Cantab. Soc.*," I believe you to be our very good friend, and long to shake hands with you in the Club-room. But I must let you into a secret. There are here things which we call "regular weeks," and "four exercise-weeks," which you know nothing at all about, but which we consider a great nuisance. There are also such things as weak constitutions, illnesses, &c.—but these, in common with another worthy and Rev. Gentleman (whom I could mention), you may, perhaps, call "Peregrine apologies." And you are surprised at my *irregularity*? Alas! alas! I have twenty excuses to make; but when I have said, "First, I am an Etonian," all charitable persons will say, "Enough—leave out the nineteen." After all, N° V. was in London on the 1st of March, and you might have had it at tea.

And now, my dear Sir, I must take my leave of you. Forgive me if I have said any thing impertinent: you see that foolish inference about our sale put me into a little pet. Believe me, few persons expect much "regularity" from a schoolboy. You have no idea how punctual I will be when I am "*Coll. apud Cantab. Soc.*" In conclusion, allow me to assure you that I shall be happy to receive your criticisms, and loath to peruse your fears; that I am very thankful for your good-will, and very sorry for your inferences; that I have the greatest respect for your observations, and not the smallest wish for your two shillings.

I have the honour to be, &c.

PEREGRINE COURTENAY.

II.

*Extract of a Letter written from Athens, in the 2d Year
of the 109th Olympiad.*

CHARICLES TO MENEDEMUS.

IT is painful, Menedemus, to contemplate Death at a distance; it is painful only to *hear* of the departure of a human soul; but you cannot form an idea how dreadful a thing it is to *see* the dissolution of what was dear to us, to look upon the final extinction of the prospects, the wishes, the pursuits, of a being like ourselves.

Poor Crito! You remember well how kind and engaging he was; how mild to his inferiors, how obliging to his equals, how respectful to his superiors! He died, as you know, very young; and it may perhaps be foolish to dwell much upon talents whose cultivation had hardly commenced, and to anticipate the future success of qualities which had scarcely begun to expand; nevertheless it is consolatory to us to reflect, that, if manhood had been granted to him, he might have become as great in public as he was amiable in private life; he might hereafter have been as dear to Athens as he already was to us! Alas! while I paint a vision of what he might have been, I am striving to forget the certainty of what he *is*!

His illness was short, but painful. He bore it with exemplary fortitude, and testified throughout the greatest reluctance to give pain or apprehension to his friends. Alas! the recollection of this only avails to add poignancy to the regret which pervades the walks of Academus. Latterly, as his danger became more imminent, his friends were not allowed to see and converse with him, but he was not the less present to their hearts;—their inquiries concerning him were constant and affec-

tionate; the mirth which is natural to youth was pensive and restrained; they avoided causing the slightest sound, and walked softly by the threshold of the sufferer.

At last all expectation, all hope, of his recovery expired. We were informed of his situation, and admitted to the room where he lay. Oh! Menedemus! if you had witnessed with me that feverish countenance, those vain efforts to express by words some wish that we could not hear or gratify, and, last of all, the faint struggles of departing animation,—you would not be surprised when I say, that more wisdom is to be learned from the contemplation of a death-bed than from the precepts of another Socrates.

He endeavoured to take leave of us, and he could not speak; we spoke to him, and he could not hear; he strove to look round upon those who wept about him, and agony had weighed down his eyelids; his sister was sitting by his bedside, and he was unconscious of her presence: every faculty of his mind, every nerve of his body, seemed to be powerless; he was awake to no sensation but that of pain. As we gazed upon his face, dark and clammy with fever,—as we beheld his motionless and emaciated hand, his closed eyes, his distorted lips;—what dreadful ideas came over us! We felt that Death was in the chamber, and looked round upon each other, as if doubting which of us was to be the next victim of the destroying power! Oh! my friend, if, as Plato has taught us, the soul is really immortal; if, in bliss or in woe, it survives the frail vesture of clay in which it is shrouded, how cautious should we be in every moment of our lives; how carefully should we regulate our actions; how closely should we scrutinize our thoughts!

Cleon, who was standing next to me, touched my gown: I turned round to him. He whispered to me; "Now he is dying!" I looked back to the couch with a feeling of chilly stupor which I cannot attempt to de-

scribe: Aspasia was leaning over her brother, and kissing his cold lips. Suddenly she arose:—"I have drank his last breath!" she said hysterically, and fell into the arms of her husband. In a moment the features of the youth lost all appearance of pain or distortion: they resumed their usual mildness of expression; they lay composed in the beautiful serenity of death.

Poor Crito! his memory will long be treasured up in the hearts of those who loved him; his virtues are often the subject of conversation among us: some of us preserve with the fondest assiduity the little presents which they may have received from him; others have locks of his hair entwined in rings and lockets. Plato, whose pupil he was, has written some beautiful poetry, to be inscribed upon his tomb.

* * * *

ON THE PROPOSED ESTABLISHMENT OF A PUBLIC LIBRARY AT ETON.

WE are very glad to be able to announce, that, after the Easter Holidays, a Public Library for the use of the School will be established by Subscription, at Mr. Williams's. We are very glad of it, not for our own sake, for before it shall rise to any degree of importance, we shall be inhabitants of this spot no longer; our very names will be forgotten among its more recent inmates. But we hail with joy this Institution, for the sake of the School we love and reverence, to which we hope it will prove, at some future period, a valuable addition.

The plan admits of 100 Subscribers; viz. the 100 Senior Members of the School. If any of these decline to become Members, the option will descend to the next in

radation. The Subscription for the first year will be 0s. 6d. after the Easter, Election, and Christmas Holidays; in future 10s. 6d. will be paid after the two latter vacations only. The Library will consist of the Classics, History, &c.; and Subscribers will be allowed, under certain regulations, to take books from the room. Of course a thing of this kind has not been set on foot without the concurrence of the Higher Powers; and the Head Master has assisted the promoters of it by his approbation, as well as by liberality of another description. We trust that Eton will not long continue to experience the want of an advantage which many other Public Schools enjoy.

We had intended to send the foregoing loose remarks to press, in order to request as many of our schoolfellows in the Upper Division, as are willing to become Subscribers, to leave their names with Mr. Williams, at whose house the Library will be established. But as we were preparing to send off the manuscript, an old gentleman, for whom we have a great respect, called in, and looked over our shoulder. He then took a chair, and observed to us, "This will never do!" He took off his spectacles—wiped them, put them on again, and repeated—"This will never do!"

"I, Sir, was an Etonian in the year 17—, and, being a bit of a speculator in those days, had a mind to do what you are now dreaming of doing. I addressed myself forthwith to various friends, all of them distinguished by rank, or talent, or influence, among their companions. I began with Sir Roger Gandy, expatiated on the sad want of books which many experienced, and asked whether he did not think a Public Library would be a very new thing? 'A circulating one,' he said, 'Oh yes! very!'—and he yawned. There was taste!

"The next to whom I made application, was Tom Juny, the fat son of a fat merchant on Ludgate-Hill. Poor Tom! he died last week, by-the-by, of a surfeit.

Well, Sir, I harangued him for some time upon the advantages of my scheme, to which he gave his cordial assent. Finally, I observed that, of course, it would not be very expensive.—‘Expensive!’ he said, ‘Oh yes! very!’—and he walked off. There was liberality!

“Next I besieged Will Wingham. I made my approaches, as before, with great caution, and at last summoned the garrison to surrender.—‘Books!’ he exclaimed, ‘I hav’n’t one but a Greek Grammar, with all Syntax out.’ ‘And do you think,’ I resumed, ‘that an Etonian can do well without them?’ ‘Do well!’ he said, ‘Oh yes! very!’—and he laughed. There was a wish for improvement!

“Now, my good Peregrine,” continued the old Gentleman, putting his feet up upon the hobs of my fire, and looking very argumentative, “what do you say to all this?”

The old Gentleman is

“Laudator temporis acti
Se puero.”

He left the room piqued, when we hurt his prejudices by replying, “Nothing, Sir, but that the Etonians of 1821 are not, we will hope, the Etonians of 17—.”

P. C.

PEREGRINE'S SCRAP-BOOK.

NO. IV.

rch 1. Upon looking over No V., I find that an
n to the "London Magazine," bears an unfeeling
rance, as connected with the unfortunate death of
Scott. I trust that our friends need not be as-
that the paragraph in question was written and
so press before the melancholy catastrophe was
hended.

ust apologize to the author of "Evening," for the
eriod during which it has been lying in my desk.
I must also apologize for the necessity which even
prevents me from giving so much space to the
as I could wish. It was my intention that it
I have stood as a separate article; but I find my-
nable to do more than to quote from it in the
-Book. My first extract is the exordium of the

" The glowing orb descends; the beam of day
That crown'd the summit of meridian sky,
Sheds from the western tract a mellow'd ray,
And tints the azure with a golden dye,
Slow sinking to the ocean;—'t is a way
That Phœbus often takes to wish ' good-by,'
A certain sign that he 's engaged to meet his
Submarine friends, and drink his tea with Thetis.

" Suppose him then loud knocking at the door,
Suppose all Neptune's household in commotion,
Tritons and Nymphs, and Nereids twenty score,
The progeny of Tethys and the Ocean;
Suppose at last—all ceremony o'er—
Apollo seated on an easy cushion;—
Though some, who think themselves supremely knowing,
Affirm he never rests, but still keeps going.

“ And when, upon the bright horizon gleaming,
 He pours his parted radiance o’er the sea,
 They’ll tell you gravely that it’s all a seeming,
 He does not really venture in, not he !
 And when he *does* go down, he is not dreaming
 Of chairs and tables, coffee-pots and tea,
 Nor will his weary limbs on couch or tripod ease
 But gallops off, and visits the Antipodes.

“ Well ! be that as it may ! ” * * *

The author proceeds to give a humorous prospect of his intended work, after which he thus resumes thread of his description :—

—————“ Phœbus has gone down,
 Still glows that vivid radiance soon to fade ;
 And still those dazzling clouds, that form’d a throne
 To the descending monarch, are array’d
 In hues of splendor, and, though destined soon
 To darken in the night’s triumphant shade,
 Linger awhile, clad in their golden die,
 The last bright beam of parted majesty.

“ And fainter now is that effulgence proud,
 And heavier now, o’er Ocean’s purple tide,
 Spreads the thick gloom, and darker now the shroud
 That hangs upon the distant mountain’s side ;
 And deeper blushes streak the western cloud,
 And cooler zephyrs o’er the ripple glide ;
 And calmer now, in this still hour of rest,
 Are the dark feelings of a troubled breast.

“ I’m not describing now, you may suppose,
 Things that *re ipsâ* stand before my eyes ;
 One Evening is a deal too short, Heav’n knows,
 To write two hundred verses for a prize ! *
 •

* Here you must know this is the subject set
 At Cambridge by Vice-Chancellor and Co. ;
 And all must write on it that want to get
 A medal !—but this metre will not do

But yet I have beheld some evenings close,
As fair as warmest fancy can devise ;
Two, in particular, I now remember,
One was last August—t'other in September."

e first of the said Evenings the Poet describes as
g been witnessed at Salisbury ; but I must only
myself the pleasure of transcribing the second :—

" The other was at Plymouth, as I said,
Or rather near it, as shall soon be shown ;
And that I shall remember till I 'm dead,
For while I watch'd the Sun, I 'll fairly own,
I rather trembled at the haste he made ;
And though he look'd so charming going down,
I 'd reasons then (no reasons could be stronger)
To wish he 'd keep above a little longer.

" For at the time that he was beaming reddest on
The distant confines of the western ocean,
I was half-way 'twixt Plymouth and the Eddystone——
How far that 's out at sea I 've no clear notion :
It is the most ingenious fabric made o' stone ;
But I shall ne'er again be so Boeotian
As to go out to see it, *solus ipse* ;
At least, with *but two boatmen*—and one tipsy.

" And now I could describe, in colours glowing,
Our fears, our troubles, and our piteous plight ;
And how the boatmen soon grew tired of rowing,
And how we 'd an enormous appetite ;

I 'm much afraid, but I 'm not certain yet
Whether to send my Poem in or no ;
Though, to be sure, I have not found a precedent,*
But then I 've certainly not long been resident.—*Author's note.*

ad to be sure you nade not say that now, for an't I coming up
bridge next year, and won't I give you a precedent, by writing in
ie metre myself ?
P. O'Connor.

And how we wisely had neglected stowing
Provisions,—but these matters would invite
Me to a long digression from my subject,
Which to avoid has always been my object.

“ And yet, considering our little crew,
The boat was managed wonderfully well ;
She was got safely in with much ado,
Although there chanced to be a heavy swell :
The many dangers we had then pass'd through,
Believe me, I am quite afraid to tell ;
When I got home I wrote a pretty Sonnet,
Just now I haven't time to dwell upon it.”

The Poet then eulogizes the Moon ; makes mention of her appearance in the Covent-Garden Pantomime ; speaks of the usual digressions on the lover, the flute, the night gale, the village-bell, and the old gray tower. He then, by way of a lick at the times, notices, with severe reprehension, the prevailing custom of dining late in evening ; and threatens us with a serious article upon the same subject, (which I hope to see soon.) He draws a lightful contrast between the purity of ancient, and the depravity of modern times ; averring that

“ Not thus in good old times it used to be,
When honest people were all drunk by Three !”

He then reverts to the descriptive, and gives an interesting enumeration of the heavenly bodies :—

“ And now the stars shine brightly ; the great Bear,
The little Do., not to say the Pleiades,
Andromeda, Cassiopeia's chair,
Orion, and Arcturus, and the Hyades ;
The Pole-star too, &c. * * *

He then informs the reader that Astronomy is among his acquirements, and laments his backwardness in scientific studies ; makes good resolutions for the

ure ; and (as is natural after making good resolutions) *falls asleep*. The following is his last yawn :—

“ And so good night !—If I’ve been dull and prosy,
My ‘Evening,’—like most Winter Evenings, will
Lull you to gentle sleep, and make you dozy ;
And as by this you must have had your fill,
I say no more.—Soon sinking in repose I
Shall dream of Muses and Parnassus ;—still
Believe me, ere I slumber, I shall sweeten
My last reflection with a thought on Eton.”

I have received, during the last month, several applications from Ladies, who wish to be informed when the King of Clubs intends to hold his next Drawing-Room. Such a numerous attendance has been promised, that the size of the Club-room would be quite inadequate to the purpose ; and, as the Mayor will not grant the use of the Town-Hall, no more Drawing-Rooms can be held ! If his Majesty were smothered (I shudder at the idea !) what would become of “The Etonian ?”

March 4.—Received various criticisms on N° V. Really the extraordinary penetration of our kind Commentators amuses me exceedingly. If an author favours us with two or three Articles, the censure inflicted upon one is usually balanced by the *blarney* lavished upon the other. Here are two papers by the *same* hand ! The author of one is pronounced a promising writer ; the author of the other is denominated “a millstone round our necks !” With reference to his first contribution, the poor fellow is void of all talent for dialogue, plot, or grouping ! Upon the subject of the second, the gentleman who is so lamentably deficient in the above requisites, is recommended to try his hand at *Dramatic Sketches*. These are the little bits of absurdity which make anonymous writing so delightful ; these are the little incidents, which, by the laughter they produce, make the life of an Editor just endurable !

March 7.—Dined out.—Mr. Truffles discovered strong resemblance between me and Alexander the Great. After I had sat in astonishment some time, I discovered that he alluded to Lady Vanhoooven's fat pug-dog.

March 15.—Received various compositions bearing signature M. H. I return my best thanks to the author for his kind disposition towards us, and assure him that I would gladly have inserted his favours if I thought that any of them were calculated to do credit either "The Etonian" or to M. H.

March 17.—Received a splendid piece of criticism. This is indeed an article! "The March to Moscow marches to press as fast as my Mercury can carry. Why do we talk about the learned of olden times—Commentators upon Poets, and the Commentators upon Commentators? Let them look from the Shades upon "The March to Moscow," and "hide their diminished heads!"—Longinus and Toupius, put together, never wrote any thing like this!

March 21.—Patrick O'Connor had a letter this morning from his uncle the Captain, containing an account of an occurrence far too important to be passed over. The Captain narrates his visit to General Bonaparte, at Helena. The General seemed in good spirits, and very jocose. After discussing the usual topics, such as the opinion entertained of him in England, state of affairs in Europe, &c. he became very curious about periodical literature of Great Britain. He said, "he understood that one of our Magazines had represented me as promising to become a Contributor; but this was false; people would not cease telling lies of him." In conclusion, he was very desirous to see a specimen of English Magazinery. The Captain had our first Number in his pocket; it was produced—examined. The Ex-Emperor looked a long while at his Majesty of Clarendon on the wrapper; at last he said, "*Quelle friponnerie*!"—The Captain is of opinion that he was thinking of

own crown and sceptre, and St. Cloud—but *I* think no such thing.

After much inquisitiveness on the part of Napoleon, and much embarrassment on the part of the Captain, the former signified his intention of sending an Article of four or five pages every now and then, if the Ministers of the King of Clubs and the King of England would give him leave. His informant observed, that Politics could not be admitted. "Ah ha!" said the Querist, "and do you think I can write nothing but Politics? Speak for me (turning to Madame Bertrand), do I not write delightful Sonnets?" "Sire," said Montholon, "let us hope you will soon have something better to do." "*C'est selon!*" said Bonaparte, significantly.

March 22.—From a long Poem on Dogs, which I do not much admire, I extract the following lines on Munito, with whom many of our readers are, doubtless, well acquainted. I had a great mind to make no extract at all, for I am rather piqued that the author has talked about Kings, and Queens, and Pam, without introducing a compliment.

" Though great Spadille, or that famed prince of Loo,
All conqu'ring Pam, turn backward from his view,
Swift in the noble chace, Munito tracks
The Royal Guests amid Plebeian packs :
And though the cards in mix'd confusion lie,
And mock the vigour of a human eye,
Munito still, with more than magic art,
Knows Kings from Knaves, the Diamond from the Heart !
Happy were men, if thus in graver things,
Our Knaves were always parted from our Kings !
Happy the maid, who in Love's maze can part
The Miser's Diamond from the Lover's Heart !"

Corrected the proof of "Tancred and Sigismunda," and had struck it off for N° VII.

Sent "The Serenade" to press. Our readers will ex-

cuse a few trifling inaccuracies of rhyme, &c. I need not bring to their recollection

———" Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis."

Whist in the evening. Held his Majesty nearly every deal, and won accordingly.

March 24.—Read over several little compositions, by I. I. G. I am sorry that it is not in my power to avail myself of his kindness in such a degree as I could wish; but, as we allow 20 pages only to *Old Etonians*, we are obliged to be very choice in the selection. The following, I think, is as good a specimen as I can select:—

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

" Go, tuneful bird, and quickly pass,
To wake my Emma's eyes from sleep;
Go tell her that there are, alas!
Some eyes that only wake to weep.

Go tell her that there are on earth
Some hearts that only wake to sigh;
And when the morn renews her birth,
Some souls that only long to die."

Received the following lines "to the Rainbow," by R. S. By-the-by, we intended to have assured him, before this, that the jest about "*bamming*" was only inserted for the purpose of calling attention to some very pretty lines, and at the same time giving a colour to the singularity of their style.

TO THE RAINBOW.

" Gentle Sylph of the Storm, who reposest above,
While the thunders around thee rattle;
As a Virgin that hangs on the neck of her love,
'Mid the reckless approach of the battle;

For protection and rest, 'mid aerial war,
 Could I fly to thy soothing embrace ;
 I should find what appeared so lovely afar,
 But in tears and illusion to cease.

So 'mid sorrows of earth, though festivity smile,
 As a Heaven-sent comforter luring ;
 Its embrace is delusion, its loveliness guile,
 When attain'd nought but danger ensuring.

Fare thee well ! 'Mid affliction to him while I bow,
 Who thy form a love-token hath given :
 I'll remember that hope and repose are, as now,
 Never found—save in Patience and Heaven."

March 25.—Went to the *Devil* in a high wind.

March 26.—Corrected the proof of "Le Blanc on Interest." An article on the subject was promised, if I recollect right, by Mr. Burton. I cannot imagine what made him relinquish a topic so suited to his taste and studies.

Received some Stanzas from F. J. He must excuse some possible delay in their insertion, as the limits, which we allow to foreign contributions, are hardly wide enough for the favours we receive.

I have received a letter, signed "A Friend at Westminster," which I shall answer in this place :—

SIR,—I am obliged to our Westminster readers for the interest they take in "The Etonian," and beg leave to assure them that the professions we have made are no puff, but that 60 pages of every Number are *bonâ fide* the production of Etonians of the present day. Moreover, I believe that *no* Publication has been carried on at Eton, which has not *admitted* foreign assistance.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

PEREGRINE COURTENAY.

March 27.—Having a vacant page, I will fill it another little composition by my poor friend:—

“ A Flower, in Nature’s fairest dress,
 Bloom’d on its parent tree ;
 Brightly it blush’d in loveliness—
 That blush was not for me !
 Oh ! not for me, right well I knew ;
 And yet I watch’d it where it grew,
 Fondly and fearfully,
 And often from my heart I pray’d
 That gentle Flower might never fade.

I could have borne to see it bloom
 By other hands caress’d,
 Giving its blossoms and perfume
 To deck another’s breast ;
 And when that Flower, in future days,
 Had met my melancholy gaze,
 Still living and still bless’d,
 I should have spoke a calmer tone,
 And made its happiness my own.

But thus to find it hurl’d away
 By him to whom it clung,
 To watch it withering day by day,
 So beautiful and young !
 To see it dying, yet repress
 The agony of tenderness
 That lingers on the tongue !—
 Alas ! and doth it come to this,
 Mary ! thy cherish’d dream of bliss !

Gone is the colour from thy cheek,
 The lustre from thine eye ;
 Thy brow is cold—thy step is weak,
 Thy beauty passeth by !
 In ignorance supremely bless’d,
 Thy child is slumbering on thy breast,
 And feels not, “ she will die ! ”
 Alas ! alas !—I know not how
 I speak of this so coldly now !

I love to muse on thee by night !
 And, while my bosom aches,
 There is a something of delight
 In thinking why it breaks ;
 'Therefore doth Reason come in vain ;—
 I doat on this consuming pain,
 Cling to the wounds it makes,
 Talk—dream of it, and find relief
 E'en in the bitterness of grief.

Where are ye now, ye coldly wise,
 Who bid the passions sleep,
 Who scorn the mourner when he sighs,
 And call it crime to weep ?
 Yours is the lifelessness of life !—
 I will not change this inward strife
 For all your precepts deep,
 Nor lose, in my departing years,
 The pain—the bliss—the throb of tears !”

E. M.

ch 28.—At the Printing-Office. Mr. M'Kechnie
 a worthy gentleman, and a particular friend of
 asked for what day N° VII. should be announced?
 I do not remember, I am afraid my Readers will, that
 (our last Holiday Number) was not out altogeth-
 er soon as it ought to have been. Now the Holi-
 day is again coming, and I am afraid of making
 excuses.

Shakespeare, as somebody has before observed in the
 preface of this Number, has said “ tell truth, and shame
 the devil !” In the present instance I fear one might
 with greater propriety, “ tell *lies*, and shame the
 devil.” However, that the *Devil* may never again
 blush for the lies of Peregrine Courtenay, I will
 make a safe promise—Yes ! I pledge myself that—
 N° II. shall be published on the first of May—if



Nº. VII.

THE KING OF CLUBS.

SCENE—THE PRINTING-OFFICE.

CHORUS OF DEVILS.

“ ALL’s lost ! All’s lost !

Not a penn’orth o’ copy is come per post !

Not a line in hand,

The Press at a stand !

And we’re coming so close to the First of May,

That the Number will never be out to its day.

I’m certain and sure,

Though he looks so demure,

Mr. Courtenay’s a deuce of a cool one ;

For, day after day,

He blarneys away,

And feeds up our hopes,

With his figures and tropes ;

Promises making,

And promises breaking,

As if he delighted to fool one.

Sulphur and nitre ! all's lost, all's lost !
Not a penn'orth o' copy is come per post !"

FIRST COMPOSITOR.

" Oh ! dear ! what can the matter be ?
Dear ! dear ! what can the matter be ?
Good lack ! what can the matter be ?
Mr. P. is so late with his pen !
We can never go on ! why, he gets worse and worse !
He promised to send me a budget of Verse,
And a morsel of Prose, which he calls ' The Old Nurse ;'
And see—ha'n't he choused us again ?"

SECOND COMPOSITOR.

" Good Mr. Courtenay, Sir, you see,
Has but a drowsy head ;
Why wasn't Mr. Bellamy
The Editor instead ?
He writes so quick, so wondrous quick,
He'd fill a volume very thick,
While Courtenay nibs his pen ;
Ay ! sure as I expect to dine,
Courtenay can write but half a line :
While Bellamy writes ten."

CHORUS.

" Well, well, we needn't make a fuss,
We needn't now be bother'd thus,
For sure the Number's nought to us,
Whether it's out or not ;
And so, instead of all this noise,
Suppose we hold our tongues, my Boys,
And pass about the pot !

*(Enter Mr. Peregrine Courtenay, booted and spurred, with a
ng face and a bundle ; Devils stare and put down the Beer.—
pause.)*

MR. COURTENAY.

“ What is’t ye do ?
All idling here,
And drinking of beer,
When our Number’s so late,
And our hurry so great,
And our moments of leisure so few ?”

FIRST COMPOSITOR.

“ Oh Lord ! Mr. Courtenay, I vow and profess
You’re worse than a Turk or a Jew ;
For look ye, you won’t give a line to the Press,
And you won’t give the Devil his due.”

CHORUS.

(Crowding round.)

“ And where are all the papers, Sir,
You promised you would send ;
For how can any Printer stir
When his copy’s at an end ?

(Devils speak alternately, Mr. Courtenay looking miserable.)

“ And where’s ‘ The Bachelor ? ’—and where
Good Mr. Sterling’s ‘ Thoughts on Prayer ! ’ ”—
“ And ‘ Burton’s Verses on the Stocks ? ’ ”—
“ And ‘ Lozell’s Prose on Weathercocks ? ’ ”—
“ And where is ‘ Martin on the Martyrs ? ’ ”—
“ And ‘ The Mistake ? ’ ”—and ‘ Changing Quarters ? ’ ”—
“ Those Sonnets ? and ‘ The Welcome Guest ? ’ ”—
“ ‘ On Calumny ? ’ ”—“ ‘ On Interest ? ’ ”—

“ How all your vast professions fall !
 You speak us soft and fair ;
 But when we ask, ‘ Where are they all ?’
 An Echo answers—‘ Where ? ’ ”

MR. COURTENAY.

“ Abused and maltreated in this sort of fashion,
 By his Majesty’s crown I shall be in a passion !
 Shall I work till my head
 Has a marvellous ache ?
 Shall I dine on dry bread
 When I sigh for a steak ?
 Shall I sport ‘ midnight tapers ?’
 And fly from Quadrille ! Oh !
 Betimes at my papers,
 And late on my pillow ?
 Shall I write till my eyes
 Grow drowsy, and blink,
 To be harass’d with lies,
 And bespatter’d with ink ?
 Ay ! this is the way !
 If a man is of use,
 He has for his pay
 Little else but abuse !
 Why ! I’ve been writing like a Turk,
 So, pray ye, set your types to work,
 Here’s copy in my sack !—
 Nay, nay,—paws off, good Master Gruff !
 I find Blue Devils quite enough,
 And may be spared the Black ! ”

CHORUS.

“ Hurra !—Hurra !—
 The Number is sure to be out to its day.
 Mr. Peregrine Courtenay’s come out of the west,
 Through all the wide country his pens are the best ;

and he's brought a fresh stock of his puffing and puns,
 to be laugh'd at by all but the Vandals and Huns;
 let us laugh and hurra! put our heart in our voice—
 with our Long Primer, Small Pica, Mignon, Bourgeois!

Hurra!—Hurra!—

the Number is sure to be out to its day!"

MR. COURTENAY.

"You Bawlers! every moment adds
 New danger to delay!
 Go, work the Number off, my lads,
 With all the speed you may!
 Meantime I'll sit me down in quiet,
 Upon a brace of tubs,
 And, when I'm freed from all this riot,
 I'll write the *King of Clubs*."

*several Devils, Compositors, &c. making a great noise;
 at Mr. Courtenay.—He sits for some time in a brown study;
 then soliloquizes:)*

"Alas! no King of Clubs can meet,
 When all its Members fly and fleet;
 And leave their writing and renown
 For joys of country or of town!
 So, in the absence of my crew,
 For '*King of Clubs*' what *can* I do?
 What sly device, or cunning plan,
 Will serve instead of my Divan?
 Shall I, grown weary of the vapours,
 Write boldly like the daily papers,
 Give my imagination play,
 And tell as many lies as they?
 Shall I report,—'the Club sat down—
 Dinner—the Anchor and the Crown—
 Delicious meat—the choicest wine—
 Spirits and speeches all divine.'—

Or shall I let what will befall,
 And have no King of Clubs at all?
 Or shall I pour a Preface long
 From Mr. Courtenay's single tongue?
 Or shall I sleep and write a Dream?
 Alas! whate'er may be the scheme,
 I'm sure the reader will excuse!—
 Yet I should like to tax my Muse!
 Hem—hem—

*Mr. Courtenay noddeth—yawneth—sleepeth.—A Devil
 for the "King of Clubs."—He pulleth Mr. Courtenay's
 nose.—Mr. Courtenay is thereby awakened;—he pulls the
 Devil with the tongs, in imitation of St. Dunstan.
 He taketh pen, ink, and paper, and writeth for the space of
 hours.—He then thus exclaimeth:—*

"Enough, enough—the feat is done!
 And at the setting of the sun
 I'm rid of all my evils!
 Having much labour'd to rehearse,
 In something between prose and verse,
 My visit to the Devils!"

PEREGRINE COURTENAY

Windsor, April 28, 1821.

INTEREST.

“ So, for a good old gentlemanly vice,
I think I must take up with Avarice.”

BYRON.

a want of fixed and steady principle is the ruin of
, so a too strict adherence to our interest frequently
res the disgrace and canker of old age: the first
ys the tender buds of our Spring with the pesti-
influence of a blight; the other congeals, para-
and deforms our Winter, with its chilling frost.
former having been treated of in a preceding
er, I shall confine myself to the rise, progress, and
ffects of the latter. This “old gentlemanly vice”
upon us, together with age, and is generally sup-
to be the consequence, as well as characteristic, of
ing years. But its seeds are not different from
of other vices. They are sown in youth; and
h seldom visible to every one, are easily distin-
d by the microscopic eye of the moralist. When,
l, parsimony and an interested regard for money
scorable in early life, it is manifest that these
will ripen into avarice and rapacity: we easily
ve that the young Pacuvius may hereafter be rich,
at his riches will never bestow happiness upon
possessor, or contribute to that of his fellow-
res. A few words may suffice to delineate the life
ch a person. The calculating and penurious cha-
of his youth is despised by his companions, whose
is are dictated by the more exalted motives of
ful generosity and feeling; his riper years are

wasted in the obscure and grovelling pursuit of wealth, which will be a benefit to no one, and will not even afford enjoyment to the infatuated being who is at once its master and its slave ; who, urged on by the powerful influence of avarice, will not scruple to break down any principle of honour, morality, or religion ; and who, in his unbridled career, will turn a deaf ear even to the voice of nature. These observations upon the probable conduct of the covetous man are not merely speculative ; they are confirmed by the examples afforded us, drawn from the history of all ages and countries. No motive (religious fanaticism excepted) has led to more horrors than avarice. It has been the incentive to crime in sovereigns, favourites, and adventurers : reigning lord of the ascendant in the minds of the two former, it has frequently proved a scourge to the Old World ; and, leading on the daring enterprises of the latter, had nearly caused the utter annihilation of the inhabitants of the other Hemisphere. Such is the conduct of men, when engaged in the attainment of wealth ; the fruition of which is an object as unworthy the attention of mankind, as the pursuit of it is laborious and harassing. But when age renders man incapable of the latter, and the time which he has spent in it should have brought him to the former, he shows as much obstinacy in retaining his wealth, as he did rapacity and perseverance in amassing it. He neither enjoys the fruit of his labour himself, nor contributes to the enjoyment and happiness of others : he would appear, at first sight, to hold the creed of the Indians, that the same wants and cares, which are daily experienced in this world, are to accompany us beyond the grave ; and we should conclude that he was making provision for his support in the next world. But it is rather from habit, than from any assignable reason, that arises this almost unaccountable propensity to render his acquisitions useless : he

has been so accustomed to consider the possession of money as the chief good of life, that he cannot persuade himself to part with it. The misery and punishment which the covetous bring upon themselves are admirably predicted in the following lines of Juvenal:—

“ Vivat Pacuvius quæso, vel Nestora totum :
Possideat quantum rapuit Nero: montibus aurum
Exæquet : nec amet quemquam, nec ametur ab ullo.”

It is seldom (as I before observed) that the seeds of this vice are manifest in youth ; yet, like the seed of the thistle, which is carried in the air, and falls unseen upon the soil, they are often too deeply sown before they are perceived. A minute and studied concern for every thing which concerns self, and a neglect of the interests and welfare of others, are the sources to which every year will add a tributary stream, until they expand into avarice and covetousness, and finally overwhelm all the barriers which honour and morality oppose to their course. The force and power which these vices finally obtain, are, of course, greater or less in proportion to the magnitude or exiguity of the fountain-head.

I have already detailed the rise, progress, and effects of avarice, which is powerful and manifest, even at its beginning ; it is now time that I should consider the vice of interested selfishness, which is smaller at its rise, but not less rapid in its increase, or less mischievous in its consequences. This vice is the more dangerous from the nature of its sources, which are concealed until they obtain uncontrollable force. Selfishness may have existed and increased for a long time in youth before it assumes its visible and definite form. We are seldom apt to apply the epithet of selfish to the idle or the extravagant ; and, because they neglect their real interest, we fancy that they are indifferent to themselves. This is far from being the case : the fact is, they think of nothing but

their idol *self*, and of that which will afford it present enjoyment. Idleness and profusion are the shapes which selfishness usually takes in early life, as avarice is that which it assumes in age; for youth, somewhat after the manner of the Epicureans, fancies it sees its interest in present enjoyment.

Eugenio has obtained the character and reputation of a dashing fellow, because he spends a profusion of money; and, disregarding discipline and constraint, follows all those pleasures which his fortune has placed within his reach, and which fashion tempts him to pursue. "He is the most generous creature in the world," says one of his companions. "His purse is always open," says another. True; his purse is always open, because he is always engaged in such pursuits as require it; but ask him to open it for any other object than that of procuring pleasure for himself, and it will be found to retain its contents with the close grasp of the miser; from whom its possessor differs in a very slight degree. The one adores the money itself; the other its produce; and both are equally careful that no one except themselves shall be a partaker of the enjoyments which accrue to them from their possessions.

Adrastus has, in the same pursuit, wasted gifts of nature much more valuable than those of the amplest fortune. Copiously endowed with the former, he has omitted to improve them, from a want of power over himself. His good sense admonishes him not to lose the opportunity of becoming useful to society, by cultivating and exercising his talents, but self has acquired such an ascendancy over him, that it scorns control, and hurries him headlong into the abyss of pleasure. Though limited with regard to fortune, his slender means are no obstacle to his course; the same cause (the gratification of his passion for himself) which urged him to neglect his talents, draws him on into the snares of debt. He obtains trust

from creditors whom he knows he can never pay; and thus, step by step, loses all sense of honour and integrity: for, accustomed from youth to consider himself before every body and every thing, it is natural that he should not scruple even to defraud others for his own gratification, and that he should disregard the interests of other men, when put in competition with his own. Many other instances of the various descriptions of youthful selfishness might be enumerated; but I have been contented with these two, as they are the most common, and are sufficient to show the powerful influence and baneful effects of that vice. Let us now consider what it leads to in after-life. Ripening in years, the selfish man still continues to consult his own interest, and that alone, in all his actions and undertakings: he now finds, that it is his interest to obtain authority, influence, or wealth; but the days are past when his idol was to be satisfied with mere pleasure; and that they have been spent in such a manner, that he is unable to appease its present ravings, without making a greater sacrifice than he was wont in his early years. In proportion to the magnitude of the object in view, must be the sacrifice made to attain it. In his youth he disregarded the admonitions of others, and even of his own good sense;—his idol now demands a Hecatomb; and in obedience to it, he sets at defiance the dictates of his conscience, which will in vain strive to oppose any measure which interest bids him pursue. To him indeed

“ Sweet is the scent which from advantage springs,
And nothing dirty which good interest brings.”

Leonatus was from a boy of a selfish disposition; yet that vice which brought disgrace upon his riper years was scarcely observed in his youth: he always rejoiced in an opportunity to distinguish himself at the expense of

any of his companions ; he would inwardly chuckle at the prospect of answering a question, which had been fruitlessly proposed to his neighbours ; and when his assistance might have saved another from punishment, he invariably withheld it, lest he should lose the opportunity of publicly showing that he was acquainted with the subject of which his schoolfellow was ignorant. This was kindly attributed to an ardent spirit of emulation, yet he would never sacrifice his own wishes or enjoyments in order to be distinguished ;—the selfish path of pleasure held out too many temptations, and he made no effort to forsake it. His idleness and extravagance, which were the consequence of this, received the fashionable appellations of juvenile thoughtlessness and spirit. Thus, while his youth lasted, his selfishness was disguised under various forms and colours ; but in his manhood it threw off the mask, and appeared in its distinguishable shape. Over-burdened with debt, the fruit of his pleasures, Leonatus married an heiress, whose fortune he did not scruple to sacrifice to the demands of his creditors, relieved from whom he enjoyed a moderate fortune ; but his interest prompted him to increase it ; whether the means by which he could accomplish this purpose were creditable or disgraceful, was to him a matter of indifference : he chose such measures as would lead him most speedily, and with the least trouble, to the fulfilment of his wishes. The power of the Ministry seemed on the decline ; his professed principles had always been in unison with theirs, yet he hesitated not to join a violent Opposition in order to obtain a part of the spoils of his former friends. The exertions which he made to raise himself to consideration in his party were great, and ruinous to his fortune ; and after a few years he found that the undertaking in which he had embarked was fruitless, and the ray of hope which had gleamed upon his party proved an *ignis fatuus*, which led him to the brink of

uin. The alluring prospect of a place tempted him; he perceived interest beckoning to him from the treasury bench; he obeyed her command, received his bribe, and, from the bold and stormy patriot, became the

“ Placeman, all tranquillity and smiles.”

This step, though suggested by a regard for his interest, did not prove in the end more beneficial to Leonatus than his former speculation. An opposition was raised against him at the next election, and his constituents, enraged at his parliamentary conduct, declared themselves in favour of his antagonist; and, after having spent the remainder of his shattered fortune in an unsuccessful contest, he lost his seat in parliament, and sunk into the insignificance of a pensioned courtier. Thus all he reaped by his attention to interest in the prime of his life, was a poor miserable old age, embittered by the contempt and disgrace which awaits the apostate, and soured by disappointment, the seldom-failing punishment which hangs over the heads of the ambitious and covetous. The great danger of selfishness in youth is, that working underground and unseen, it saps the foundations of virtue and happiness, for it needs not to be seen in order to be despicable and odious: it was therefore been more the object of this paper, to bring selfishness into the light, stripped of the coverings and disguises which surround it, than to dwell upon its deformity. The manner in which the former may be accomplished, is by examining, not only the actions, faults, and virtues of men as they appear to our view, but also the latent sources from which they arise. These are two in number: one is Generosity, a clear and limpid stream, rising amidst the pure snows of the mountains, gradually expanding into a noble and beneficent river, fertilizing and adorning the land through which it flows;

—the other is Selfishness, taking its rise in low swamps and marshes, swelling its polluted tide by receiving the confluent sewers of vice, and spreading noxious and pestilential vapours over the adjacent countries. From the first flow Honour, Friendship, Morality, and Philanthropy; from the latter Idleness, Fraud, Profligacy, and Avarice. The cup of Virtue is replenished from the pure rill of Generosity,—that of Vicious Pleasure with the ditch-water of Interested Selfishness.

A. L. B.

TANCRED AND SIGISMUNDA.

A TALE FROM THE ITALIAN.

TANCRED, Prince of Salerno, was distinguished in the age in which he lived for the courtesy of his manners, and the kindness and generosity of his disposition; and he would have preserved this character to his grave, if, in his old age, he had not, by a strange concurrence of events, become the murderer of his child and of his friend. This child, the only one he ever had, was a daughter; and happier far would it have been for the souls of both, if she had never existed. No father ever loved a daughter with more tenderness; insomuch that it was not until Sigismunda had passed the age usually destined for the marriages of the Italian Princesses that Tancred could prevail upon himself to part from her. She was, however, at length betrothed to the son of the Duke of Capua, who dying within a very short time

afterwards, she returned, as the custom is, to her father's palace, a blooming widow. There are some old natives of Salerno who remember having seen her in their boyhood, and they relate, that her shape was exquisitely proportioned; that she was rather taller than the ordinary run of women, with a most pleasing roundness of figure, quite consistent with perfect elegance; all they could say of her face was, that they had never seen any thing like it since throughout their lives; and that altogether, her youth, her vivacity and wit, rendered her the gem, or the rose, of the south of Italy.

When the days of her mourning were expired, her father introduced her publicly in his court, which was one of the most splendid of the age, and took great pleasure in indulging her in every sort of luxury and amusement that she had a fancy to, chiefly with a view to prevent her from desiring a second marriage, and so to keep her near him for the remainder of his life. But it is not the first time that love has baffled the plans of greater princes than Tancred; and, in the present instance, before that potent influence, all the nets which were hung around the heart of Sigismunda, were ineffectual to bar the access of the little Corsair God. Amongst the numerous retainers of the court, there was a youth called Guiscard, who, though of low birth and mean connexions, had, by means of the beauty of his person, his gentle and polite manners, and well-known courage, been taken great notice of by Tancred, and at length raised from extreme poverty to be his constant attendant, in quality rather of companion than page. With this youth Sigismunda fell passionately in love, as was not much to be wondered at; and he, from the first moment he had seen Sigismunda, had scarcely dismissed her image from his mind; but knowing the vast distinction of rank between himself and the Princess, it had never entered into his head that his love could ever be aught else but a fruitless

romantic attachment, which he must conceal within his heart from the eyes of all the world. Thus affairs stood some little time; each loving in secret, without the consciousness of being beloved in return, and each despairing of that which despair alone rendered impossible. But it is the nature of all passion, more especially of love, to be always in motion, increasing or decreasing, and so it fell out (and let not the gentle lover, Knight or Lady, blame the poor girl for her rashness,) that Sigismunda, becoming more and more enthusiastic in her devotion to Guiscard every time she saw him, and perceiving that the dignity of her rank constrained her to make the first advances, resolved at length to drop somewhat of the reserve usual to females in these matters, and contrive, by means of a stratagem, to make known the condition of her heart to the young and amiable, but humble, object of her affection. To this end she wrote a letter, containing minute instructions to Guiscard of the mode which he should adopt of procuring an interview with her on the following day, and, concealing it within a hollow cane or tube, which, in that country, is used for the purpose of blowing a fire, she sportively presented it to him, with these words:—"If you are wise you will make use of this cane to kindle a flame at home." The youth took it, and reflecting within himself that Sigismunda would not have given him such a present without some hidden meaning, he went to his own house, and, finding upon examination that the cane was cut through on one side, he opened it, and discovered the letter, and read it, and blessed his stars for his good fortune, considering himself, not without some appearance of reason, as the happiest man living. The means of accomplishing the proposed plan of meeting now occupied all his thoughts.

Now, adjoining the royal palace there was a grotto, excavated in the mountain, which had been used in

er days for purposes of war and rapine, and into h a scanty light descended through an aperture at top, which aperture, however, owing to its having for many years entirely abandoned, was now, in a t measure, choked up by thorns and wild bushes ring there. Into this grotto a secret staircase led i that part of the palace in which the Princess her- had taken up her particular residence, though it had t so entirely disused for a great length of time, that t probably not a person in the palace remembered its tion, or even its existence. But Love, to whose nothing is so hidden that it will not become manifest, turned the ardent imagination of the enamoured len to benefit by this ancient prison, or receptacle booty. She employed herself many days in effecting pening into the staircase, which had been guarded by ge massy door, and having at length descended into grotto itself, she calculated the height from the ind to the opening, and told Guiscard in her letter result, and whither he was to betake himself, and at t time, to accomplish the intended interview. Ac- ingly, the youth procured a rope-ladder of sufficient ight and length, and, protecting himself from the ny bushes at the opening by a coat of leather, with- letting another soul into the secret, went by night to mountain, and, having fastened his ropes to a stump tree, descended safely and quietly into the cavern w. The next day the maiden pretended to her sels that she wished to sleep, and having caused i all to retire, and fastened her chamber door inside, opened the staircase entrance, and flew down into the to, where Guiscard expected her. Need I describe rapturous expressions of love and joy which burst i from the happy pair on their first embrace? Need y that Guiscard fell at the Princess's feet, and swore ial fealty to the sovereign of his heart, and that

Sigismunda, half blushing and half smiling, bade him not swear lightly, for that Love was a tyrant, and would not endure or pardon rebellion? After their first emotions were a little subsided, the maiden conducted her lover into her apartment; and, taking their seats by the side of a window, which commanded all the romantic country and sea-view around Salerno, they mused in sweetest melancholy upon their unequal lot in life, which forbade their openly avowing their attachment to the world: and the Princess often sighed, and wished she had been born a shepherdess; and the youth as often responded to her look by an aspiration that he could have been able to have demanded her hand as a Prince. At length, by a simultaneous movement of their feelings, the idea of a secret marriage suggested itself: and, when once either had taken the courage to communicate it to the other, it was immediately determined upon, and the means alone formed the subject of their doubts. Guiscard was nephew to an aged priest, whose godchild he was, and with whom he was an absolute favourite. After leaving the grotto with the same precautions as before, he flew to this priest, whom, after long intreaty, and much argument about the danger and propriety of such a step, he engaged to attend him to the mountain the next night; and, having let themselves down by the ladder, they waited but a few minutes, until Sigismunda, arrayed in white, and resplendent with jewels, made her appearance with a torch. Upon Guiscard's expressing his surprise at seeing her so richly dressed, she said, "I was willing to do our nuptials all the honour which I could have bestowed upon them if they had been open and notorious; for, dearest Guiscard, this rugged grot and single torch, sanctuary and light as they are of genuine love, please me far better than gilded roofs and ten thousand lamps, when they only serve to add the weight of splendor to that of sorrow." This tender speech filled the heart

of her lover with the softest emotions ; and he thought that he had never, to this moment, loved the beautiful creature before him with half the fervour and devotion of soul with which he now felt himself animated. The aged priest shortly placed their hands within each other ; and, faintly chaunting a Latin service, and pronouncing a benediction upon the lovers, bade them ever, in all holiness and sincerity, protect and defend each other, and know no change of affection to the end of their lives.

It was two months after their marriage, while they were yet intoxicated with their own perfect happiness, and fondly believed it would last for ever, that Fortune, envious of so much and so pure delight, determined to crush the opening blossoms of their garden of bliss, and in an instant sweep away with a hurricane all the airy illusions of the love-created Elysium. To understand how all this came to pass, you must know, gentle Reader, that Tancred delighted so much in his daughter's company, that he very frequently went without attendants into her apartment, and would spend many hours in conversation with her, and take great pleasure in hearing her play upon the guitar, upon which instrument she was accounted an excellent performer. Now it happened one day that the Prince, after dinner, took it into his head to pay one of these visits to his daughter : and finding, upon entering her apartment, that she was amusing herself in the gardens with her maidens, he was not willing to call her away from her diversion ; but perceiving the windows all closed, and the curtains of the summer couch let down, he sat himself at the foot of the said couch upon a cushion, and, reclining his head against the side of the frame, and drawing the curtains over him, he fell sound asleep. Soon after this, Sigismunda softly entered the room without her attendants ; and, not perceiving her father, proceeded immediately to open the door of the grotto staircase to admit Guiscard ; whom,

as the Fates were determined to destroy them, she had appointed to meet her that day. Guiscard was there; and, going to their favourite seat by the window, which they opened, they were absorbed in fond questions and eager answers, and indulging in the chaste and innocent endearments of nuptial love, until upon Guiscard's saying, with an animated tone of voice, "My dearest wife, let us fly from hence, and live in humble liberty;" and accompanying the speech with a kiss upon her cheek, Tancred awoke, saw the action, but heard not the words, was struck dumb with astonishment; and was at first upon the point of rushing forward with his drawn sword upon the couple; but the natural hesitation attending old age checked him, and he determined to remain concealed, and make sure of his victim by other means; and, besides, he was anxious to spare his daughter's reputation as much as possible. The two lovers continued a long time in the same manner repeating their caresses, until, upon its growing dark, they separated; Guiscard to the grotto; and Sigismunda to call her maidens. In this interval Tancred emerged from his hiding-place; and, being willing to escape observation, he let himself into the garden from a small window which communicated very nearly with the ground, by a flight of steps, to another window below. Upon his return to his chamber he gave loose to his restrained indignation and deadly sorrow; for it seemed to him certain that his daughter had dishonoured herself, and that with one of such low and ignoble condition, as aggravated the disgrace. Inflamed with rage, he gave orders that two of his guards should watch the egress of the grotto, through which he immediately conjectured that Guiscard must make his escape, and strictly enjoined them, at all hazards, to bring him alive into his presence, which was shortly after accomplished: for though Guiscard was strong and brave, yet, being taken unexpect-

edly, with such odds, and encumbered with his leathern dress, he could make no effectual resistance. Upon being brought into his presence, Tancred gazed upon the prisoner; and, hardly refraining from tears, from the recollection of his past affection for the youth, and the fate which now awaited him, said—"Guiscard, my kindness towards you did not, methinks, deserve the outrage and the shame which you have inflicted upon me, and of which, alas! I myself have this day been an agonized witness." To which Guiscard replied nothing but this:—"Love was more powerful than either you or myself." Tancred upon this ordered him to be removed quietly into some inner chamber, and there guarded until further orders; which was instantly performed. The next day (Sigismunda all this while knowing nothing of the fate of her husband), Tancred ruminated for many hours upon his future conduct towards his daughter; which ended at length in his going about the same hour as in the preceding evening to her apartment; and, having closed the door, and called her to him, he took her hand for a moment in silence, then let it go; and, withdrawing himself somewhat from her, burst into a passionate fit of weeping, to the amazement of Sigismunda: in a few minutes, however, he recovered himself; and, with a distressed, yet kind tone of voice, he began thus:—"Sigismunda, supposing as I did, that I knew your virtue and sincerity, it would never have occurred to me that you could have deigned to give up your honour to any man; nay, that you could ever have thought of such a thing: this you have done; and the small remainder of my life is now embittered by the reflection of my having outlived the modesty of my child. I wish, indeed, to God, that at least you had selected for your lover some man of illustrious rank; but now, amidst all the various princes and nobles of my court, you have picked out this Guiscard, whom I myself brought up from infancy and rescued

from poverty, and who hath never been emancipated from a servile condition. With him,—for know that I have taken him and have him in confinement,—I am resolved how to act; but with you, God knows, I am at a loss what to do. On one side love draws me; for no father ever loved his child more than I did; on the other, a most just anger at your great crime: the one bids me pardon; the other orders me, against my nature, to behave cruelly to you. But before I take one part or the other, I desire to hear what you yourself have to say;—and, having thus spoken, he bent down his face, and wept so violently, that you might almost have supposed him a corrected child.

Sigismunda hearing her father's words, and perceiving that not only her secret love was discovered, but that Guiscard also was in prison, was penetrated with a thrilling pang of despair which nearly overwhelmed her, and she was many times at the point of bursting into lamentations and tears, as most women are accustomed to do; but soon her lofty spirit quelled this inclination to weakness, and recomposing her countenance and repressing the starting tear, instead of having recourse to prayer and intreaty, she determined at once to die herself, since she considered her Guiscard as now already dead also. Therefore, not as a sorrowing female, or one caught in a fault, but as one regardless of fate and courageous in misfortune, with a serene look and steady voice, she thus replied to her father:—"Tancred, I am not disposed to deny or to supplicate; since the one will not avail me; and I do not myself wish that the other should avail me; neither do I by any act of mine intend to appease your anger, or render you propitious to my voice; but, confessing the truth, I will defend my reputation with reason, and then, as by my deeds shall appear, will unalterably execute the fixed purpose of my soul. It is true, that I have loved, and do love, Guiscard, and as long as

I live, which now will be but short, I will love him, and if in death it be conceded me to love, even there I will love him still. That I have forfeited my claim to innocence I deny. I am not the mistress—I am the consecrated wife of Guiscard. Love called us, but religion joined us and blessed us. Pure as the robe that now veils it, is the heart that beats within me: if to love be a crime, I yield and own myself an offender without redemption. But where learned you that doctrine? not, O Tancred, when you fought to save and win my mother, as I have heard you oft relate with mixed triumph and sorrow! And have you forgotten that I am young? But again you say, that Guiscard is ignoble and base, and that I might have selected a noble of your court upon whom to confer my heart. Your nobles are not so noble as Guiscard! God created all mankind equal; he gave them, and does now, although the world think differently, give them courage, and genius, and virtue, without reference to title or riches. He who is most eminently endowed with these gifts,—he is the noblest of all; and can you deny to Guiscard now, what so often you have allowed to him formerly? It was you who first taught me to love him by extolling his modesty, and valour, and gentleness, and wit, and yet you call him ignoble! You speak not the truth! But he is poor—be it so! It was your fault that, knowing his worth, you did not heap riches upon him; but let him be poor—kings have become beggars, and beggars ere now have lived to be the greatest of kings. You doubt, you say, what you should do with me!—dispel that doubt; for if now, in your old age, you are determined to do that which in your youth you would have abhorred, that is, be unjust and cruel—proceed—torture me! I will not shrink or pray to you;—and if left to myself, I swear to inflict upon myself, by my own hand, whatever you shall do, or have already done, to Guiscard. Go, then, and shed those tears with

my women, and then ferociously kill, by the same blow, a husband and a wife."

Tancred, though he was conscious of the determined character of his daughter's mind, yet did not think she would put in execution all that she had threatened; and being indignant at the open, and, as he thought, shameless avowal of her connexion with his own servant, he departed, secretly resolving, not, indeed, to use any kind of violence upon Sigismunda herself, but to cool the fervour of her love by removing for ever from her the living object of it. Accordingly he gave orders to the two who guarded Guiscard, that on the ensuing night, with the utmost silence, they should strangle their prisoner, cut out his heart, and bring it to him. Which being forthwith executed, and the heart on the next day being presented to the Prince, he ordered a very large and richly-chased gold cup to be brought, in which he placed the bloody relique, and closing it with a lid of gold, committed it to a faithful page, with injunctions to deliver it to Sigismunda with these words:—"Your father sends you this to console you for the loss of that which you loved most; as you consoled him for the loss of what he once loved most."

In the mean time Sigismunda, unshaken in her terrible purpose, had been collecting certain poisonous herbs and roots, with which she was well acquainted, and had distilled from them a deadly liquor, which she kept close to her to use instantly, as she knew for certain what she anticipated must happen. The page entered with the present and with the enjoined words; and the maiden, taking the cup, and uncovering it, and seeing the heart, knew in a moment that it must be Guiscard's. A short space she fixed a vacant gaze on it; but in an extraordinary manner recovering herself, with perfect calmness she answered the messenger thus:—"A coffin, less royal than this golden one, did not become a heart so nobly formed as this, whosoever it be; in this my father hath acted dis-

creetly." And having thus spoken, lifting the cup to her mouth, she kissed the heart and then continued:—"In every thing from my infancy, even to this last extreme hour of my life, I have always found the love of my father most tender towards me, but now more than ever; reader, therefore, I charge you, my last thanks to the author of my existence for this so splendid and invaluable a present." This said, she again bent her gaze upon the cup, which she held with a convulsive grasp close to her bosom, and kissing the heart, went on thus:—"Ah, sweetest habitation of all my earthly pleasures, accursed be the cruelty of him who has caused me to behold thee with the eyes of my face. It was enough for me to see thee at every hour more clearly with the eye of my mind. Thou hast finished thy course, and now thou art rid of thy worldly fortune, whatever it might have been. Thou art arrived at the goal whither we all are running. Thou hast left all the miseries and the fatigues of this world, and hast gained from thine enemy himself a sepulture worthy of thy merit. Nothing was wanting to thy perfect obsequies, but the tears of her whom thou lovedst so dearly when alive; and no doubt God has put it into the heart of my indignant father to send thee to me, that I might perform this last duty. My tears thou shalt have; and then suffer me to dry these fountains, which would flow for ever; for I have determined to die royally, without a groan or a tear. I will hasten to join thee; thou shalt not long mourn in solitude for thy love. With whom or when could I better make the journey to the unknown regions of eternity, than with thee? Blest spirit, speak to me; for I know by a mysterious pressure upon my soul, that at this instant thou art hovering around me, and taking a last farewell of the scenes of our earthly joys. Spirit—yet a moment, and I come to thee for evermore!" Thus speaking, without any womanish lamentation, she bent her head upon the cup, and, in a

miraculous abundance, shed a torrent of tears into it, kissing every instant the dead heart before her. Her * attendant damsels knew neither what heart it was, nor the import of her soliloquy; but moved with pity they approached her, inquiring the cause of her grief, and proffering their feeble consolations. After she had given her sorrows full scope, she raised up her head, and wiping her eyes, exclaimed, "Thou heart most tenderly beloved! All my duty is now performed towards thee; and it only remains for my soul to accompany thine!" Then she bade them reach the vessel which she had prepared the day before, and pouring its ingredients into the cup containing the heart, which was bathed all over with her tears, she drank it off without the least dread or apprehension, and threw herself upon her couch with the cup in her hand. Composing her body as decently as she could, and clasping her lover's heart to her own, she lay without uttering a word more, calmly awaiting the approach of death. Her maidens, on observing this, though they knew not what she had drunk, sent to inform Tascud of the circumstance; who, fearing what had really happened, came into the chamber soon after she had laid herself down, and although it was too late, began to pour forth the most bitter lamentations: she then addressed him—"Sir, reserve those tears against worse fortune that may happen—I want them not. Who but thyself would mourn for an event which by thee hath been brought about? But if any part of that affection now remain in thee, which I once enjoyed, grant this my last request—that, as thou would'st not permit us to be happy together whilst living, our two bodies (wherever you have disposed of his) may be pub-

* The remainder of the translation has been given by another hand, owing to a circumstance which it is unnecessary to explain.

interred together when dead." Extreme grief forced him to reply. Finding herself drawing near her end, she pressed the heart with an effort of remaining strength to her bosom, saying, "Receive us, Heaven, I die!" Then, closing her eyes, all sense forsook her, and she was released from a world of sorrow. Such an end had the loves of Guiscard and Sigismunda. The Prince, too, repented of his cruelty, caused his unfortunate victim to be buried in one grave, with the most public solemnities;—and the people of Salerno wept over their

SONNETS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

I.

TO MISS NALDI.

PERHAPS I ne'er shall look on thee again,
 Fair, modest Virgin, with the silver voice;
 Yet, while I gaze and listen, I rejoice
 To feel that thy so wild and touching strain
 Will oft hereafter wander through my brain,
 A faint and dreamlike music:—that thy form
 For ever, from this evening, is enshrined
 Amid those tranquil visions of the mind,
 Which when we steal a moment from the storm
 Of the dark world, and tumult of mankind,
 Whispering sweet tones and eloquently smiling,
 Gladden our still and pensive solitude;
 Bright, holy recollections—thoughts beguiling
 The gloom of many a melancholy mood.

Wren-Hall, Cambridge, March 9, 1821.

II.

TO ———

THE bloom of health hath faded from thy cheek,
 The light of love is quench'd in that soft eye,
 Through which, like sunbeams in the summer sky,
 Lighting its azure depths, the bright soul shone,
 Beaming on all in glances that did speak
 Its frank, but delicate hilarity ;
 Then men fell down before thy Spirit's throne.
 But now those beams have sunk, and in their stead,
 A feeble, wan, and melancholy ray,
 Like twilight fading into night away,
 Steals o'er thy pensive beauty. Yet, dear Maid,
 Far lovelier art thou now, than in thy day
 Of cloudless light, for holy woe hath given
 To Earth's decaying charms a radiance as of Heaven.

August, 1819.

III.

I DREAM'D there was a bright and tranquil Star
 Shining above the quiet Vale I love ;
 To which, at times, my dreaming soul would rove,
 And worship its pale radiance from afar
 With no unholy homage : high above
 The fret, and tumult, and discordant jar
 Of the base world it led me, and the war
 Of grosser passions which it dream'd not of.
 I knew the idle fancy could not last ;
 Yet, when I turn to the blank, dreary sky,
 Whence that pale star shone forth so tenderly,
 I weep to think its light could fade so fast ;—
 Away !—away !—my boyish dream is past,—
 I am alone with cold reality.

April 8, 1821.

SONNETS FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN.

I.

TO ———

———“ *Thou* canst claim
The shelter, from *thy sire*, of an immortal name.”

SHELLEY.

MY weaker glance shrinks from that glorious sun
Which cheers thine eagle-pinion. Gentle Friend,
In vain thou bid'st me by thy side ascend
The path my lowly destiny must shun.
For I am bound by heavy chains of Earth,
And my soul grovels in its shroud of clay;
Thou art a Poet even from thy birth,
And bright-eyed Glory beckons thee.—Away!
Hereafter, when thy wing hath ceased to roam
Awhile, amid the fields of Phantasy,
Thou shalt descend to my lone, quiet home,
And deign to praise my simple melody;
My song of calm affections, love and mirth,
Piped to kind happy hearts around some Christmas hearth.

II.

THOU hast a gentle nature; yet I know
That thy life's spring hath been unfortunate;
That thou hast firmly borne the frown of Fate,
And met Affliction with unalter'd brow.

Oh! not to Lady Fortune's captious hate
 Are fine and delicate spirits first to bow ;
 Wealth and young Hope, like thine, made desolate,
 Have broken many a sterner heart : but thou
 Hast quiet thoughts, and exquisite affections,
 And dreams that waft thee far from storms of Earth,
 Sweet tears, lone musings, cherish'd recollections ;
 And Poesy smiled on thee at thy birth ;
 And o'er thy path one loved and tranquil Star
 Still flings its cheering radiance from afar.

 III.

(With the MS. from which the following Lines are extracted.)

No freak I send of venturous Phantasy,
 But the dull coinage of a College brain,
 Wrought with fatigue, and heaviness, and pain,
 And hours of cold and sober industry ;
 A thing of rhyme and syntax, writ to gain
 Haply a week's poor notoriety.
 Young Poet, 't is a dearer pride to me
 To know that this weak, wayward Muse of mine
 Hath touch'd a few such gentle hearts as thine,
 With her faint, melancholy minstrelsy.
 Thou hast the pinions of poetic might ;
 Mine is a poor and lowly destiny,—
 To gaze, far off, upon thine eagle-flight,
 And hail thy proud ascent to Immortality.

THE EXTRACT,

FROM A TERRIBLE LONG MS. POEM.

THOU brightest idol of th' enthusiast's heart,
 Enchanting Eve, how beautiful thou art !
 Spirit of soothing sounds and hues divine,
 What gentle power ! what tearful joy is thine !
 How, at thy bidding, from their fountains roll
 The fresh untroubled waters of the soul !
 How soars entranced thought to realms above,
 On rushing pinions of immortal love !
 Or dwells, in rapture too serene to last,
 On the dim, dreamlike regions of the past !
 For all thy gentle hues, and sounds that seem
 The airy music of some wandering dream ;
 Yet more for thy bright gleams of bliss gone by,
 Thy breezelike whispers of futurity ;
 Thy calm and solemn musings,—do we raise
 To thee, Enchantress, thankful hymns of praise.
 'T is thine to veil, one hour, from mortal eye,
 The dreary present's dull reality ;
 Wafting th' entranced soul through many a scene
 Of bliss to be, and rapture which hath been.
 Thine are a thousand " thoughts too deep for tears,"
 Gladdening remembrance of our early years ;
 Thoughts of the hours which with our heartstrings wove
 The fairy fetters of confiding love ;
 Thoughts of the impulse warm, the grasp close-strain'd,
 The look that utter'd all the heart contain'd ;
 The voice that cheer'd, the gentle eyes that smiled
 On the gay, sinless, and unthinking child ;

And yet far holier musings oft are thine,
Sublimar moods, and raptures more divine,
When, in thy silence, at th' Eternal throne,
Man's spirit communes with his God alone;
And bends a fearful, yet unshrinking eye,
On the seal'd portal of Eternity.

Beautiful hour! when first from cloudless skies
Thou smil'dst on Adam in his Paradise,
What throbs of awe, what strange emotion ran
Throughout the being of the infant man,
While glow'd his spirit from its heavenly birth,
Clear and unclouded by the mists of earth!
With silent wonder, through the burning sky,
He saw the sun descend in majesty,
Saw the faint twilight o'er his Eden steal,
And felt such awe as sinless spirits feel,
As the last sunbeam vanish'd from his sight,
And earth was darken'd in the shade of night.
He mark'd the quiet of all living things,
The wild birds motionless with folded wings,
The weary brutes asleep in wood and brake,
Himself at last alone on Earth awake.
He saw the pale stars one by one appear,
The Moon glide upward on her calm career,
And felt, in the repose of earth and sky,
The presence of the One Divinity.
Then, with what meek devotion, through the air,
Rose the pure incense of his silent pray'r,
Till, o'er his soul, entranced in rapture deep,
First stole the awful heaviness of sleep.

Alas! how changed that soul! how fallen its pride
When, with his gentle partner at his side,
Again he watch'd the sunset fade away,
The first, sad sunset of a toilsome day!
What gloomy visions then their fancy cross'd,
What sad repinings for their Eden lost!
What dark forebodings of impending woes,
Of care, and pain, and sin, and death, arose!

Yet, as beneath those bright and tranquil skies,
 Each caught the lustre of the other's eyes,
 And felt that last, best blessing from above,
 The deep, the mighty tenderness of love,
 Calm hopes arose, and aspirations high,
 And consciousness of Immortality,
 Till, in the silence of their bliss, they smiled,
 To earth and all its sorrows reconciled.

* * * * *

JUAN.

THE LOVER'S SONG.

SOFTLY sinks the rosy sun,
 And the toils of day are past and done,
 And now is the time to think of thee,
 My lost, remember'd Emily!

Come, dear Image, come for a while,
 Come with thy own, thy evening smile;
 Not shaped and fashion'd in fancy's mould,
 But such as thou wert in the days of old,

Come from that unvisited cell,
 Where all day long thou lovest to dwell,
 Housed among Memory's richest fraught,
 Deep in the sunless caves of thought.

Come, with all thy heraldry
 Of mystic fancies, and musings high,
 And griefs, that lay in the heart-like treasures,
 Till Time had turn'd them to solemn pleasures:

And thoughts of early virtues gone,—
 For my best of days with thee are flown,
 And their sad and soothing memory,
 Is blended now with my dreams of thee.

—Too solemn for day, too sweet for night,
 Come not in darkness, come not in light;
 But come in some twilight interim,
 When the gloom is soft, and the light is dim :

And in the white and silent dawn, .
 When the curtains of night are half undrawn,
 Or at evening time, when my task is done,*
 I will think of the lost remember'd one!

G. MONTGOMERY.

THE BACHELOR.

T. Quince, Esq. to the Rev. Matthew Pringle.

You wonder that your ancient friend
 Has come so near his journey's end,
 And borne his heavy load of ill
 O'er Sorrow's slough, and Labour's hill,
 Without a partner to beguile
 The toilsome way with constant smile,

* And at set of sun,
 When my task is done,
 Be sure that I 'm ever with thee, Mary!—BARRY CORNWALL.

To share in happiness and pain,
To guide, to comfort, to sustain,
And cheer the last, long, weary stage,
That leads to Death, through gloomy Age !
To drop these metaphoric jokes,
And speak like reasonable folks,
It seems you wonder, Mr. Pringle,
That old Tom Quince is living single !

Since my old crony and myself
Laid crabbed Euclid on the shelf,
And made our Congè to the Cam,
Long years have pass'd ; and here I am
With nerves and gout, but yet alive,
A Bachelor, and fifty-five.
Sir, I'm a Bachelor, and mean,
Until the closing of the scene,
Or be it right, or be it wrong,
To play the part I've play'd so long,
Nor be the rat that others are,
Caught by a ribbon or a star.

" As years increase," your worship cries,
" All troubles and anxieties
Come swiftly on : you feel vexation
About your neighbours, or the nation ;
The gout in fingers or in toes
Awakes you from your first repose ;
You'll want a clever nurse, when life
Begins to fail you !—take a wife ;
Believe me, from the mind's disease
Her soothing voice might give you ease,
And when the twinge comes shooting through you,
Her care might be of service to you !"

Sir, I'm not dying, though I know
You charitably think me so ;



Not dying yet, though you, and others,
 In augury your learned brothers,
 Take pains to prophesy events,
 Which lie some twenty winters hence.
 Some twenty?—look! you shake your head,
 As if I were insane or dead,
 And tell your children and your wife,—
 “Old men grow *very* fond of life!”
 Alas! your prescience never ends
 As long as it concerns your friends;
 But your own fifty-third December
 Is what you never can remember!
 And when I talk about my health,
 And future hopes of weal or wealth,
 With something 'twixt a grunt and groan,
 You mutter, in an under-tone,
 “Hark, how the dotard chatters still! *
 He'll not believe he's old or ill!
 He goes on forming great designs,—
 Has just laid in a stock of wines,—
 And promises his niece a ball,
 As if gray hairs would never fall!
 I really think he's all but mad.”
 Then, with a wink and sigh, you add,
 “Tom is a friend I dearly prize,
 But—never thought him *over* wise!”

You—who are clever to foretel
 Where ignorancè might be as well,

* I must confess that Dr. Swift
 Has lent me here a little lift:
 For when I steal some trifling hits
 From older and from brighter wits,
 I have some touch of conscience left,
 And seldom like to *hide* the theft.
 This is *my* plan!—I name no name,
 But wish *all* others did the same.—*Author's Note.*

Would marvel how my health has stood:
My pulse is firm, digestion good,
I walk to see my turnips grow,
Manage to ride a mile or so,
Get to the village church to pray,
And drink my pint of wine a day;
And often, in an idle mood,
Emerging from my solitude,
Look at my sheep, and geese, and fowls,
And scare the sparrows and the owls,
Or talk with Dick about my crops,
And learn the price of malt and hops.

You say, that, when you saw me last,
My appetite was going fast,
My eye was dim, my cheek was pale,
My bread—and stories—both were stale,
My wine and wit were growing worse,
And all things else,—except my purse;
In short, the very blind might see
I was not what I used to be.

My glass (which I believe before ye,)
Will teach me quite another story;
My wrinkles are not many yet,—
My hair is still as black as jet,
My legs are full—my cheeks are ruddy—
My eyes, though somewhat sunk by study,
Retain a most vivacious ray,
And tell no stories of decay;
And then my waist, unvex'd, unstay'd,
By fetters of the tailor's trade,
Tells you, as plain as waist can tell,
I'm most unfashionably well.

And yet *you* think I'm growing thinner!—
You'd stare to see me eat my dinner!
You know that I was held by all
The greatest epicure in Hall,

And that the voice of Granta's sons
 Styled me the Gourmand of St. John's,
 I have not yet been found unable
 To do my duty to my table,
 Though at its head no Lady gay
 Hath driven British food away,
 And made her hapless husband bear
 Alike her fury and her fare.
 If some kind-hearted chum calls in,
 An extra dish, and older bin,
 And John in all his finery drest,
 Do honour to the welcome guest ;
 And then we talk of other times,
 Of parted friends, and distant climes,
 And lengthen'd converse, tale, and jest,
 Lull every anxious care to rest,
 And when unwillingly I rise,
 With newly-waken'd sympathies,
 From conversation—and the bowl,
 The feast of stomach—and of soul,
 I lay me down and seem to leap
 O'er forty summers in my sleep ;
 And youth, with all its joy and pain,
 Comes rushing on my soul again.
 I rove where'er my boyhood roved—
 I love whate'er my boyhood loved—
 And rocks, and vales, and woods, and streams,
 Fleet o'er my pillow in my dreams.
 'Tis true some ugly foes arise
 E'en in this earthly paradise,
 Which you, good Pringle, may beguile
 By Mrs. P.'s unceasing smile.
 I am an independent elf,
 And keep my comforts in myself.
 If my best sheep have got the rot—
 Or if the Parson hits a blot—
 Or if young Witless prates of laurel—
 Or if my tithe produces quarrel—
 Or if my roofing wants repairs—
 Or if I'm angry with my heirs—

Or if I've nothing else to do—
I grumble for an hour or two ;
Riots, or rumours, unrepress'd,
My niece, or knuckle, over-dress'd,
The lateness of a wish'd-for post,
Miss Mackrell's story of the ghost,
New wine, new fashions, or new faces,
New bills, new taxes, or new places,
Or Mr. Hume's enumeration
Of all the troubles of the nation,
Will sometimes wear my patience out !
Then, as I said before, the gout—
Well, well, my heart was never faint !
And yet it might provoke a saint.
A rise of bread, or fall of rain,
Sometimes unite to give me pain,
And oft my lawyer's bag of papers
Gives me a taste of spleen and vapours.
Angry or sad, alone or ill,
I have my senses with me still ;
Although my eyes are somewhat weak,
Yet can I dissipate my pique
By Poem, Paper, or Review ;
And though I'm dozy in my pew,
At Dr. Poundtext's second leaf,
I am not yet so very deaf
As to require the rousing noise
Of screaming girls and roaring boys.
Thrice—thrice accursed be the day
When I shall fling my bliss away,
And, to disturb my quiet life,
Take Discord in the shape of wife !
Time, in his endless muster-roll,
Shall mark the hour with blackest coal,
When old Tom Quince shall cease to see
The *Chronicle* with toast and tea,
Confine his rambles to his park,
And never dine till after dark,
And change his comfort and his crony,
For crowd and conversazione.

If every aiding thought is vain,
And momentary grief and pain
Urge the old man to frown and fret,
He has another comfort yet :
This earth has thorns, as poets sing,
But not for ever can they sting :
Our sand from out its narrow glass
Rapidly passes !—let it pass !
I seek not—I—to check or stay
The progress of a single day,
But rather cheer my hours of pain
Because so few of them remain.
Care circles every mortal head,—
The dust will be a calmer bed !
From Life's alloy no Life is free,
But—Life is not eternity !

When that unerring day shall come
To call me from my wandering, home,
The dark, and still, and painful day,
When breath shall fleet in groans away,
When comfort shall be vainly sought,
And doubt shall be in every thought,
When words shall fail th' unutter'd vow,
And fever heat the burning brow,
When the dim eye shall gaze, and fear
To close the glance that lingers here,
Snatching the faint departing light,
That seems to flicker in its flight,
When the lone heart, in that long strife,
Shall cling unconsciously to life,
I'll have no shrieking female by
To shed her drops of sympathy ;
To listen to each smother'd throe,
To feel, or feign, officious woe ;
To bring me every useless cup,
And beg " dear Tom " to drink it up ;
To turn my oldest servants off,
E'en as she hears my gurgling cough ;

And then expectantly to stand,
 And chafe my temples with her hand ;
 And pull a cleaner nightcap o'er 'em,
 That I may die with due decorum ;
 And watch the while my ebbing breath,
 And count the tardy steps of death ;
 Grudging the Leech his growing bill,
 And wrapt in dreams about the will.
 I'll have no Furies round my bed !—
 They shall not plague me—till I'm dead !

Believe me ! ill my dust would rest,
 If the plain marble o'er my breast,
 That tells, in letters large and clear,
 "The Bones of Thomas Quince lie here !"
 Should add a talisman of strife,
 "Also the Bones of Jane his Wife !"

No, while beneath this simple stone
 Old Quince shall sleep, and sleep alone,
 Some Village Oracle, who well
 Knows how to speak, and read, and spell,
 Shall slowly construe, bit by bit,
 My "*Natus*" and my "*Obiit*,"
 And then, with sage discourse and long,
 Recite my virtues to the throng.

"The Gentleman came straight from College !
 A most prodigious man for knowledge !
 He used to pay all men their due,
 Hated a miser,—and a Jew,
 But always open'd wide his door
 To the first knocking of the poor.
 None, as the grateful Parish knows,
 Save the Churchwardens, were his foes ;
 They could not bear the virtuous pride
 Which gave the sixpence *they* denied.
 If neighbours had a mind to quarrel,
 He used to treat them to a barrel ;

And that, I think, was sounder law
 Than any book I ever saw.
 The Ladies never used to flout him ;
 But this was rather strange about him,
 That, gay or thoughtful, young or old,
 He took no wife for love or gold ;
 Woman he call'd ' a pretty thing,'—
 But never could abide a ring ! ”

Good Mr. Pringle !—you must see
 Your arguments are light with me ;
 They buz like feeble flies around me,
 But leave me firm, as first they found me :
 Silence your logic ! burn your pen !
 The Poet says “ we all are men ; ”
 And all “ condemn'd alike to groan ! ”
 You with a wife, and I with none.
 Well !—yours may be a happier lot,
 But it is one I envy not ;
 And you'll allow me, Sir, to pray,
 That, at some near-approaching day,
 You may not have to wince and whine,
 And find some cause to envy mine !

THE MISTAKE ;

OR, SIXES AND SEVENS.

“ Be particular to observe that the name on the door is —
Morning Chronicle, April,

It is a point which has often been advanced and tested by the learned, that the world grows wiser as it grows older ; arguments have been advanced and treatises written, in support of Horace's opinion :—

Ætas parentum pejor avis tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiore.

The supporters of this idea rest their sentence upon various grounds; they mention the frequency of criminal cases, the increase of the poor-rate, the licentiousness of the press, the celebrity of *rouge et noir*.

There is, however, one circumstance corroborative of their judgment, to which we think the public opinion has not yet been sufficiently called. We mean the indisputable fact, that persons of all descriptions are growing ashamed of their own names. We remember that when we were dragged in our childhood to walk with our nurse, we were accustomed to beguile our sense of weariness and disgust by studying the names, which, in their neat brass plates, decorated the doors by which we passed. Now the case is altered! We observed, in a former paper, that the tradesmen have removed their signs; it is equally true that the gentlemen have removed their names. The simple numerical distinction, which is now alone emblazoned upon the doors of our dwellings, but ill replaces that more gratifying custom, which, in a literal sense, held up great names for our emulation, and made the streets of the metropolis a muster-roll of examples for our conduct.

But a very serious inconvenience is also occasioned by his departure from ancient observances. How is the visitor from the country to discover the patron of his fortunes, the friend of his bosom, or the mistress of his heart, if, in lieu of the above-mentioned edifying brass plates, his eye glances upon the unsatisfactory information contained in 1, 2, or 3? In some cases even this assistance is denied to him, and he wanders upon his dark and comfortless voyage, like an ancient mariner deprived of the assistance of the stars.

Our poor friend, Mr. Nichol Loaming, has treated us with a long and eloquent dissertation upon this symptom

of degeneracy; and certainly, if the advice "experto crede" be of any weight, Mr. Nichol's testimony ought to induce all persons to hang out, upon the exterior of their residences, some more convincing enunciation of their name and calling, than it is at present the fashion to produce.

Nichol came up to town with letters of introduction to several friends of his family, whom it was his first duty and wish to discover. But his first adventure so dispirited him, that, after having spent two mornings at a hotel, he set out upon his homeward voyage, and left the metropolis an unexplored region.

He purposed to make his first visit to Sir William Knowell, and having with some difficulty discovered the street to which he had been directed, he proceeded to investigate the doors, in order to find out the object of his search. The doors presented nothing but a blank! He made inquiries; was directed to a house; heard that Sir William was at home, was shown into an empty room, and waited for some time with patience.

The furniture of the house rather surprised him. It was handsomer than he had expected to find it; and on the table were the *Morning Chronicle* and the *Edinburgh Review*, although Sir William was a violent Tory. At length the door opened, and a gentleman made his appearance. Nichol asked, in a studied speech, whether he had the honour to address Sir William Knowell? The gentleman replied, that he believed there had been a little mistake, but that he was an intimate friend of Sir W. Knowell's, and expected him in the course of a few minutes. Nichol resumed his seat, although he did not quite perceive what mistake had taken place. He was unfortunately urged by his evil genius to attempt conversation.

He observed that Sir W. Knowell had a delightful house, and inquired whether the neighbourhood was pleasant. "His next neighbour," said the stranger,

with a most incomprehensible smile, "is Sir William Morley." Nichol shook his head; "was surprised to hear Sir William kept such company,—had heard strange stories of Sir W. Morley,—hoped there was no foundation,—indeed had received no good report of the family!—The mother rather weak in the head,—to say the truth under confinement;—the sister a professed coquette,—went off to Gretna last week with a Scotch Officer,—Sir William himself a gambler by habit, a drunkard by inclination;—at present in the King's Bench, without the possibility of an adjustment—"

Here he was stopped by the entrance of an elderly lady leaning on the arm of an interesting girl of sixteen or seventeen. Upon looking up, Nichol perceived the gentleman he had been addressing rather embarrassed; and "hoped that he had not said any thing which could give offence."—"Not in the least," replied the stranger, "I am more amused by an account of the foibles of Sir W. Morley than any-one else can be; and of this I will immediately convince you. Sir William Knowell resides at N° Six,—you have stepped by mistake into N° Seven.—Before you leave it, allow me to introduce you to Lady Morley—who is rather weak in the head, and to say the truth, under confinement;—to Miss Ellen Morley, a professed coquette, who went off to Gretna last week with a half-pay Officer;—finally," (with a very low bow) "to Sir William Morley himself, a gambler by habit, and a drunkard by inclination—who is at present in the King's Bench, without the possibility of an adjustment!"

F. G.

SENSE AND SENSIBILITY.

—“Hæc in re scilicet unâ
Multum dissimiles.”—HOR.

IN a visit which we paid some time ago to our worthy contributor, Morris Gowan, we became acquainted with two characters; upon whom, as they afford a perfect counterpart to Messrs. “Rhyme and Reason,” recorded in N° I., we have bestowed the names of Sense and Sensibility.

The Misses Lowrie, of whom we are about to give our readers an account, are both young, both handsome, both amiable: Nature made the outline of their characters the same; but Education has varied the colouring. Their mother died almost before they were able to profit by her example or instruction. Emily, the eldest of the sisters, was brought up under the immediate care of her father. He was a man of strong and temperate judgment, obliging to his neighbours, and affectionate to his children; but certainly rather calculated to educate a son than a daughter. Emily profited abundantly by his assistance, as far as moral duties or literary accomplishments were concerned; but for all the lesser *agrémens* of society, she had nothing to depend upon but the suggestions of a kind heart and a quiet temper. Matilda, on the contrary, spent her childhood in England, at the house of a relation; who, having imbibed her notions of propriety at a fashionable boarding-school, and made a love-match very early in life, was but ill prepared to regulate a warm disposition, and check a natural tendency

to romance. The consequence has been such as might have been expected. Matilda pities the distressed, and Emily relieves them; Matilda has more of the love of the neighbourhood, although Emily is more entitled to its gratitude; Matilda is very agreeable, while Emily is very useful; and two or three old ladies, who talk scandal over their tea, and murder grammar and reputations together, consider Matilda a practised Heroine, and laugh at Emily as an inveterate Blue.

The incident which first introduced us to them afforded us a tolerable specimen of their different qualities. While on a long pedestrian excursion with Morris, we met the two Ladies returning from their walk; and, as our companion had already the privileges of an intimate acquaintance, we became their companions. An accurate observer of human manners knows well how decisively character is marked by trifles, and how wide is the distinction which is frequently made by circumstances apparently the most insignificant.

In spite, therefore, of the similarity of age and person which existed between the two sisters, the first glance at their dress and manner, the first tones of their voice, were sufficient to distinguish the one from the other. It was whimsical enough to observe how every object which attracted our attention exhibited their respective peculiarities in a new and entertaining light. Sense entered into a learned discussion on the nature of a plant, while Sensibility talked enchantingly of the fading of its flower. From Matilda we had a rapturous eulogium upon the surrounding scenery; from Emily we derived much information relative to the state of its cultivation. When we listened to the one, we seemed to be reading a novel, but a clever and an interesting novel; when we turned to the other, we found only real life, but real life in its most pleasant and engaging form.

Suddenly one of those rapid storms, which so fre-

quently disturb for a time the tranquillity of the finest weather, appeared to be gathering over our heads. Dark clouds were driven impetuously over the clear sky, and the refreshing coolness of the atmosphere was changed to a close and overpowering heat. Matilda looked up in admiration—Emily in alarm: Sensibility was thinking of a landscape—Sense of a wet pelisse. "This would make a fine sketch," said the first; "We had better make haste," said the second. The tempest continued to grow gloomier above us: we passed a ruined hut, which had been long deserted by its inhabitants. "Suppose we take refuge here for the evening," said Morris; "It would be very romantic," said Sensibility; "It would be very disagreeable," said Sense: "How it would astonish my father!" said the Heroine; "How it would alarm him!" said her sister.

As yet we had only observed distant prognostics of the tumult of the elements which was about to take place. Now, however, the collected fury of the storm burst at once upon us. A long and bright flash of lightning, together with a continued roll of thunder, accompanied one of the heaviest rains that we have ever experienced. "We shall have an adventure!" cried Matilda: "We shall be very late," observed Emily. "I wish we were a hundred miles off," said the one hyperbolically; "I wish we were at home," replied the other soberly. "Alas! we shall never get home to-night," sighed Sensibility pathetically; "Possibly," returned Sense drily. The fact was, that the eldest of the sisters was quite calm, although she was aware of all the inconveniences of their situation; and the youngest was terribly frightened, although she began quoting poetry. There was another and a brighter flash; another and a louder peal: Sense quickened her steps—Sensibility fainted.

With some difficulty, and not without the aid of a con-

from a neighbouring farmer, we brought our
visions in safety to their father's door. We were of
received with an invitation to remain under shelter
weather should clear up; and of course we felt
reluctance to accept the offer. The house was very
furnished, principally by the care of the two
ladies; but here again the diversity of their man-
nour showed itself very plainly. The useful was pro-
vided by the labour of Emily; the ornamental was the
fruit of the leisure hours of Matilda. The skill of the
needle was visible in the sofa-covers and the curtains;
the latter had decorated the card-racks, and painted
pictures on the hand-screens. The neat little book-
case, which contained their respective libraries, sug-
gested a similar remark. In that of the eldest we ob-
served our native English worthies,—Milton, Shak-
spere, Dryden, and Pope; on the shelves of her sister
were the more effeminate Italians,—Tasso, Ariosto,
Petrarch, and Petrarch. It was a delightful thing to
see two amiable beings with tastes so widely different,
whose hearts so closely united.

It was not to be wondered at that we paid a longer visit
than we had originally intended. The conversation
was, at one time, upon the late revolutions. Matilda
was a terrible Radical, and spoke most enthusiastically
of liberty and patriotism, the righteous cause, and the
Alliance: Emily, however, declined to join in com-
pliment or invective, and pleaded ignorance in excuse
of indifference. We fancy she was apprehensive of
opening against a stranger's political prejudices. How-
ever that may be, Matilda sighed and talked, and Emily
was silent and held her tongue. We believe the silence was
most judicious; but we are sure the loquacity was
most interesting.

Emily took up the Newspaper. There was an account
of a young man who had gone out alone to the rescue of

a vessel in distress. The design had been utterly hopeless, and he had lost his life in the attempt. His fate struck our fair friends in very different lights. "He ought to have had a better fortune," murmured Matilda; "or more prudence," added Emily. "He must have been a hero," said the first;—"or a madman," rejoined the second.

The storm now died away in the distance, and a tranquil evening approached. We set out on our return. The old gentleman, with his daughters, accompanied us a small part of the way. The scene around us was beautiful; the birds and the cattle seemed to be rejoicing in the return of the sunshine; and every herb and leaf had derived a brighter tint from the rain-drops with which it was spangled. As we lingered for a few moments by the side of a beautiful piece of water, the mellowed sound of a flute was conveyed to us over its clear surface. The instrument was delightfully played: at such an hour, on such a spot, and with such companions, we could have listened to it for ever. "That is George Mervyn," said Morris to us. "How very clever he is!" exclaimed Matilda; "How very imprudent," replied Emily. "He will catch all the hearts in the place!" said Sensibility, with a sigh: "He will catch nothing but a cold!" said Sense, with a shiver. We were reminded that our companions were running the same risk, and we parted from them reluctantly.

After this introduction we had many opportunities of seeing them; we became every day more pleased with the acquaintance, and looked forward with regret to the day on which we were finally to leave so enchanting a neighbourhood. The preceding night it was discovered that the cottage of Mr. Lowrie was on fire. The destructive element was soon checked, and the alarm quieted; but it produced a circumstance which illustrated, in a very affecting manner, the observations we have been

ing. As the family were greatly beloved by all who knew them, every one used the most affectionate exertions in their behalf. When the father had been brought safely from the house, several hastened to the relief of the daughters. They were dressed, and descending the stairs. The eldest, who had been bedridden with great presence of mind, was supporting her sister, who trembled with agitation. "Take care of the box," said Emily;—it contained her father's titles. "For Heaven's sake preserve this locket!" sobbed Matilda;—it was a miniature of her mother! We have left, but not forgotten you, beautiful creature! Often, when we are sitting in solitude, with a portrait behind our ear, and a proof before our eyes, you are, hand in hand, to our imagination! Some, indeed, are in us to prefer esteem to fascination;—to write Sonnets to Sensibility, and to look for a wife in Sense. These are the suggestions of Age; perhaps of Prudence. We are young, and may be allowed to shake our heads as you listen!

P. C.

STANZAS.

O'ER yon Churchyard the storm may lower;
 But, heedless of the wintry air,
 One little bud shall linger there,
 A still and trembling flower.

Unscathed by long revolving years,
 Its tender leaves shall flourish yet,
 And sparkle in the moonlight, wet
 With the pale dew of tears.

And where thine humble ashes lie,
 Instead of 'scutcheon or of stone,
 It rises o'er thee, lonely one,
 Child of obscurity!

Mild was thy voice as Zephyr's breath,
 Thy cheek with flowing locks was shaded!
 But the voice hath died, the cheek hath faded
 In the cold breeze of death!

Brightly thine eye was smiling, Sweet!
 But now Decay hath still'd its glancing;
 Warmly thy little heart was dancing,
 But it hath ceased to beat!

A few short months,—and thou wert here!
 Hope sat upon thy youthful brow;
 And what is thy memorial now?
 A Flower—and a Tear.

W. M. P.

MR. LOZELL'S ESSAY ON WEATHERCOCKS.

“Round he spun.”—BYRON.

WE have a great respect for a Weathercock! There is something about it so *springy*, so sprightly, and, at the same time, so complying and so accommodating, that we are not ashamed to confess that we have long taken it for our model. It changes sides perpetually, yet always preserves one unvaried elevation; it is always in motion, yet always remains the same. We could look at a Weathercock for hours!

To us, however, it has another charm, independent of its intrinsic good qualities. Its name, not less than its character, recalls to our recollection a family which is entitled, in the highest degree, to our esteem; of which we should never cease to think, even if our memory were not daily sharpened by the little remembrancer, which is at once their namesake, their crest, and their model.

The family of the Weathercocks is one of considerable antiquity. The first of the name, whom we find distinguishing himself in any extraordinary degree, is Sir Anthony Weathercock of Fetherly, Staffordshire; who changed his party seven times during the unfortunate dissensions between the houses of York and Lancaster. And this he contrived to do with so much tact, that he was a considerable gainer by his six first defections. By his seventh he certainly sustained a trifling loss;—he lost his head!

It is a well-known observation, that the descendants of surpassingly great men are often either blockheads or idiots. The present instance certainly affords us an exemplification of the truth of the remark. The successor of this genuine Weathercock was a poor weak fellow, who had no more idea of turning to the right-about, without compulsion, than he had of breakfasting without beef. Upon his refusing to deliver up the castle of Nounhame to the celebrated Warwick, he was besieged, compelled to surrender, and immediately hung up, upon the gates of the fort, to learn to behave like his forefathers.

The religious persecutions which followed the union of the white and red roses, afforded fresh opportunity for the manifestation of the merits of the Weathercocks. Theirs was almost the only family of any note in England, which did not lose one or other of its members from the indiscriminate fury of superstition. The head of the house appears to have embraced as many religions, and more wives, than Henry himself; and a younger

branch is said to have been, within a week, a serving-man in the train of Gardiner, and a clerk in the household of Cranmer. But we are forgetting that we and our friends live in 1821, and that we shall weary the patience of our reader by tracing those dry historical facts *ab ovo*.

The Weathercock family, or rather, that branch of it with which we are at present concerned, resides on a large and productive estate in Leicestershire. We have spent much time with them, and have had several opportunities of studying their peculiar merits. Their mansion affords a perfect college for mutability; every thing is kept in readiness to be destroyed or refitted, removed or replaced, at a minute's warning. It is quite delightful to see how new fashions of furniture come in and go out; how the faces of the servants are continually altered; how the hour of meals, the regulation of the *parterres*,—in short, the whole system of domestic economy, is always subjected to some new ephemeral arrangement, which must soon give way to another equally new and equally ephemeral. To us, we say, this is delightful. But one seldom finds two tastes alike. Many pronounce the Weathercocks to be quite crazed; and many decide that "they are mighty good kind of people, but have very odd whimsies!"

The disposition for change, which is inherent in the family, has produced very strange effects upon their place of residence. The house was originally a good stout old-fashioned house, remarkable for nothing but the antiquity of its pictures, and the size of its dining-hall. But its name and character have shifted considerably since it came into the possession of my worthy friends. It has been alternately a Hall, an Abbey, a Castle, and a Lodge; nay, during the life of the late Sir Adonis Weathercock, it became, for a few months, a Cottage. The proprietor, however, in this instance, gave up his design before it had effected any thing beyond the

windows. The Mansion bears more permanent marks of its other metamorphoses. On one side it has the square turrets and battlements of the feudal system ; on another, the flowery-pointed arch of a Gothic cathedral. One of the owners of the place thought proper to sink a moat round his habitation ; but he afterwards filled it up, and converted it into a circular gravel walk. Another had a fancy for erecting some solid Doric pillars ; he, doubtless, much improved their appearance, by placing upon them a beautiful Chinese veranda. Similar observations are suggested by an inspection of the interior of the building. You may almost read a history of two or three centuries in the reliques of their manners, which are scattered in every apartment. War has been carried on with tolerably equal success between Lely's portraits, Gainsborough's landscapes, and Bunbury's caricatures. A cast of a Hercules looks somewhat angrily upon a mandarin, who is his next neighbour ; and a timorous Venus maintains her post with great obstinacy, although her divine presence is invaded by the scaly folds of an enormous Dragon. There are Bonzes and Cupids, oaken tables and mahogany tables, drab papering and crimson papering, high mantel-pieces and low mantel-pieces, Dresden china and French china ; every thing is superb, every thing incongruous, every thing unfinished.

The old Park has been reduced to the same state. A scrupulous homage has been paid to every new mode of cultivation ; a thousand emendations, and additions, and improvements, have been successively introduced. But it is easier to plant new customs, than to eradicate the old. Lycaon was turned into a beast, but he retained his old habits of atrocity. Arachne was transformed into a spider, but she did not forget her spinning. The Park of the Weathercocks has, in like manner, assumed various novel shapes, without losing the traces of its old ones. At one time it was dressed out in all the stiff

regularity of alleys and arcades ; at another, it was dubbed a " wilderness," and was immediately laid waste by a terrible inroad of shrubs and weeds without number. In one part your eye rests upon the muddy vestiges of an artificial cascade : in another, your foot stumbles over a heap of rubbish, which has been produced by the demolition of an artificial ruin. Some people object to these things ; for my part, I own I am delighted with them. They show a proper distrust of one's own opinion ; a decorous compliance with the unstable will of the world ; an eager spirit of enterprise ; in short, they prove that the Weathercocks have not an ounce of obstinacy in their composition.

Sir Wilfrid Weathercock, the present head of the family, is a cheerful and hale man, between forty and fifty years of age. He is about the middle stature, although, upon some occasions, by the affectation of a fashionable stoop, he appears somewhat dwarfish ; while, upon others, by the assumption of a military gait and a pair of high heels, he bids fair to be accounted a giant. With a self-denial worthy of a Cincinnatus, he has avoided all offers of place or pension, all invitations to embark in public life ; he has confined his manifold talents and his extraordinary versatility to the limits of his own estate. Perhaps, indeed, his determination, in this respect, may have been a prudent one ; for, although any ministry would have been benefited by the unusual facility with which Sir Wilfrid would have flown from patriotic speeches to taxation and gagging bills ; from prayers for peace to declarations of war ; from professions of economy to measures of profusion ; yet it must be confessed that his reluctance to remain a minute stationary would have driven him from one side of the House to the other, oftener than is seemly in a public man. Let it be understood that we speak with all due deference and respect for the numerous precedents

which are to be found in our English History. Leaving great statesmen to settle this point, we can only express our opinion that our friend has certainly acted best for his own comfort, by choosing a quiet privacy, where he may "change every hour," undisturbed by the malevolence of envy or the violence of faction.

His education was, in his youth, sadly neglected. Indeed his father fluctuated so long, first between Eton and Westminster, and afterwards between Cambridge and Oxford, that it is marvellous to me how little Wilfrid picked up any education at all. He has, however, obtained just so much learning as enables him to cry up the Greeks and the Latins alternately, and to flirt with all the nine Muses in succession. He escaped the fatigue of deliberation in the choice of a profession, by the death of his father; who left him, in very early life, the heir to all his fortune, all his friendships, and all his follies. He spent his first two years upon the estate, occupied in reflections of no very serious import: such as, whether his coat should be red or green; whether his hunter should be bay or brown; whether his equipage should be a barouche or a curricule. So far all was sunshine; but some tempestuous days were approaching. It was suggested to him that the ancient family of the Weathercocks ought to have an heir to its honours and possessions. No evasion would serve; Sir Wilfrid must take a wife. He was now in a novel and a disagreeable dilemma. In any trifling part of his domestic economy, in the livery of his servants, in the arrangement of his dinner-table, in the fashion of his plate, he would have bowed without a murmur to the decision of his friends; but to inflict upon himself a wife was a thing so utterly unlooked for and unprepared for, that Sir Wilfrid paused. He hesitated and decided, and hesitated again, through three years; at the termination of which he broke his leg in a fox-chase, grew quiet in consequence,

sold his hounds, and looked out for a wife. Then another perplexity occurred. Who was to be the happy woman?—He could never resolve to make so invidious a distinction.

“It is very true,” said poor Sir Wilfrid, “that Miss Dormer has a very fine face, but then I never much admired her nose. I certainly have always preferred her cousin, although that unfortunate cast of the eye—well, well, I am a young man, and, as my aunt says, ‘there is no hurry!’ Miss Rayner is very beautiful, and has such charming dark hair;—I always liked dark hair; yet I don’t know if light is not as pretty—prettier sometimes,—as for instance Miss Chevier’s,—only she is so insipid; I think Lady Mary is more fascinating, but then she is so terribly satirical. Perhaps her sister would make a better wife—if she was not such a fool!”

He consulted in this manner with himself for a long time: half the belles of the county were ready to pull caps for him, but he “prattled with fifty fair maids, and changed them as oft—.” At last, in a fit of courage, he flung himself at the feet of his chosen one,—talked some rhapsodies,—sighed some sighs, and awaited his sentence. The Lady was sorry, very sorry—and she was flattered, highly flattered,—and she was sure, quite sure,—it would only be attributed to her own want of discernment, that she declined the favour, the honour, the distinction—the—he heard no more; he hesitated! should he leave the room?—yes!—no!—yes!—and he escaped as well as he could.

He has continued to this day a bachelor. In spite of all intrigue, all solicitation, all persecution, he has remained, in this one instance, obstinate. In all others he is a real Weathercock. He builds cottages, apparently with no object but that of pulling them down; and pulls them down, apparently with no object but that of building them up: he is a Tory one hour and a Whig the

next, and takes in the *Chronicle* and *Courier* alternately; he seldom reads more than half a number of a periodical work, and never wears the same coat above a month. In his conversation he pursues the same plan,—or rather want of plan,

Modo reges atque tetrarchas,
Omnia magna, loquens;—modo ' sit mihi mensa tripes, et
Concha salis puri, et toga, quæ defendere frigus,
Quamvis crassa queat ———.

In short—in manner, in language, in business, and in pleasure, he sets an admirable example of mutability, which we shall always make it our study to imitate;—especially when we take up our pens.

Of Sir Wilfrid's nephew and heir we shall here say nothing, as his character has been already noticed by another hand, under the name of Arthur Clavering. We pass on, therefore, to the Baronet's maiden sister, Lady Rachel Weathercock, who is nowise deficient in the peculiarities for which her family is remarkable. Lady Rachel has now attained her fiftieth year; the caprices and follies of her youth have gradually subsided; and, in many points, she has become more stationary than a Weathercock ought to be. Her character, however, is just saved by one little ingredient, by which a person who is unacquainted with her habits may be not a little puzzled. Lady Rachel is an inveterate reader, an inveterate talker, and an inveterate arguer. You might therefore suppose that few subjects could be started upon which the Lady would not ground a dispute;—but it is no such thing. Her Ladyship possesses such a delightful pliability of opinion, that it is hardly possible to differ from her upon any topic. We have heard her advocate and abuse every school of painting or poetry in almost immediate succession. She combats to-day the very opinions she maintained yesterday; yet,

upon the first semblance of a contradiction, she veers round forthwith, and proves herself a more accommodating antagonist, if possible, than the Neapolitans. Mr. Oakley was three hours in conversation with her; and though the burden of his song was No, No, No, he was unable to pick a quarrel. Like Sir Robert Bramble and Job,—“they couldn’t disagree,—and so they parted.”

The only remaining member of the family is Sir Wilfrid’s niece. How delightful is your mutability, charming Leonora! You are like a chess-board which is chequered with black and white squares alternately, —or a melodrama, in which the tears of Tragedy are relieved by the follies of Farce,—or a day in April, which blends rain with sunshine, Summer with Winter,—or “The Etonian,” in which the Serious is united with the Absurd, and Pathos is intermingled with Puns. What a wardrobe must be yours! To-day you assume the costume of the victim Mary,—to-morrow that of the executioner Elizabeth; you put off the diamonds of the Queen for the garland of the Peasant; the curls of the Coquette for the veil of the Nun. Your voice has a thousand tones; your lips have a thousand smiles; all of them distinct, yet all of them engaging! You are always the same, yet always varying; consistent only in your inconsistency! Be always so! we will build a fane in the most beautiful region of Fancy; where no two flowers shall wear the same hue, no two days be of the same length or temperature: light gales shall breathe from all points of the compass by turns, and clear streams shall vary their course every hour;—Stability shall be sacrilege—and Leonora shall be the Goddess of the Temple.

J. L.

CHANGING QUARTERS:

A SKETCH.

" Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress !
* * * * *
And there was mounting in hot haste."—BYRON.

FAIR laughs the morn, and out they come,
At the solemn beat of the rolling drum,
Apparell'd for the march ;
Many an old and honour'd name,
Young warriors, with their eyes of flame,
And aged veterans in the wars,
With little pay, and many scars,
And titled Lord, and tottering Beau,
Right closely wrapp'd from top to toe
In vanity and starch.
The rising Sun is gleaming bright,
And Britain's flag is waving light,
And widely, where the gales invite,
The charger's mane is flowing :
Around is many a staring face
Of envious Boor and wondering Grace,
And echo shouts through all the place,
" The Soldiers be a-going."
Beauty and Bills are buzzing now
In many a martial ear,
And, 'midst the tumult and the row,
Is seen the Tailor's anxious bow,
And Woman's anxious tear.

Alas ! the thousand cares that float
 To-day around a scarlet coat !
 There 's Sergeant Cross, in fume and fret,
 With little Mopsa, the coquette,
 Close clinging to his side :
 Who, if fierce Mars and thundering Jove
 Had had the least respect for Love,
 To-day had been his bride,
 And, 'midst the trumpet's wild acclaim,
 She calls upon her lover's name,
 In beautiful alarm ;
 Still looking up expectantly
 To see the tear-drop in his eye,
 Still hanging to his arm :
 And he the while—his fallen chop
 Most eloquently tells,
 That much he wishes little Mop
 Were waiting for—another drop,
 Or hanging—somewhere else.

Poor Captain Mill ! what sounds of fear
 Break sudden on his startled ear !
 On right and left, above, around him,
 Tom, the horse-dealer, roars, " Confound him !
 A pretty conscience his ;
 To ruin thus my finest bay,
 And hurry off, like smoke, to-day—
 If there's no law, some other way,
 By Jove, he'll smart for this !"
 Ah ! fly, unhappy, while you can !
 The Captain is a dangerous man,
 A right old Jockey's son !
 Ah ! fly, unhappy, while you may !
 The Captain first knocks up the Bay,
 And then—knocks down the Dun !

Old Larry is as brave a soul
 As ever drain'd an English bowl ;

His head and heart alike are tried ;
 And when two comrades have applied
 Or hand to sword, or lip to pewter,
 Old Larry never yet was neuter.
 But now the Hero (like a fool,
 Ripe from a milksop boarding-school,
 In love or fortune cross'd,)
 Silent, and pale, and stupid, stands,
 Scratches his head with both his hands,
 And fears the hostile Host.
 Oh ! can it be ? are hearts of stone
 So small, and soft, and silky, grown,
 That Larry fears a lick ?
 Oh ! wrong not thus his closing years,
 'Tis not the Host of France he fears,
 But of the Candlestick.
 The Brute is there !—in long array,
 All clean set down, from day to day,
 The dreaded figures stalk ;
 The Veteran, with his honest blows,
 Can settle well a Score of Foes,
 But not a Score of Chalk.
 Alas ! alas ! that warrior hot
 Balls from ten-pounders feareth not,
 But Bills for pennies three ; *
 And if he trembles, well I wot
 He would not care for Gallic shot,
 So here he were shot-free.

Fat Will the Butcher, in a pet,
 His furious fang bath sharply set,
 On Luckless Captain Martinette,
 And thus the booby cries,
 " Don't kick.—As sure as eggs is eggs
 You will not have me off my legs,
 Captain, although you tries ;

* pennies three :—the price of half-a-pint at the Candlestick Inn.

And you must know, good Sir, as how
 I mean to ha' my money now,
 Or know the whens and whys."
 The little Captain, whom 't would kill
 To be a public scoff;
 Shuffles and whispers,—“ Honest Will,
 For forty shillings is your bill,
 Take twenty—and be off.”
 The Butcher, much a friend to fun,
 And somewhat apt to laugh or pun,
 Stands grinning like his calves;
 Till for his joke his debt he barter,
 “ Sir—Gemmen, when they change their quarters
 Shouldn't do things by halves.”

He, too, the pride of war, is there,
 Victorious Major Ligonier.
 A soldier, he, from boot to plume,
 In tented field or crowded room,
 Magnanimous in martial guise,
 He eats, and sleeps, and swears, and lies;
 Like no poor cit the man behaves,
 And when he picks his teeth, or shaves,
 He picks his teeth with warlike air,
 And mows his beard *en militaire*.
 But look—his son is by his side,
 More like a young and blushing bride
 Than one, in danger's hour,
 All madly doom'd to run and ride,
 And stem the battle's whelming tide,
 And face its iron shower.

In peace too warm, in war too cold,
 Although with girls he's very bold,
 With men he's somewhat shy;
 Nature could not two gifts afford,
 And so she did not make his sword
 So killing as his eye.

Is there an eye, which nothing sees
In what it views to-day,
To whisper deeper thoughts than these,
And wake a graver lay?
Oh think not thus! when Lovers part,
When weeping eye and trembling heart
Speak more than words can say;
It ill becomes my jesting song
To run so trippingly along,
And on these trifling themes bestow
What ought to be a note of woe.

I see young Edward's courser stand,
The bridle rests upon his hand;
But beauteous Helen lingers yet,
With throbbing heart and eyelid wet;
And as she speaks in that sweet tone,
Which makes the listener's soul its own;
And as she heaves that smother'd sigh
Which Lovers cannot hear and fly,
In Edward's face looks up the while,
And longs to weep, yet seems to smile.

"Fair forms may fleet around, my love!
And lighter steps than mine,
And sweeter tones may sound, my love!
And brighter eyes may shine;
But wheresoever thou dost rove,
Thou wilt not find a heart, my love,
So truly, wholly, thine,
As that which at thy feet is aching,
As if its very string were breaking!

"I would not see thee glad, my love!
As erst, in happier years:
Yet do not seem so sad, my love!
Because of Helen's fears!

Swiftly the flying minutes move,
 And though we weep to-day, my love,
 Heavy and bitter tears,
 There 'll be, for every tear that strays,
 A thousand smiles in other days!"

O.

TO H. U. TIGHE, ESQ.

GENTLEMAN COMMONER OF CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE,

Author of "The Antiquities of Cumnor."

MY DEAR TIGHE,—Relying on our old acquaintance, and being in hopes that you have not forgot the time when we used to walk up town together, in generous rivalry for the admiration of the Promenade, I could not deny myself the pleasure of congratulating you on your late successful *debüt* in the literary world. Allow me to recall a few reminiscences of the past! My ideas of an antiquarian had been always so closely identified with the characteristics of green spectacles, a long-waisted straight-cut coat of the year 1, and the brilliant appendage of those twin-stars, the shoe-buckles, that my *beau idéal* of the personage was utterly annihilated by the intelligence that Mr. H. U. Tighe had come forward as the modern representative of Antony Wood and Jonathan Oldbuck. We well remember the quizzing-glass, spruce brummel, and the ankles cased in their silken vesture; and little should we have been inclined to credit a prediction of the

ure Antiquarian. But we had forgot the literary taste which our author had imbibed from his mother's milk :—

“ O matre clarâ fili clarior.”

Let us now picture to ourselves the enthusiast at the goal of his pilgrimage. Was that peculiar euphony of expression, so fashionably abrupt, or so charmingly *sang-id*, the tone by which we could have imagined the examinations to have been carried on with the old ston, who has vegetated this half century at the village Cumnor, and acts as the precious repository of the traditions of his forefathers? Did Delcroix's essences accompany our adventurous Knight Errant into the vault which gapes with such important hiatus in the midst of ruins!—a vault which imagination might picture to the same abyss into which the lovely Countess is represented to have been plunged by the infernal policy of her husband's agents; but which, in matter of fact, is nothing more than the common sewer of the man-a? Can we fancy the ornament of High-street, the resident of the Common-Room at Corpus, in such a situation? *Quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore*. The ice of Layton's ices and *patées* has become the umpire of the claims of the Hall, Chapel, and Picture Galleries at their respective sites in the residence of Antony Fos-. But let us not be misunderstood. We hail with assurance the signal metamorphosis, and our future extatations have an extensive prospect. The world may now hope from this promising son of Alma Mater the eradication of questions which have puzzled the wits of successive generations. The Bodleian manuscripts and records, which had no claim to the notice of Messrs. Mansley and Gaisford, have now a chance of catching a glimpse of day light. Oh! why was Eton so soon deprived of such a student? By this time we might have

been satisfied that the Montem footpads have a more honourable charter to justify their depredation than that of custom. Burnham Abbey might have risen again to our imagination, in all its pristine solemnity of scenery, beneath the glowing pencil of such a genius. The old monks would have been placed before us, gloating over their capons, and swilling their sack, where their modern representatives may be now seen grunting over their meal and hogs-wash. But my task draws to an end. I merely wish to offer you my best thanks for the instruction and amusement I have received from your pages. The study you have chosen is honourably distinguished among the branches of literature. It confers equal obligations upon History and Poetry. In the case of the latter, it throws the cold water of truth into the face of intoxicated imagination; while it acts as a jackall to the former. Gifted with the visual properties of the feline tribe, it hunts its prey in the dark, and the historian turns to profit the discoveries which are made. But let him be on his guard. He may be following a Will-o'-the-wisp, where the offer of guidance is deceitful, the pursuit fruitless and vexatious. This, however, my dear Tighe, is of course *entre nous*, and I hasten to conclude this lengthened epistle with professions of esteem.

Yours very truly,

FREDERICK GOLIGHTLY.

Eton College, April 5, 1821.

A COUNTRY SABBATH.

"There are few places more favourable to the study of character than an English Country Church."

SKETCH-BOOK.

AMONG the most interesting and pleasing scenes of rural life there is none which holds a more conspicuous place than a Country Sabbath. The universal quiet that pervades the whole face of nature, as if the fields were slumbering after the labours of the week; the mellow sound of the bells; and the joyous troops of villagers, all arrayed in their best garments, and hurrying along the pathway;—have a charm of which no other country can so truly boast. I was a frequent visitor at the village church during my stay with the Rector, who, fortunately for the village of —, was a Pastor worthy to negotiate between God and man. I have said fortunately, because you are frequently disgusted in country churches by seeing a perfumed fashionable in the pulpit; one of those personages who are accustomed to take orders that they may enjoy their ease, pleasures, and sports, more freely. I should as soon think of being led to pray by a bulky corpulent monk, whose jolly fat countenance, rising over the pulpit, would give the lie to every word he might utter, as by one of those lady's maids of religion, who dance up the church with a negligent air, display a white handkerchief or gold ring, and apparently think they are doing an honour to their Saviour by murdering his gospel, "the things that mount the rostrum with a skip, and then skip down again."

On a Sunday morning, during my ramble through the church-yard, I espied an equipage rapidly approaching, which I immediately recognized, as it belonged to a man of large property in the neighbourhood, a thorough fox-hunter, and at the same time a regular attendant at church, unless he happened to indulge too freely on the Saturday night. His whole family consisted of a niece, who had been left an orphan by her parents, and an only son, whom I had formerly known at Eton, a merry, boisterous, warm-hearted youth, so that I was rather anxious to catch a glimpse of "the Squire," as he was called by way of pre-eminence. In another minute the old gentleman's phaeton dashed round the corner of the church, containing himself; his niece, a pretty-looking girl of about nineteen; and a favourite dog, who generally escorted his master to the church door, and then retired home by a short cut over the fields. As the old man briskly descended from his phaeton, I could not help admiring the uprightness of his figure, and the vigour and strength visible in his whole person. They seemed to give the lie to the gray flowing locks which were telling tales of his years. The spirit of conviviality and good fellowship was indelibly stamped upon a countenance by no means destitute of interest or expression, but already bronzed by exposure to all extremities of weather in pursuit of his favourite sport. In a word, his were honest English features, ignorant of disguise, and forcibly claiming a place for their owner, in every warm and benevolent bosom, beaming with kind hospitality and good-will to all mankind. His dress was entirely explanatory of the nature and customs of the wearer; consisting of smooth shining leather breeches, top boots, and a straight-cut coat, decorated with numerous buttons, and apparently the only part of his dress destined exclusively to Sunday's wear. I confess I was particularly struck with the *tout ensemble* of the good Squire, and no

longer wondered at the rapturous expressions of attachment I had often heard the tenants use, when speaking of their landlord. Indeed there was scarcely a tongue in the village that was not for ever ready to launch out in his praise, and repeat some well-known anecdote of his generosity and kindness.

Shurleigh Hall was always the refuge of the widow, the orphan, the unhappy, and the indigent, though it was never an asylum for the idle beggar, who has the strength to work but not the will. Every Christmas the good Squire adhered to the old custom of keeping open house, and said it was one of the greatest pleasures of his life to see all his tenantry collected in the hall, where all was joy and festivity. Not one intruding thought of care or sorrow disturbed the merriment of the roysters of Shurleigh. He never missed at that time saying grace himself, sticking the first knife into the sirloin, and toasting their healths in the first cup ; while the whole house resounded with their shouts as he retired to his own regale. But I am wandering from the churchyard, where at this moment the Squire was hastening to meet my hospitable host the Rector, whom he saw approaching. The latter caught a glimpse of me a few yards distant, and having beckoned to me, introduced me to the Squire, who, the instant he heard my name, shook my hand with such violence that I trembled lest my shoulder should be dislocated, said he had heard son George talk of me, sorry he was not at home now, but hoped that would not prevent my staying a few days at Shurleigh Hall, and making use of his horses, dogs, &c. as I pleased. Had I not been beforehand ready to close with such an invitation, my denial would have been a faint one when the Squire's words were backed by his niece, whom I found to be far more beautiful than I had even before thought her ; and as she hung negligently on the old gentleman's arm, like a slender tendril of ivy from the trunk of some sturdy oak,

she pressed me to come with a smile of welcome that totally removed all power of opposition. Our short conversation now was sufficient even to show me my new friend was by no means one of those enthusiastic hunters, whom we occasionally meet with ; and who consider a chase the *summum bonum* of all earthly pleasures, and stamp every man as a fool that cannot top a five-barred gate, or switch a rasper ; who spend their whole winter in endangering their necks all day, and drowning their senses all night ; who abhor the summer, and have no other means of dissipating the *ennui* it produces, than gambling, or preparing their apparatus for next season. The Squire even appeared to be a man of the world ; asked several questions about Eton, and regretted very feelingly that his youth had been confined in a villainous private school, where there was neither liberality nor good-fellowship. After some few minutes we adjourned to the church, where he was resolute in making me occupy a seat in his pew ; which, by the way, was by no means to be despised, for it had been cushioned, and made quite warm and comfortable by his orders. He then, with a smile, handed me an old family Prayer-book and Bible, ornamented with huge clasps of silver, and having illuminated title-letters to the chapters ; which, the old gentleman observed, were formerly the best means of keeping George, and Emmy (his niece), quiet during church-time, when they were children.

Soon after this I compromised with my conscience for a few minutes, in order to glance my eye over the congregation ; and was not a little astonished to see their order and regularity, which had been effected principally by the joint endeavours of the Squire and Rector. I cannot tell whether every one of them was fervent in prayer ; but, at any rate, there was an attention paid to decorum such as we seldom see among the higher ranks of people. Almost the only exception was the son of an

Opulent farmer in the neighbourhood ; who, having apparently received a tolerable education, employed it in endeavouring to waste what his father's industry had amassed, and was too much the gentleman to attend to business. He was dressed, as far as lay in the power of a country tailor, in the height of fashion, but unfortunately stamped in Nature's homeliest mould ; so that his fine apparel hung about his stiff-girded awkward body like flowers on a Maypole. * On entering he stalked along with great preciseness, admiring his own elegant figure, while a huge bunch of keys thumped and bumped against his side at every step. Apparently the only reason of his coming to church was to be seen and see others : hence, during the service, he amused himself in staring at every female, or counting the brass nails that studded his pew. Soon after, the Farmer himself arrived—the very reverse of his son ; being a hale hearty-looking man—displaying by his corpulence that his agriculture enabled him to keep a good table—wiping the sweat off his brow with one hand, and in the other shouldering a huge stick, that would perhaps have better become his son's back. But the rough Farmer was a better judge of his good or bad crops than of his offspring's folly ; besides, there was a lady in the case, who considered this fashionable clod her darling boy.

At this moment there was a great banging of the door, and rustling of silks ; and, on looking round, I beheld an elderly Lady, arrayed almost in the dress of the days of Queen Bess, advancing with most majestic gestures, up the middle of the aisle. The Squire, observing my eyes directed towards her, informed me in a whisper that she was a Maiden Lady, descended from a noble family, and not a little proud of her pedigree. But, notwithstanding certain little pruderies and peculiarities in her domestic arrangements, she was considered by her neighbours as a mighty good sort of woman, for

she intended to leave a sum of money for building an hospital in the next town; and was at present the patroness of a school, from whence she selected occasionally a lad to attend her, always dismissing him when he arrived at manhood. I confess I was not a little amused as the old Lady fluttered along in a profusion of trains, displaying and erecting her flounces like some dignified turkey hen—but I will spare my reader another rural simile. Nevertheless, as those must be the truest which are most natural, I should, for the future, advise all Poets and Pic Nic writers to have a landscape, or some picture of domesic rural comforts always before them, from whence they may select a simile at leisure. In much the same manner do modern authors keep half a dozen obsolete compositions lying open on their scrutoire; and, pilfering a line from one, a sentiment from another, and a fine passage from a third, they jumble them up together in a mass, array them in modern guise, and then just bring in a thread of their own, to unite them in harmonious concord. After which they rub their hands in ecstasy, and read over and over again the inspired productions of their ingenious Muse. But I must now return to my subject, and to the congregation, amongst whom I found no other very conspicuous objects; for it consisted principally of farmers, and the other usual inhabitants of our villages. But the Clerk must not be forgotten: a stout man, with a stomach that appeared to have run away with his legs, from their unequal proportion, and ornamented with a patch over one eye. He was remarkable for preserving, in all its elegant idioms, the peculiar dialect of the country; add to which, he not only served out consolation for the souls, but also for the bodies of the villagers, as he was a publican, reputed to sell capital beer, inferior only to that of Boniface, mentioned before in a sketch of the village. The younger part of the congregation were seated on some raised forms, to compen-

sate for the want of an organ by their own natural voices. This had been introduced by the Squire; who thought a hymn relieved the mind from the length of the Morning Service; and generally chimed in himself, with no inharmonious voice, though perhaps it was more accustomed to the death of Reynard. Miss Emily assisted, however, with the sweet delicious tones of a voice more enchanting *to me* than those of more practised melodists. It is not lost on the old gentleman; for it generally falls to her lot to sing him to sleep of an evening after the labours of the day. But, however, as soon as the Church Service was over, the tenantry all remained stationary in their pews till the Squire had passed; who, in his way, exchanged a nod of recognition, or salute, with every one, in however low a rank of life; while they all seemed anxious to obtain this token of his kindness. As soon as we gained the door, he begged me to get into his phaeton, and let him drive me home; but this I obstinately refused, though I could scarcely resist the invitation, as I handed Miss Emily in. I stood some time watching the carriage, as it moved rapidly on; and, after it vanished from my sight, remained some minutes thinking with pleasure on the warm-hearted Squire and his pretty Niece; after which I rambled onwards through the churchyard, which is always a scene of so much interest and importance on a Sunday. Here I found some parties of the villagers talking over public affairs, with very knowing and shrewd countenances; little knots of friends indulging in social chat: some village damsels hastening home, with Bible and Prayer-book neatly folded up in white kerchiefs; and one or two sage moralizers on tombstones, who were trying to decipher death-heads, hour-glasses, and inscriptions, caked in the dust of antiquity. As I approached the village, all was bustle and happiness; the very birds above my head appeared to twitter notes of gratitude

for the safety which this day afforded them from guns and other deadly weapons. Every spot, from the farmer's house to the ploughman's cottage, bore convincing proofs of Sunday, that happiest of days to a countryman, who looks forward to it with as much *gusto* as Musgrave to his holiday sports. My sight, however, was not more regaled than my nose, by several savoury dishes that passed rapidly by me from the baker's: it is a universal maxim that your country people will enjoy a good dinner on a Sunday, though they starve the other six days of the week for it. Woe be to the luckless child, who, in his way home with the family repast, should hap to trip over unheeded stone, or any other obstacle: down falls his steaming cargo in the mire; smash goes the best dish—"Oh! what a fall is there!" In vain the unhappy urchin wrings his hands, or laments over the smoking ruin; the delicacies are lost for ever, and destined to become the prey of some insolent crow, or half-famished beggar, whose eyes would glisten with joy at such a banquet. It is fashionable in these days to make apostrophes,—so my reader must pardon me for this, and with more kindness, I hope, than the aforesaid destroyer of the expected repast will receive from his disappointed family at home, who will be perhaps compelled to feast on mouldy cheese, in lieu of the delicious pudding. By the time I had finished these observations, I found myself at the end of the village, and that, should I not hasten home, all my chance of luncheon would inevitably be lost. In my way over the fields there still appeared new signs of Sunday; for the hedges were invaded by troops of joyous children, pilfering them of every thing worthy eating, from the roseate hip to the purple sloe and blackberry, while farther on several parties were marshalling for a nutting expedition to a neighbouring wood. But I bid a hasty farewell to them, and, on arriving at the Rector's, found a message from Shur-

all to inform me that Master George had arrived
tedly, and that the Squire requested me to ride
e next day. Having returned an answer, I began
ipate no little pleasure from my visit, and fell
t night to dream of Shurleigh and the benevolent
nting Squire.

C. BELLAMY.

SONG.

SAY a kind farewell, my Mary!
Here's a kind farewell to thee!
'T is the last time ever, Mary,
Thou 'lt say farewell to me.
I'll not depart in sorrow,
Nor mourn upon the shore;
But I'll smile upon to-morrow,
And the sea-wave and its roar.

I dream'd a heart was mine,
With its passion and its joy;
And oh! the heart was thine,
And I loved it as a boy.
But all is over now, Mary,
The dream and the delight;
And I'll bury all beside, Mary,
In forgetfulness to-night.

I'll sing the song that others sing;
I'll pass the jest with all;
And I will not tame my spirit's wing
In banquet or in hall;

But I'll fill one cup alone, Mary,
 To drown thy maiden spell;
 And I'll drain that cup to thee, Mary,
 For a health and a farewell!

When the snow-white sails are set,
 And the seaward gale is blowing,
 My eyes shall not be wet;
 My tears shall not be flowing:
 But when England fades away, Mary,
 And I'm lone upon the sea;
 Oh! I'll look tow'ards England then, Mary,
 And sigh farewell to thee.

G. M.

ON CALUMNY.

"Protinus, ut moneam, si quid monitoris eges Tu,
 Quid de quoque viro, et cui dicas, sæpe videto.
 Percontatorem fugito, nam garrulus idem est,
 Nec retinent patulæ commissa fideliter aures,
 Et semel emissum volat irrevocabile verbum."

AMONGST several kind and friendly precepts of Horace, from which I have selected the lines which appear at the head of this subject, a source of admonition presents itself to our view, which might be serviceably applied to all ranks of life, and deserves the notice of all generations. Were all inclined to bestow that sufficient portion of attention upon it which it merits, to resist that malicious propensity against which it so forcibly warns us, how seldom would the violations of friendship occur which frequently afflict mankind! How many enmities and jea-

lousies, which have been fomented by wilful slander, or a careless freedom of speech, would, in a great measure, sink into oblivion !

The vice of calumny can never be too harshly stigmatized, or too vehemently condemned. It is unworthy of the man of honour, and contemptible to every follower of virtue, generosity, and honesty. We should preserve our tongues from it, as from the touch of pollution ; and banish it from our hearts, as the enemy of candour and happiness,—as the bane of friendship and peace.

Calumny, when merely exercised and encouraged for purposes of wickedness, denotes the heart from which it proceeds to be of the blackest nature, and competent to the performance of any actions degrading to a man and to a Christian. The foe who attacks our characters and our reputations in secret—who excites the opinions of mankind against us by false tales and dark insinuations,—can, in no respect, be deemed less pernicious than the assassin, who, under cover of night, aims his dagger at our breast,—than the serpent, which corrupts our blood with its venom, while it lurks beneath our feet. That foe, when we unguardedly trust ourselves to its power, and confide ourselves to the seeming candour and sincerity so readily assumed by him, is occupied, at the very interval when we are most defenceless, in framing or executing some project for our ruin and misery. We can avoid the fangs of the rattlesnake ; for, by the noise which accompanies his motions, we are informed of his approach ;—we can shelter ourselves from the fury of the tempest, for the distant thunder and the gathering clouds forewarn us of its attack. But calumny assails us in secret ; and, while her features wear the semblance of piety and friendship, the venom of malice and iniquity gushes from her heart.

Yet, although the calumniator must be held in the light of one utterly lost to all sentiments of virtue and

conscience, we should not refuse our advice and our pity to some, who, notwithstanding they are equally culpable with those infected with the above-mentioned vice, are perpetually liable, without any wicked intent, to involve their friends, and all who are acquainted with them, in misery. It is of those I speak, who heedlessly and incautiously relate whatever remarks they may have heard, and aggravate them by fabrications of their own; merely intending those remarks as an embellishment of conversation, and as a source of amusement for themselves and their hearers. The folly of such conduct must be observed by all who are inclined to bestow one serious thought upon it. When we behold the conflagrations which arise from a single spark—when we hear of the wrecks which proceed from one trivial instance of neglect—and the deaths which have been caused by a wound, trifling and insignificant in its origin,—how plainly must the danger and the sorrows, which spring from such heedlessness and folly as this, present themselves to our minds! Can we be ignorant, while we are amusing our companions at the expense of one who is absent, by relating his words and actions in a manner which we should think dishonourable in his presence, that many of his enemies may hear us, and succeed; by our own animadversions, in the accomplishment of their own purposes? Are we positive that many to whom we are addressing ourselves may not, in their turn, inform him of our cowardly and ungenerous attack, at a time when he is unable to defend himself, or answer our remarks? May we not excite quarrels between him and his friends, or lessen the good opinions of many of his acquaintance? May we not offend those who are most dear to him, and are confident that our assertions are unfounded and unkind? Such consequences as these must all, in the hour of consideration, occur to us.

But, as I have said before, a person may be the cause

of much enmity and unhappiness, while he little imagines or intends it. He is encouraged by the laughter and applause which his attempts to please others receive, and is so deluded by them, that he finally suffers the most unguarded expressions to escape from his lips. But, unless he is kindly warned by some friend of his error, he will inevitably bring down misery upon himself and those connected with him; and, should he escape an unhappy end, which most probably awaits him, will be despised and shunned, as the propagator of mischief, and the pest of society.

Edward Overton was the son of a gentleman in the South of England, who possessed a handsome property, and was connected with several respectable and opulent families in that quarter. He was the youngest of several brothers and sisters; and, being gifted by nature with talents far superior to the generality of mankind, became naturally an object of delight and admiration to his indulgent parents. But little did they, when applauding and encouraging those sallies of wit and brilliant remarks, which shone forth even in his earliest days, foresee the misery which their son might some day be subjected to, from this propensity of ridiculing the faults of others, and disclosing their errors. Many, indeed, would have suspected the consequences which might ensue from that freedom of speech: but his parents were so wrapt up in the admiration of his sprightliness, that he was suffered to indulge in this pernicious gratification, without the most distant restrictions, and to exercise his satirical qualifications, without fear of punishment or displeasure from his parents.

The origin of his future misfortunes and errors may be traced even to the nursery. At the most tender age, it was his amusement to irritate his sisters against each other, and disturb the sports of his brothers, by scattering amongst them the seeds of enmity. Ann was

enraged against Elizabeth, because, according to Edward, Elizabeth had reported her intention of demolishing Ann's babyhouse; and Elizabeth forgot the love which she owed to Ann as a sister, having heard, from the same authority, that Ann made complaints of her to the nurse. In like manner, Henry was angry with Richard, and Richard looked upon Henry in no very favourable light, each having heard the other's strictures upon himself, together with sundry embellishments and additions, from the lips of Edward. But the author of these quarrels and heart-burnings escaped the punishment he deserved; and, when he had disturbed the little group with various intestine divisions, was highly gratified with the effects of his art, and congratulated himself upon his malevolent ingenuity.

It is needless to follow him through his schoolboy exploits, as they much resembled those of his childhood, though perhaps more conducive to mischief in their end. Suffice it to say, that, after passing some years in that situation, embroiling his companions in several disputes, and sometimes receiving a sound drubbing for his pains, he entered upon the stage of life, attended by the best wishes and expectations of his parents, though not without the apprehensions of some of his friends.

Being undetermined as to what course of life he should pursue, he concurred with the wishes of his father, by directing his attention to the Bar, and pursuing those attainments, which might qualify him to embrace a profession whence his friends were induced to hope that he would be happy and successful. Sanguine indeed was that hope, from those acute talents which he naturally enjoyed—from that unbounded versatility of genius which shone forth in all his sentiments, and enlivened all his observations.

He accordingly stationed himself at the Temple, and applied himself diligently to the law. All his prospects

seemed favourable ; and his former errors lay dormant beneath the application and perseverance with which he followed that study. He allowed no trifling amusements to interfere with his labours ; and carefully avoided all idle and dissipated society, so repugnant to that course of life which appeared to him most eligible. But at length he became acquainted with a young man, who was his neighbour at the Temple ; but who, whatever might be his good qualities, was entirely deficient in the application and abilities which characterized Edward Overton. Their acquaintance, which at first consisted in mere respectful civility, was gradually, and unfortunately for Edward, extended to an intimacy. I say unfortunately ; for had no temptations been thrown in his way, no inducements to change his present tranquil and secluded life for one of pleasure and relaxation, those errors, which so strongly prevailed in his earliest days, would have vanished, and given way in every respect to the reason which governs the mind when it has arrived at full maturity.

We shall not be much inclined to wonder, on hearing, that through the persuasions of young Caernside, his new acquaintance, he in some measure began to waver in his original good resolutions ; and that finally he consented to enroll himself in a club of young men, of which Caernside was the principal director and supporter. They were mostly of his own age and profession, and had instituted this Society, as some relief to the monotony of their studies. We do not wish to accuse them of any wilful misconduct or want of principle ; but, in strict morality, they might deserve some censure, from the freedom with which they attacked the characters of their absent friends, and from the satire in which they occasionally indulged with equal severity, though not with equal veracity, against the deserving and the undeserving.

Edward Overton was, as might be expected, a valuable acquisition to their body. His originality, his satire, his pungent wit, and the real quaintness of his remarks, highly delighted his auditors, and contributed greatly to the joviality of their meetings. He knew, and, alas! knew too well, the influence his talents had obtained over them; and was led on by the fatal desire of applause, and the solicitations of his companions,—nor should we omit, his own self-admiration,—to those habits which afterwards so deeply involved him in misery.

His studies were now entirely neglected, that his days might be passed in sauntering about and picking up any casual reports which might meet his ear, whatever might be his authority, that he might relate them to the Club at night; and, by sundry of his own improvements, render them a subject for the diversion of his companions. Then was, indeed, his hour of gratification—then his reign of glory and triumph. But how dearly did he purchase that fame! How often, even at the risk of his honour and character, did he intrude himself into the company of those with whom he could claim no acquaintance; and gain possession of secrets and observations, in a manner from which Honour would recoil in disdain. Nay, so totally did he forget all virtuous and upright sentiments, that he was more than once detected in listening to the private conference of persons, and committing it to paper;—an indelible stigma upon him through life, had not the injured parties most kindly forgiven him, on account of his father's respectability, and his own youth; and concealed their discovery from the world.

Now was the time that his parents began to lament their foolish indulgence. Many were their admonitions, and frequent his renewals of penitence. But this fatal habit had so completely overpowered him, that all his exertions were in vain; nor could they rescue him from

that strange infatuation, to which must be attributed all his future shame and ruin.

His first exploit of mischief was to embroil two of his own companions in a duel, who, whatever were their actual differences, might lay the consummation of their quarrel principally to his charge. Their mutual dislike proceeded from a love-affair, in which the affections of both rested upon the same object. But Edward heightened that dislike, by relating to each, in the other's absence, some insult which was offered, or intended to be offered to him, by his rival. The consequences need not be related. A duel was agreed upon in the heat of their passion. Fortunately, however, the blood of neither was shed; and, upon the interposition of the seconds, after their first onset, the affair was amicably adjusted. But the author of it, on a close examination of all the circumstances, was detected, and expelled from their society; of which he could no longer be deemed a worthy and honourable member.

Why did he not at this warning desist? Why should not the dishonour, which he incurred from this evil propensity, entirely check its farther progress? Alas! he only departed from the scene of his disgrace; and his enraged associates, to stir up dissensions in his own family!—his affectionate family—which, notwithstanding his pernicious qualities, received him in its bosom. During six short months, which he passed beneath his father's roof; he caused differences between all his relations; disturbed even the love and harmony of his worthy parents; and weaned the affections of his eldest sister from her lover;—all by his false representations, and the subtlety of his plots. Let us for a moment view the scene of domestic misery, which his idle and deceitful tongue created. A feud, which embittered the ties of consanguinity;—a coldness of manner so diametrically opposite to the warmth of affection formerly manifested in a most

delightful manner towards each other by his parents;—the separation of two worthy and innocent hearts, which caused the death of his intended brother, and clouded the happiest days of his sister's life with the blackest despair:—all, all these miseries owed their birth to the disgraceful folly and cruel indiscretion of Edward Overton!

His unhappy father, although nearly sinking beneath the accumulation of distress heaped upon him by an unworthy son, had still the resolution, after having settled upon that son a handsome income, to dismiss him from the home whose joys and endearments he had eternally blasted. Yet, while he despaired of working any reformation upon his heart, he nevertheless, with some of the most tender and affecting admonitions which parental love could utter, bade him farewell for ever.

Edward Overton, whatever might be his failings, and great indeed they were, was by no means destitute of feeling. He saw clearly, and felt acutely, the miseries which he had wrought upon the very persons who deserved his most earnest attention, and most affectionate sincerity. Often did he repent; and fervently did he desire to cast himself upon the pity and forgiveness of those whom he had so deeply afflicted. But could he return to that roof, could he enter those doors, could he look upon those countenances, once so happy, with any other feeling than that of horror, melancholy, and self-reproach? His wishes were in vain; nor could he endure the thought of turning his footsteps to that home, whence he had banished happiness, tranquillity, and love.

For the space of a year he gave himself up to solitude and remorse; entirely relinquishing society. But the impressions of woe gradually faded away, and he again appeared in the world. None of his old friends indeed would form any connexion with him; but they kindly spared those strictures upon his character, which he had

so frequently and so illiberally distributed against others. Hence his dangerous qualities were little known; and, from his superior talents, elegant education, and gentlemanly appearance, he was much admired and esteemed in all the circles of his new acquaintance.

He chanced to meet, at an evening party, a young lady of great beauty and accomplishments; and, being somewhat captivated with her appearance at his first introduction to her, requested the favour of her hand in a dance, which constituted the principal evening's amusement. The favour was not denied him. He imperceptibly admitted sentiments, which, once entertained, quickly lead to an attachment; and his feelings soon convinced him of it; when, at the close of the dance, after handing her to the carriage which was to convey her home, he left the assembly with emotions which his breast had never before known.

Having obtained her permission on the preceding night to visit her father, and inquire respecting her safe arrival, he proceeded in the morning to her abode. Mr. Williams was so much delighted with his conversation and engaging manners, that he requested him to renew his visits frequently. We need not doubt that the offer was accepted—that he soon became an inmate of the family—and that finally, having discovered his affection to the daughter and the father, he was successful in all his hopes, and received a promise of the hand of Emma Williams in marriage.

It may not be improper here to give a short account of the family to which he was about to connect himself. Mr. Williams was a man of large property, which depended chiefly upon an extensive mercantile firm in Liverpool. His wife had been dead for many years; and Emma was the sole hope, delight, and consolation, of his declining life.

Every arrangement was proceeding in a most favour-

able way for the completion of their nuptials, when Edward Overton chanced one morning to enter a coffee-house, where he passed much of his leisure time in reading the news, and sundry other trivial employments, by which the idle beguile a tedious hour. He was loitering in solitude, and scarcely knowing in what manner he might dissipate ennui, when he fancied that he heard the voices of persons holding a serious conference in the next room. His culpable curiosity was immediately excited; and thinking that he now had found something to divert his attention, he applied his ear to the thin wainscoting which separated him from the unknown speakers. The subject which one was explaining to the other seemed to contain a secret of the greatest importance and mystery. The words which he could collect appeared to be relative to a large mercantile concern, which was pronounced in great danger, and which, should any of the creditors discover its peril, would be inevitably ruined by their demands upon it. The person, however, who was giving this information, expressed a hope which Mr. Fitzgerald (as he styled the principal director) had induced him to cherish, that if their embarrassments could be concealed for a few months, they might regain their former prosperity. He concluded by desiring his auditor to preserve the secret with the greatest caution; and declared his satisfaction in having been able to entrust it to him with such security.

Edward Overton departed, and in the course of the day published at a large party, with his usual folly and carelessness, the tidings which he had so dishonourably gained possession of in the morning. Several persons, on hearing the name of Fitzgerald, and the danger of his firm, immediately took the alarm, and spread the news on all sides. The consequences, as might be expected, were dreadful. The unhappy merchants, unable to release themselves from their embarrassments, or to

answer the demands of their creditors, were immediately pronounced bankrupts: and a house, which had long surpassed all others in wealth, in reputation, and the number and respectability of its directors, was reduced to disgrace—to a mere nothing, by the babblings of one pernicious and heedless man.

It were enough to think of this with the most heartfelt sorrow. But as yet the reader is uninformed of the whole effects of Edward's indiscretion. What shall we say,—what must be our feelings, on discovering that the father of Emma Williams, although the circumstance was unknown to Edward Overton, was deeply concerned in the affairs of that ruined firm, which once bore Fitzgerald's name? He, consequently, was also plunged in the general misery and calamity. On hearing, therefore, the fatal discovery of that secret, which but one day before had been entrusted to him with such circumspection; on perceiving the adversity and wretchedness to which he and his daughter must necessarily be reduced; and, above all, on discovering that he was betrayed by Edward Overton,—the friend of his bosom,—the affianced husband of his child,—a shock was inflicted, which nearly proved fatal. But for Emma's sake he struggled against this painful trial: and through the aid of a mind whose natural strength was increased by true Christian fortitude, and the consolations of religion, gradually overcame the pressure of his woes.

Having collected the wrecks of a once splendid fortune, he retired from a world of tumults and vicissitudes, to the tranquillity of a country life. Happiness at length began again to smile upon him and the innocent Emma, who was united to a lover far more worthy of her affections than the imprudent Edward. The father and his children lived beneath the same roof, and enjoyed in their retirement the sweets of affection and peace, undisturbed by the misrepresentations of falsehood—untainted by the breath of calumny.

But the days of Edward's happiness were at an end. Neglected by his friends, deserted by his acquaintances, and detested even by those to whom he had given his despicable and officious information, he also buried himself in seclusion. Alas ! how different was his from that delightful retirement, which those whom he had cruelly injured now enjoyed ! His was an attempt to fly from the scoffs of the world, and the odium which he had incurred as a talebearer. He could not, however, avert the pangs of conscience, or dispel the gloom of melancholy, which hung over him from day to day. So truly miserable was his life,—with such horror and shame did he look back upon the past, that death itself would have been a relief. But the Divine retribution had ordained it otherwise, condemning him to expiate his sins, and to feel the miseries which he had inflicted upon others, by a tedious life of anguish and remorse. No years diminished the care which preyed upon his heart ; and this dreadful punishment of calumny was extended to his latest hour !

Further comment upon this tale is unnecessary. May those under whose observation it chances to fall, should they at any time perceive the impulse of slander rising in their breasts, for once recall to memory the sad example of Edward Overton ; and be warned by it from those pursuits which allure us into the tracts of unhappiness, and betray us to the shackles of perpetual woe.

M. STERLING.

HORÆ PALUDANÆ;

OR, DROPS OF DERWENTWATER.

NO. II.

TO THE LADY CAROLINE MOWBRAY.

LADY ! no marvel that the kinsman young *
Of the grand master of the mystery
Of metaphysics, fell in love with thee ;
Nor yet that, while the stage, jumbling along,
Soothed him to slumber with its one dull song,
As toward the land of lakes and poesy
The wayward youth rode nightly journeying,—he
O'er thy imagined form in visions hung.
For thou hast charms to warm a colder breast
Than that of youthful poet ; locks like night ;
Cheeks of rich bloom, where Love hath built his nest ;
Looks like young Juno's ; eyes from whose full glance
The gazer shrinks abash'd, as in the fight
The polish'd shield returns the warrior's lance.

Highgate, Jan. 15, 1821.

W.

* The Hon. G. Montgomery.

STANZAS,

(WRITTEN IN MISS HARRISON'S ALBUM,)

*Showing why Miss Fanny Harrison's Face is so little altered from what
was a short time ago.*

ONE day, as perch'd by Fanny's chair
I listen'd to her chat so blithe,
I turn'd my head, and who was there
But gruff old Time, with glass and scythe!

He, when he saw me, nodded low
His single lock ;—full well knows he
That poets are his lords below,
And therefore pays them courtesy.

"And prithee," said I with a bow,
"Old Haymaker, what dost thou here?
Art come to furrow o'er a brow
Thou hast not touch'd for many a year?

Beware! if to my cousin's eyes
Or cheeks thou dars't do aught of wrong,
I'll disappoint thee of thy prize,
And shrine them in immortal song."

The graybeard answer'd,—"'T is, indeed,
A task I've oft in vain essay'd;
For they, who are my friends at need,
In this distress refuse their aid.

Sickness, who wins me many breasts,
Assails this active nymph in vain ;
And Care, my pioneer, protests
He can't find entrance to her brain.

And yet I've often ventured near,
Attempting, in my stealthy way,
With my slow-working razor here,
To pilfer charm by charm away.

But when I view the simple grace
That crowns the dear provoking charmer,
Her cheerful smiles, and merry face,
I can't find in my heart to harm her !"

F. GOLIGHTLY.

PEREGRINE'S SCRAP-BOOK.

NO. V.

April 7.—The Club met for the last time previous the Vacation. I was assailed by sundry intreaties, monitions, and commands, to bring N° VII. out to its y. I leave my friends with great hopes upon this int, but certainly I am glad I have not promised. Mr. Oakley talks of Editing, immediately after the cation, a Weekly Newspaper, to be called "Contraction, or the Negative Intelligencer." It is to be conducted upon a plan totally different from any at present use; and I trust it will meet with all the encouragement it deserves. Instead of giving the news of what has been done in the world, it will give the news of what

has *not*. Mr. Oakley will have great pleasure in saying "No" to all false and scandalous reports; and in refuting all rumours of generous actions, which are not founded on fact. I need not dilate upon the benefits likely to result from such a scheme; and I will therefore conclude my observations by selecting, from the mass of materials which Mr. O. has already compiled, a few short specimens:—

"We have authority to state that Mr. Blew has *not* left his debts unpaid.

"We are happy to learn that the domestic peace of Sir John and Lady Gander has *not* been interrupted by the arts of a certain Colonel;—that a separation has *not* taken place; that the gentlemen of the long robe are *not* employed in the business; and that Sir John has *not* been shot through the thorax, as was at one time reported.

"Miss Blossom is *not* thirty years of age, as is scandalously reported by the Parish Register. A Correspondent informs us that she is *not* about to be married.

"Sir Toby Ginger does *not* intend to part with his stud. He has *not* given 100*l.* to the building of the new church.

"There is reason to suspect, that Napoleon Bonaparte has *not* promised to write for 'The Etonian.'"

Mr. Bellamy gave me, upon taking his leave for the present, the following stanzas:—

I.

Away, away with every thought
That leads my heart to joy again;
Too well, too well this mind's been taught
To feel, nor shrink from bitterest pain.
Away, away with song of mirth,
That tells me of a former day;
When oh! 'twere bliss to live on Earth,
And listen to my loved one's lay.

II.

The dream is o'er that Fancy drew,
And life has lost its charms for me;
For ev'ry joy my bosom knew
Was drawn, lost lovely one, from thee.

And say, shall yonder beaming Sun,
That oft thy sleepless woe has seen,
Ne'er finish'd till his course were run,
E'er see me as I erst have been?

III.

A ray of hope may gild the cloud
That hovers o'er Affliction's shed;
The heart that sicken'd o'er the shroud
May cease to think upon the dead.
And many a breast may cease to feel
Where Time and Hope their aid combine;
But oh! that pang can never heal
That broods o'er such a wreck as thine.

IV.

Say, shall my breast with mirth beat high,
When thine, alas! is sorrowing near?
Say, shall the laugh play o'er mine eye,
When thine is trembling with a tear?
Has pleasure any charm for me,
If thou its sweets canst never taste;
If life must still appear to thee
A dark and desolated waste?

V.

With thee the hours flew swift away,
When Fortune on our gambols smiled;
With thee I pass'd my boyhood's May,
A heedless, happy, sportive child.
Such was I once—and life then bore
Something so dear to my young heart;
That still it pains my bosom sore
To think such joys and I must part.

VI.

But oh! I saw that lovely form
Like rosebud trembling to the blast;
I mark'd Affliction's cruel storm,
That o'er thee, helpless victim, pass'd.

I vow'd to join my tears to thine ;
 I vow'd with thee one lot to brave ;
 The hour that breaks that vow of mine,
 Shall rise, sweet Mourner, on my grave.

Returned to Town. Composed by the way two Sonnets and half an Epigram.

April 11.—Sat down at Eleven o'clock, furiously resolved to write till Three.

Half after Eleven —Mended my pen.

Twelve o'clock.—Spilt my ink.—Wiped it up.

Half after Twelve.—Slept.

One o'clock.—Waked.

Half after One.—Looked at the weather, and thought of going out.—Studied "The Spectator" for a hint.—Failed.—Began to suspect I was not in a bright mood.—Drew three heads on my paper.

Two o'clock.—Wrote twelve lines.

Half after Two.—Read them over.

Three o'clock.—Burnt them.

April 12.—Transcribed the following Song. It is by an author who has been frequently before our readers, and who needs no words of mine to recommend him:—

SONG IN PRISON.

O'er the turf where roses lie,
 Through the grove were Zephyrs sigh,
 O'er the heath, whose flowery head
 Trembles scarce beneath its tread,
 Wildly bounds the lev'ret by,
 In the love of liberty !

On his wildly-glancing pinion,
 Monarch of the air's dominion,
 High the eagle, slow, and proud,
 Soars above the fleecy cloud ;
 Darts from thence his lightning eye,
 In the pride of liberty !

O'er the wave, where streaks of gold
Tinge each billow onwards roll'd,
Light the dolphin plays along,
List'ning to the boatman's song;
Braves the shark that's swimming nigh,
In the glee of liberty!

In the dungeon's noxious gloom
Could the spreading woodbine bloom?
Could the thrush, no longer free,
Carol with its wonted glee?
No! within the prison's shade
Hope must die, and pleasure fade!

Like the lamp's expiring ray,
Here my strength must pine away:
And when some few months are o'er,
Here I shall be seen no more:
Wretched live, and wretched die,
Far from blessed liberty!

Hark! I hear the billows dashing:
Nearer—'tis the broadsword clashing!
Freedom soothes the pris'ner's pain!
Freedom breaks the pris'ner's chain,
Bursts the door—my friends I see!
Death, I scorn thee—I am free!

April 15.—A letter from a friend, repeating the often-urged objections of frivolity, attention to trifles, &c.—Transcribed by way of reply a little bit of Golightly's "Thoughts on Faces."—The paper was burnt by an old gentleman with a prominent nose, who imagined himself reflected upon in it. None of it was preserved but the exordium:—

"There are many, who, while they are amply capable of sound and deep reflection, when any extraordinary event calls this capacity into action, see nothing to excite reasoning or consideration in the common occurrences of life. But there are others to whom the every-day incidents, which are, to an indifferent spectator, objects of no weight or importance, afford matter of serious cogitation. An observer of this de-

scription does not find it necessary to go to books or colleges for precepts of morality and philosophy: he reads a lesson in every face that he looks upon; he finds an instructor in every character that he meets with; the most trivial accidents are to him subjects of profitable speculation.

“ Notwithstanding the bias in favour of scholastic learning, which, as Etonians, we might be expected to entertain, most of the members of our Club belong to the latter description of persons. In order to call our attention to the vanity of human affairs, it is not necessary that some great event should take place;—that a city should be destroyed by an earthquake, or an empire sink into decay: we consider, with almost similar sensations, the fall of a Dandy from his steed, and the fall of an Emperor from his throne; an eruption from the crater of Vesuvius, and an eruption upon the cheek of a Belle.

“ The grave——”

April 17.—Received letters from various Members of the Club. Miss Montgomery is going to be married! I have never seen you, Miss Montgomery, but I have seen your brother, and can form a most romantic idea of your character. You should be one, methinks, not to be looked over carelessly, but to be read through attentively; not to be adored after a moment's glance, but to be loved after a year's intimacy. I know not whether your hair is black or auburn, whether your cheek is fair or dark; but I will stake my existence, and, what is more, my work, that you have an eye of light—a voice of sweetness—a soul of poetry. The ornament of your mind is its native wit;—the beauty of your face is its native expression. I am painting in the dark, perhaps somewhat absurdly. Whatever you are, may you be moderate in your wishes, independent in your fortunes, and—kind in your criticism!

Received two little pieces from Cambridge:—

TO MISS SOPHIA EVERETT,

With a Pair of Gloves, lost to her at Bagatelle.

My stubborn muse denies a lay,
Though for an hour I've call'd upon her;
Yet bards, alas! are bound to pay
Both debts of rhyme and debts of honour.

But though, they say, the Poet's trade is
To lie, make love, and fawn, and flatter ;
For my part, when I rhyme to ladies,
I 'm always running into *satire*.

Sophia, deem not that my lays
Shall mock thy charms with adulation ;
Thou art as far above my praise—
As I 'm below thy condemnation.

Accept these gloves—they 'll do as well,
As tokens of my true love greet 'em ;
(When *poets* play at *bagatelle*,
No wonder *pretty ladies* beat 'em.)

Keep these memorials, when I 'm gone,
Of me (they 're of the best kid leather),
And think, whene'er you draw them on,
That hand and heart should go together.

F. G.

THE REJECTED LOVER.

To ———

Strange ! that such symmetry of form,
Such grace as might outrival Cupid,
Should fail *one* female breast to warm—
Sure the girl's either blind or stupid.

Scaurus, I scorn thy charms to wrong—
Let the fair sex decide between us ;
Your claims to conquest are as strong—
As Vulcan's to the bed of Venus.

pril 19.—I begin to perceive that the articles I have
and accumulate very rapidly. I must endeavour to

clear out my portfolio by making extracts from them. I shall begin with "Golightly's Essay on Blues:"—

"Lady Dabble is a True Blue. She is a meddler in literature of every sort and description. Poetry and prose, pamphlets and plays, sermons and satires, overtures and odes—all are her hobbies—all are the objects of her patronage—all are subjects of her harangues. At her house is the Synod held; where criticism and tea are poured out together; where sweet sugar and sweeter sonnets melt in delicious unison. It is delightful to spend a few hours at Lady Dabble's *conversazione*. All inferior wits and widdings flit around her like twinkling stars; while her Ladyship, with her full-moon face,—but it strikes us that this is a very old simile.

"Of all Blues we think the Light Blue is our favourite. Mark the surprising difference which exists between Emilia, the Light Blue, and her sister Sophia, the Dark Blue. Sophia is a fine vessel, properly supplied with every thing requisite for a long voyage; but a villanous slow sailer. Emilia is the same vessel, but certainly it has thrown out a vast quantity of ballast. To speak in plainer language; Sophia talks learnedly, and puzzles you; Emilia talks learnedly, and amuses you: the latter sets you a laughing; and the former sends you to sleep. A good painter will select for his picture only the most agreeable parts of the landscape which lies before him; a good talker will notice the more pleasing points of his subject, while he will throw aside the tedious. But, alas! Emilia will describe a statue while Sophia is treating of a finger; and the Light Blue will analyze the Iliad, while the Dark Blue is discussing the Digamma.

"Fannia is a fair one, who endeavours to unite the extreme of fashionable dress with the extreme of unfashionable Blue-ism. Mr. Hodgson made a vile pun (as usual) when he denominated her a Blue *Bell*.

"The only remaining Blue of whom we shall here make mention is Eva, the Sky-Blue. The habit of talking sentiment, in which the Sky-Blue commonly indulges, is in general sufficiently annoying; but in the person of Eva, far be it from us to apply to it such an epithet. Eva is always in heroics: she never speaks a sentence which is not fit to go into a German romance. All this sits very well upon youth and beauty, but in age and ugliness it is insufferable. Eva has a pretty pair of blue eyes, a finely polished neck, an enchanting white arm, and a voice withal, which is never heard but in a whisper, an aria, or a sigh. She has, in short, such a talent at turning our brains, that our Secretary has not inappositely styled her 'Blue Ruin.' "

* * *

April 21.—Received “A Country Curate.” He will probably appear in our next.

April 22.—Ditto ditto.—“The Game at Chess.”

April 23.—Read over ten times a most beautiful Love-Song from Gerard. Scaliger, I think, used to say, that he would rather have written Horace’s “*Donec gratus eram tibi*” than have been the King of Persia. Truly, my dear Gerard, I would rather have written one line of your Love-Song than be King of—*Naples*.

April 25.—Met our Secretary at a dance—inquired of him at supper, whether he had received any contributions for N° VII. “At present,” said Mr. H. swallowing at the same time the largest mouthful of ice that I ever saw, “it is only my business to take care of N. One!”—Impertinent scoundrel!

April 30.—I had intended to insert the “Stanzas on Caernarvon Castle” in this Number. But upon coming to the end of it, I find that I have made a little mistake in my calculations, which obliges me to omit them. They shall be inserted in N° VIII.

In concluding our Seventh Number, I must beg our readers to attribute any little inaccuracies they may find in it to the unavoidable absence of their obliged servant

PEREGRINE COURTENAY.

THE END OF VOL. II.

LONDON

PRINTED BY S. AND R. BENTLEY, DORSET STREET.









1951 6 10

